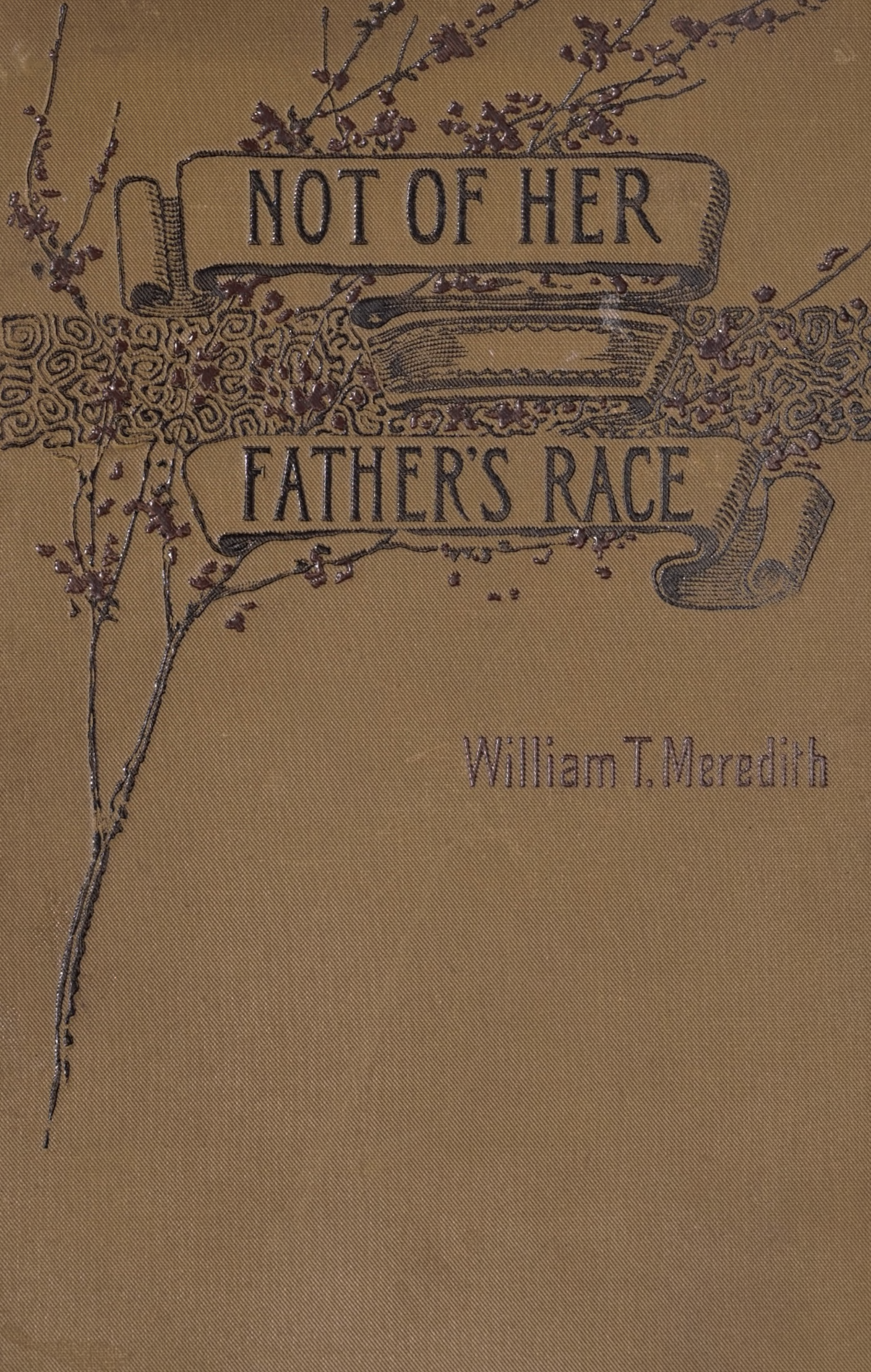


The cover features a decorative border of dark brown floral and scrollwork patterns. A central scroll contains the title, and a smaller scroll is positioned below it. The author's name is printed in the lower right corner.

NOT OF HER

FATHER'S RACE

William T. Meredith

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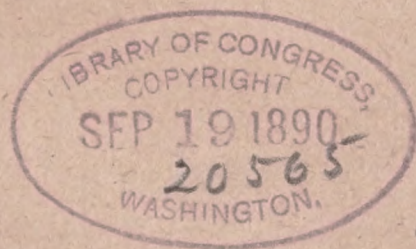
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

NOT OF HER FATHER'S RACE

BY
WILLIAM T. MEREDITH



NEW YORK
CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
104 & 106 FOURTH AVENUE

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1890

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NOT OF HER FATHER'S RACE.

CHAPTER I.

JAMES AND JENNIE ANDERSEN.

“PAPA, the bull’s a-bellowing, Auntie Emma say she fear he break loose.”

“What do you say, Jennie?” And the father rose from the grass where he had been sitting with arms folded across his knees, gazing vacantly at the field pines that shut out the horizon before him.

“What do you say, Jennie?” he said, curving his slim, sunburned hand for an ear trumpet; “Speak louder, Jennie.”

A tall, slender man of forty-five, with yellow hair, his neglected beard and hollow voice betokening one in ill-health—A girl of fifteen, with black hair, and dark brown eyes that shone from a beautiful face with aquiline features, and the hue of a ripe peach beneath a white skin—there they stood, father and child, James and Jennie Andersen.

He was fair and she was dark; he was worn and she was bright and beautiful.

Virginians said that he was white, that she was black, a slave driver’s octoroon—though no eye could detect the curse either in skin or feature—

black from the taint of a mother who had three drops of Anglo-Saxon blood for one drop of African in her veins.

Virginia law would have adjudged the father guilty of felony had he been the husband of the mother of his child ;* his child brought into the world outside the law of man, but seemingly as perfect as any white creature made by God. God must have watched over her, one would think, with special care. For had she not grown to be what she was since she was four years old without a mother?—an orphan, save for the listless care of her father, and old Auntie Emma, who sat smoking her pipe in the doorway of the cabin, her black, shining face visible in the clear atmosphere, far away across the green fields.

“Papa, the bull’s a-bellowing, he break loose,” the girl said distinctly in James Andersen’s ear, and the man straightened himself up, with a gesture of impatience, casting no look at the child, and went shambling off across the field, leaving her standing with the air fluttering her short calico gown against her bare legs.

She watched him go, and then went back up the grassy slope to Auntie Emma, with the soft step of beauty, as noiseless as the great hawk that soared slowly through the sky far above her head.

* If any white person intermarry with a colored person, or any colored person intermarry with a white person—he shall be confined in the penitentiary not less than two years nor more than five years.—*Va. Code*, 1887, chap. 185, sec. 3788.

Miss Gillingham stood in the negro school-room near Lunenberg Court House. The fifteen scholars, one of whom was Jennie Andersen, had been sent to their seats from the spelling class to work sums in addition that the teacher had set down for them, and Miss Gillingham turned to gaze out of the window while awaiting the time for the arithmetic class.

A slim little woman of forty years, with a shapely head and brown hair, the daughter of a Pennsylvania farmer, living near Chester, on the Delaware, Miss Gillingham had grown up with a religious mind and love for abstract right. Her mother was a Philadelphia Quaker. She remembered the Civil War. As a little child she had listened to her mother's oft-repeated tale of the escaping slave, who was fed and harbored in the barn for three days. The child's first story had been "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

All her life she had heard her father discourse of Lucretia Mott, the agitator, and Wendell Phillips, the orator, in the cause of anti-slavery. What wonder then, when at forty, marriage had not come to this thoughtful woman, that she astonished her family and the entire neighborhood by announcing her intention of going to Virginia to teach the blacks. Father and mother protested against it, but Miss Gillingham took the train to Philadelphia, and returned the next day, with an appointment and an agreement, to teach a negro school at Lunenberg Court House, the very center

of the Black belt of Virginia, at a salary of fifteen dollars a month.

The view from the Colored School window was not yet entirely familiar to Miss Gillingham. A crooked street, with a muddy roadway, two grocery stores and a butcher's shop with a vacant space intervening, were on one side. On the other, stood a beer saloon of the modern type, an old-fashioned tavern, and next door, the post office. Then came three two-story dwellings, and beyond these was the Whites' school house, a one-story structure, made of logs, the exact counterpart of the negro school building. Farther on, was the Episcopal Church, a relic of old Virginia and the days of British rule. Madison once worshiped there and Tarleton's soldiers had slept in the pews. Its shingled sides and belfry tower were in the last stages of decay. Wherever the eye could reach the open country, tall pines came into view, standing like ranks of soldiers, round the russet cornfields.

The short street was the entire town of Lunenburg Court House, and it seemed to contain all the active life of the county. Here and there a man stood listlessly before a store smoking. Little children were playing on the sidewalk; a group of colored men and women were gossiping before the post office door, waiting for the distribution of the mail, a great event with the negroes in Virginia. A white man, with a wide brimmed hat of the cowboy pattern, tight pantaloons and jacket, was mounting his horse before the tavern. A pair of half-

starved oxen, not bigger than heifers, drew a two-wheeled cart loaded with wood, slowly by, on top of which was perched an old negro preacher, with a white necktie and a high hat bound with a mourning band, which he lifted politely to the teacher in the window. This was the Rev. Mr. Jones, the father of one of Miss Gillingham's pupils.

Miss Gillingham had watched the scene out of the school window a minute or two, when her attention was drawn to the room behind her, by the death-like stillness that prevailed.

She turned suddenly and faced her pupils. Two rows of desks with benches behind them, were occupied by the scholars. Abraham Lincoln Jones, the son of the reverend gentleman who had just passed driving the ox cart—a big fat boy of seventeen, as black as a crow—sat at his desk asleep. Jennie Andersen, who was in the seat behind him, had torn up a piece of white paper and twisted Abraham Lincoln's curly hair round the slips in all sorts of fantastic shapes. There he sat sound asleep, with head erect and his slate before him, while the school looked on and wondered what would happen next. Something did happen. Just as Miss Gillingham looked sternly at Jennie Andersen with a sentence of punishment springing to her lips, Abraham Lincoln Jones snored loudly. This was enough; the teacher smiled and the whole school burst into a wild roar of laughter.

The fifteen scholars were a study. Abraham Lincoln Jones was the blackest, and from him they

were shaded down, girls and boys of all sizes and ages, to Jennie Andersen, who was as white as Miss Gillingham.

It was fortunate for Jennie that the classification of the two races under the Virginia law, was not enforced against the whites in the negro schools, as under it she would have been excluded from the black school as a white. The law regards all people from one-quarter up to full negro blood as black, all with less than one-quarter negro blood as white.

Yet, while by law Jennie was white, her tainted blood made her black in the eyes of the world, and stern custom would have driven her from the white schools.

With the law on one side and stern custom on the other, the poor child really had no place with either race.

Miss Gillingham had gone to live with Mrs. Erskine. Her five dollars a week was a great piece of good luck to a family, whose earlier days were spent in the enjoyment of riches, but who had eaten nothing but the bitter crusts of poverty for many a year.

The Erskine plantation was one of the oldest in the State. The Manor, as it was called the county through, dated back a hundred years before the Revolution.

Col. Erskine had been a great man in the neighborhood before the war. His three thousand acres, when Virginia seceded from the Union, supported four hundred and fifty negroes, besides giving him every

year a large income from tobacco. He was an upright Virginia gentleman, a pillar of the Presbyterian church at Powhatan, five miles from the Manor. He loved his wife, he loved his two boys, and he was kind to his slaves. No negro who behaved himself, had ever been sold from his plantations.

When the war broke out, Col. Erskine could look back on an unbroken career of prosperity and happiness. Unambitious, contented with his lot, the increase of his slaves made him richer year by year. He hunted foxes in the winter, and spent his summers at the White Sulphur Springs, with his handsome wife and fair haired boys.

War came; Col. Erskine raised a company of recruits and went to fight under Lee. Now, for the first time, he saw what the struggle of life is where competition is keen, in the struggle of the battlefield. Regularly every three months he came to Lunenburg for a day, to kiss his wife and boys. Then he came no more. A gallant soldier had disappeared in one of the sorties from Lee's entrenchments.

The negroes planted and gathered the crops, married and died, for three years longer, till one day Grant's army swept across the country south of Richmond, and Lee surrendered. Then the whole social structure of Lunenburg tumbled to pieces.

When Miss Gillingham came to Virginia the county was growing up in forests. The soil was worthless. The land, always poor, had been of value in slavery times solely to raise negroes, and

with the fall of slavery, the Erskine Manor, which would have fetched a large fortune at the auction block in the days of bondage, became almost valueless.

Mrs. Erskine had been brought up to the planter's simple life of ease, and freedom from care and anxiety. All the rich slaveholder desired, fell readily into a careless hand. Servants, horses and carriages, leisure, the respect of a host of inferiors, were his.

But in the day of Freedom, without slaves and without money, Mrs. Erskine and her two sons were poor. Without thrift, ignorant of the ways of the world, proud, demanding a consideration at which even their little world laughed, they were poverty-stricken.

So it came to pass that when Miss Gillingham took charge of the colored school and went to board with Mrs. Erskine, Newton, the elder son, was a car-driver in Richmond. John, the younger, kept a negro grocery store at Lunenberg, in a building that his father had erected near the railroad station, for the use of his guests while waiting for the train. Mrs. Erskine was living in the old Manor; keeping body and soul together by raising a little tobacco on the bottom land, the work being done on shares by four decrepit old negroes—the last of the four hundred and fifty slaves.

John Erskine, a fine looking man of forty, with a comely wife, who came from Richmond, looked out of place exchanging meal and coffee for tobacco

and eggs, with the negroes. One rainy day, while Miss Gillingham was waiting in the store, she put her hand on young Harry Erskine's head and said: "Mr. Erskine, what are you going to do with your son Harry when he grows up?"

"Do with him? God knows what I can do; he's sixteen now," John replied.

The afternoon of the day that Jennie Andersen played her prank in school, Miss Gillingham laughingly related the occurrence to Mrs. Erskine at the Manor. Mrs. Erskine grew red in the face and said:

"Nothing but the whip will ever tame that little nigger; I've watched her."

Miss Gillingham was silent; she was learning the ways of the community of Lunenberg Court House.

After dinner the teacher went out on the back porch, and there she found Jennie standing beside her father, who was eating his dinner. He had come over to the Erskine Plantation with a load of wood, and his daughter brought a snack to him.

Andersen's mother was Col. Erskine's sister. Andersen had not entered the Manor front door for twenty years. How could he enter? He lived with his negro child. He sold his relations wood, traded tobacco at the store with them, and worked a small piece of their bottom land on shares. On the road it was always a "How de do." But when he was at the Manor over meal hours, which was very often, he ate his dinner in the kitchen, or on the back porch.

Harry Erskine had heard Miss Gillingham tell

his grandmother the story of Jennie Andersen's pranks in school. He thought she had been whipped and he was anxious to hear about it. Mr. Ellis, the teacher at the White School, had flogged him the day before.

While her father was eating his dinner on the porch, Jennie had left his side to pick a handful of red myrtle berries. She was dropping them, one by one, into the half-filled well bucket, watching the circles in the water with her head bent down, when Harry Erskine came up, and gave her a push that made her lose her balance, and her long hair fell over her forehead into the water.

"You have had a whipping, Jennie," he said.

"No, I haven't, Harry Erskine, but you have," she answered. "Mr. Ellis, he find it a heap harder to teach the white children, than Miss Gillingham to teach us.

"Harry, look here, you drop this berry in the bucket, count one, two, and then wish anything you want before the water ring stops."

But Harry was not to be put off about the whipping.

"I know the teacher whipped you, Jennie," and he looked over his shoulder at Miss Gillingham.

Jennie started up, threw the handful of berries into the water, and walked away without a word.

When James Andersen turned his oxen homeward that evening, he was ill. It was not an uncommon thing with him. He was weak in body and heart. He shivered in the chill November night

air, and pulled his scanty over coat, patched and repatched with many colors, up around his neck. Jennie sat on the cart beside him; he drew her close to him.

"I'm cold, Jennie."

"You sick, papa?" she asked. "I'll make a nice, warm cup of tea for you, and Auntie Emma will get you some hot water for your feet."

He hugged his daughter close for her warmth, as the oxen went slowly on.

Andersen's cabin was a square, log house, plastered with clay, standing on the brow of a low hill. He had built it with his own hands. A crumbling tobacco house, that had belonged to the Erskine Plantation in years gone by, stood behind it near the old abandoned graveyard of the Manor and a little farther up the hill was the barn, also of Andersen's construction.

Andersen got stiffly down from the cart without a word, and Jennie drove the oxen to the barn. She unyoked them in haste, threw them some ears of corn, and shutting the doors, sped as fast as her feet would carry her down the road past the house, retracing the path they had come with the cart. In ten minutes she reached the Manor, and panting for breath, opened the kitchen door.

"Papa's sick, Auntie, we got no tea; wont you ask Mrs. Erskine for a little?" she said to Ellen, the cook, who was putting a heavy log on the fire. The old black woman rose up with an angry glance.

"Your papa," she said, contemptuously; "Ole

Colonel Erskine, he whip me when I was a chile, for calling my own black father 'papa'; and now, a little nigger like you call a white man papa; go get your tea yourself!"

Jennie walked through the kitchen to the entry, and stood at the open door of the room, where the family was at supper.

Miss Gillingham was the first to catch sight of her.

"Do you want to see me, Jennie?" she asked.

Jennie glanced at Mrs. Erskine, and then timidly told the teacher that her father was ill, and they wanted tea for him.

Mrs. Erskine looked up angrily, but before she could speak Miss Gillingham rose from the table, and taking the child by the hand led her upstairs, where she produced from the bottom of her trunk, a package of tea that had never been opened since it came from Pennsylvania.

"Is your father very ill, Jennie?" she asked, as she poured out the tea on a piece of brown paper.

There was no answer, and she saw that the child's eyes were red with weeping.

"Tell me about your father," she whispered gently.

"Papa is always sick and miserable; everybody is always cross to him; always, all the time; and everybody is cross to me, except you and Auntie Emma, and she's only an old nigger, always asleep; I only happy with you at school," and she kissed Miss Gillingham on the sleeve and was gone downstairs like a flash.

James Andersen had stumbled into his cabin, and lain down on the bed with his boots and overcoat on. Old Auntie Emma covered him up with a thick quilt, put a log on the fire, and sat down.

"I wonder where that child's gone," she said to herself. "She take a long time to feed the steers. I know, she gone to get some tea from Mrs. Erskine. Mr. Andersen want tea when he's sick. He got no tea, and he got no money. He sold only three cord of wood for a long time. White man who live with nigger daughter, he no account to white man, or nigger neither."

Andersen looked up in a few minutes and asked where Jennie was.

"She's feeding the steers," Emma answered, then she began to doze.

In a quarter of an hour Jennie came in. She told Emma to put the black pot on the fire and heat some water for her father's feet; then she made a cup of tea for him. They put his feet in hot water, and he went to sleep. Emma climbed up the ladder to the second story loft, where she slept. Jennie tucked the bed-clothes round her father, still clad in his boots and overcoat, and then went to sleep in the other bed in the room.

Towards morning when the chill had passed, and fever set in, there came a dream to James Andersen. It was a summer night at the White Sulphur Springs, long years ago, and young Andersen sat at the feet of Mary Pendleton. Beautiful, accomplished, the only daughter of Col. Pendleton of

Richmond, a man of influence and wealth, she was the queen of her day. • James Andersen loved her madly, and followed her unchecked by any discouragement from her bright eyes. And now, sitting at her feet, looking up into her face, catching the odor of her breath, that mingled with the perfume of the flowers in her lap, he had said: "I love you; I will die for you."

The man awoke. Dawn had not broken, and the sequel of the dream came back to his waking thoughts, as it had come to him many, many times before by day and by night—a heartless woman, who left him for a better match, a dissipated, wasted manhood, the war, the carnage of the field of battle; then poverty, and black Lucy, Jennie's mother, with the degradation of his later years.

CHAPTER II.

MISS GILLINGHAM AND THE REVEREND MR. JONES.

A FEW days after the scene in the negro school, Miss Gillingham met the Rev. Mr. Jones in the road. He was driving the same pair of lean oxen before a two-wheeled cart, and as usual he sat on top of the load of wood.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Gillingham," he said, and the oxen stopped. "Hope you are getting along well with the school. How is my boy Abe doing?"

"Pretty well, Mr. Jones; only he will go to sleep sometimes."

"Wake him up with a switch, Miss Gillingham; wake him up; he'll learn; the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. I want my children to learn; I have five of them; they must have a better chance than their father had. The two first boys are grown up now, and work down at Norfolk. They didn't take much to learning, but I believe Abe has it in him; he's named for President Lincoln."

"Do you know how to write, Mr. Jones," the teacher asked.

"Only tolerable well, Miss; most of my preaching is 'temporaneous.' I study over the Word of the Lord pretty hard. 'There was not a word of all

that Moses commanded which Joshua read not'; I does a heap of thinkin' on top of this cart, when I'm going through these lonely pines. This is where I compose most my sermons."

"Mr. Jones, have you known Mr. James Andersen a long time?" Miss Gillingham asked.

"Know him, well, I think I did. My wife Hannah and I, belonged to Mr. Andersen's father before these blessed days of freedom. See here, Miss Gillingham, you see this long cut over my eyebrow? The overseer of Mr. Andersen's father gave me that cut with his whip, when I was a grown man."

"Had you done anything, Mr. Jones, to provoke his brutality?" the teacher asked in a low voice.

"Well, Miss, in those days I had not found the Lord, and I wasn't a preacher. I only stole three pounds of tobacco, and exchanged with another man for a turkey, and then I had to lie about it. They found me out and whipped me."

Miss Gillingham seemed to forget herself for a minute, and then bade the preacher "Good-afternoon."

The Rev. Mr. Jones lived in a log house, at the edge of the pine woods that covered an old tobacco field close to the school-house. Passing that way next day, Miss Gillingham saw a fat negro woman scolding her pupil, Abraham Lincoln Jones, in the road. She knew it must be Hannah, the preacher's wife, and she nodded to her.

"Hope you better pleased with my boy, Miss, than I am," said Mrs. Jones, "I can't get him to

cut no wood since he go to school, and he know his ole mudder's handling de axe, and he go off to play."

Miss Gillingham sat down on a stump. Abraham Lincoln Jones walked off to the house, and carried away a small armful of wood, that his mother had cut.

"Tell me about James Andersen, Mrs. Jones," Miss Gillingham began.

"I tell you about him, Miss," replied Hannah, taking a big bite from a roll of coarse tobacco; "my husband tell me you cu'rus about him. I tell you all about the Andersens; I belong to them and so did my husband. Mr. Andersen's father was a doctor, a mighty smart man. He marry old Mrs. Erskine's husband's sister; they were mighty rich. Mr. Andersen's father live on a big plantation in Amelia County. Mr. James Andersen was a wild young man. His father and mudder die, and he lose all his money at cards. Then he go away, and he never come back till the war; and then he go as a soldier in General Lee's army. After the war he come back here, and he like Lucy Booth, a good girl, just as white as you, Miss. My mudder's sister was her mudder, and our family descended from an African king, not a cannibal chief, like some colored people's great ancestors, but a real king, Miss. Well, Mr. Andersen, he like Lucy. But you know, the law allow no marriage between whites and blacks; and at last Mr. Andersen and Lucy, they go live together.

“Well, we colored people will have nothing to do with such folks; besides, they will have nothing to do with us. Mr. Andersen’s relations and the white folks would never go near him, living with colored folks. Andersen grow shabby and move about slow. One day I meet Lucy going to the store, and I say ‘How de do’ as I always do on de road, and she stop, which she never did before, and then I think ‘Pride will have a fall,’ and I stop, and she say: ‘Hannah, I want to speak to you; nobody ever speak to me this many a day, and I just bury my dear little boy, and no soul care for us; we alone, Hannah.’ Then I look up, and I see Mr. Andersen coming down de road, and he see me talking with Lucy, and he shake his fist and he shout ‘You black skunk,’ and I dodge into the woods and run away.

“A month after that, I hear that Lucy was sick, but no one, white or colored, go near the house; and she die, and they say that Mr. Andersen bury her himself in the night, all alone, in the old graveyard, just behind his house. No one ever speak her name to Mr. Andersen, and the white people whisper when he come near, and he grow paler and go about slower; and then he get ole Auntie Emma to work for him, and take care of his child Jennie, who go to your school.”

It was not long before Miss Gillingham had mastered the situation of affairs in Lunenberg County. She found a proud, ignorant, ruling class of whites, poverty-stricken and utterly cast down

by the desolation of the war. Outnumbering these, were the shiftless blacks, quite as industrious in politics, and in prayer meetings as in the field, sending their children irregularly to school, more in imitation and rivalry of the whites, than to teach them reading, writing and spelling. This community was getting a scanty living, from a soil too poor to attract the immigration of thrifty people from abroad. It was indeed unfortunate that the teacher had chosen a spot, so plainly doomed to become a wilderness from the operation of natural causes, when there were so many localities in Virginia and in the South, marked by the hand of nature as the future home of an intelligent and enterprising people.

But Miss Gillingham was a brave woman, she had agreed to teach the blacks of Lunenberg, and she never faltered in her determination. Not a word of complaint, or regret, did she utter in her letters to her father and mother. She bore her troubles in silence, and without friends, without sympathy, followed the narrow path of duty.

For some time after Miss Gillingham became an inmate of the Manor, Mrs. Erskine preserved a strict seclusion, except during meal hours; but at last, finding that the white teacher of the negro school had no desire to obtrude herself, and even seemed anxious to be alone in her room, she yielded to the temptation of Miss Gillingham's pleasant manners, and quiet conversation, and in-

sisted on seeing her in the sitting-room sometimes in the evening.

The sitting-room contained all the furniture in the Manor, that had escaped the despoiling hand of war. There was always a wood fire on the hearth, and the bare floor, that had been trodden by so many generations, was white as silver. A few old-fashioned chairs were scattered here and there. On the walls was a collection of family portraits of fair merit; and the table was ornamented with a Scott's Family Bible and Butler's Sermons.

Here it had long been Mrs. Erskine's custom to pass the evenings alone, her chair drawn up before the hearth.

How pleasant it is for the aged to watch the embers of a smouldering fire, when they kindle happy memories of the past, and hopes of the future for loved ones. But this poor old woman with her sensitive face in the gentle light of the hearth, what was she thinking of? Her memories of the past began with the war. The recollections of her uneventful life before that time, were blurred and lost by her sufferings then.

The Rebellion in the South, the disappearance of Col. Erskine in battle, these were her early past; and then came the long roll of sorrow, when the Manor was despoiled by robbers, who hung on the rear and flank of both armies, in the guise of soldiers. Piece by piece everything of value disappeared, till at last even the wedding ring was

wrenched from her finger. Then followed long, long years of poverty and loneliness.

And what were her hopes? Her sons, what were they doing?—men of almost middle age; one a car-driver, and the other keeping a negro store—the sons of a Virginia gentleman. Her boys had been good boys. Why should they sink? She could not see the reason for it all.

It was the fall of slavery, she often said bitterly to herself. Her ancestors had known nothing else than slavery for the blacks, and were they not better men and better women as slaves? But why had her boys ceased to be gentlemen? She let it pass. She could not reason about it, it was the hand of God. Poor old woman! She had been a good Christian. Bitter as she was towards the negroes, in the presence of her little circumscribed world, yet she had forgiven even those among them whom she thought were her enemies, had prayed for them, in her room alone bowed before the fire, thinking of her boys. “My stroke is heavier than my groaning.” “And where is now my hope? As for my hope, who shall see it?”

CHAPTER III.

THE NEGRO CHURCH.

THE draught was wailing through the cracks in the old windows, while the wood burned brightly on the black hearth. Miss Gillingham was spending the evening in Mrs. Erskine's sitting-room. The teacher was describing a corn-husking bee in Pennsylvania in the days before the patent corn husker came into use, and the old lady had just said that she would like to see how people lived in the North, for she had never been beyond Richmond: The door opened—they never knock in Virginia—and a stout, middle-aged man, with black eyes, entered. Miss Gillingham had known him for some time as the only Northerner besides herself in the neighborhood.

Mr. Hood came from New Jersey to Virginia with a little money in search of low priced land, and he found it in Lunenberg. Disappointed in the farm he had bought, he held on where he was only because he could find no one to buy him out. The scanty living afforded by the soil, drove him to making sharp bargains with the negroes in the sale of old horses and stunted oxen. Meanwhile, he was a power in the neighborhood. He led the negroes in politics, and was a member of the Legislature. Anywhere else his abilities would have made him rich.

"Good-evening," Mr. Hood said, as he entered. "I walked over to tell Miss Gillingham that the Rev. Mr. Jones and I would pay a visit to the school to-morrow, to see how the scholars are getting along." Mr. Hood and Mr. Jones were School Commissioners.

Mrs. Erskine rose and looked at Mr. Hood without speaking. To have a teacher of the negroes in her parlor was bad enough, though she soon forgot it with Miss Gillingham, but she would not tolerate the Leader of the negroes there. This was the first time Mr. Hood had ever crossed her front door threshold.

"Sit down, Mrs. Erskine, sit down," Mr. Hood said. "I hear your grandson, Harry, wants something to do, and I think I'll offer him a place at six dollars a month, to take care of my cattle. You can't trust the blacks. Well, you are not able to answer for him, I suppose. I'll see his father at the store to-morrow. What'll you sell that young cow for, that I saw old Sally driving past my house this morning?"

No answer from Mrs. Erskine.

Mr. Hood took up his hat and went out; he slammed the door behind him, and buttoned his overcoat hard across his breast. "Blast that woman!" he said. "She always insults me whenever I meet her. Well, Hood, what difference does it make? She's only an old granny and haven't you got the power here, in this God-forsaken place? Who can hold a candle to you? Don't the

niggers do pretty much as you tell 'em, and aint the niggers the people here, and aint you King?"

He followed the path that led to his house a mile and a half away. As he ascended the bank of the creek, a woman's voice, clear and strong, rose through the night far up the path, chanting a hymn. Nearer and nearer it came.

"There's that woman, Sarah," Hood thought. "I'll wake her up about the oxen her husband owes me for."

As the singer came within call, Hood cried out, "Good-evening, Sarah."

"Who's dar," answered Sarah, drawing herself back to run.

"Mr. Hood," he called out; "I want to know when your husband's going to pay me the forty-five dollars for the oxen? He was to pay me five dollars every two months, and now the third payment has been due a long time."

"Oh, Mr. Hood, he soon pay you!" answered Sarah, and she passed him quickly and said to herself, before she began to sing again, "Bennie say the oxen not worth ten dollars and that Hood cheat him when he agree to pay forty-five dollars; but wait till 'lection time, and then he make Hood take less."

Just before Hood reached his door he stopped and spoke aloud, "Well, but what's the good in being king in such a place? I can't save a cent, and I haven't the respect of the white people. The old woman despises me, and every white man despises me. I wonder why they don't despise Miss Gilling-

ham? She's a friend of the niggers too. I wonder why it is?"

The Rev. Mr. Jones gazed over his spectacles on his flock the next Sunday, from a high platform in the new frame chapel, that seated two hundred people comfortably. It was a prosperous congregation. Jennie Andersen was there beside Auntie Emma, who successfully fought the demon of the flesh in the shape of sleep, through the prayers, but succumbed when the reading of the Bible began. Mr. Jones gave them a long sermon on Faith, and then said "Brethren and Sisters, I congratulate you on the success of our school teacher. In company with another gentleman, I paid a visit to our school last week and witnessed the successful efforts of Miss Gillingham in the cause of education.

"My Brethren, education is the pathway alongside the high-way of religion. It bears the same relation to religion that the underbridged Webster's Dictionary bears to the Bible. One explains the other. Without education, how can we fight the battles of the Lord? How can we battle with such traitors to the cause of the colored people, as General Mahone? That man who rose to power by pretending to be the friend of the colored man; but the minute he get his power he snap his finger and say the colored man's time has not yet come; he can wait.

"My friends, General Mahone soar up aloft, high, like a great eagle, and the colored people admire him and watch him, but when he come down and

they go near him, they find he is nothing but a turkey buzzard."

While Jennie and Auntie Emma were listening to the preaching of Mr. Jones, Miss Gillingham sat in the Erskine pew in the Presbyterian church. Services were held in the white church on the morning of every fourth Sunday of the month only. The minister, the Rev. Edward Richards, a nephew of Mrs. Erskine, had four churches within a circuit of thirty miles. The condition of his congregation presented a sad contrast with the prosperity of Mr. Jones's flock. The old building was tumbling to pieces for want of repair and paint, and it was seldom that more than twenty souls gathered there to worship. On that Sunday, Miss Gillingham and Mrs. Erskine were the first to arrive. They found John Erskine on his knees before a wood-stove, kindling the fire.

"Well," he said, greeting them, "it will be warm enough for Sunday school in the afternoon, no matter if it is cold this morning."

The wind rattled the window panes, and sighed through the old oaks round the church, while the people, standing close to the stove, waited for the minister. The congregation arrived by twos and threes. Some of the people walked a distance of five or six miles; some came on horseback, and others rode in old wagons, that rattled as if they would fall to pieces with every jolt.

At length the minister drove up, twenty minutes late, and shook hands with every one. After him

came James Andersen, walking alone. The congregation of sixteen or seventeen people scattered themselves among the high-backed pews, and service was begun. Looking back the teacher saw James Andersen in his accustomed place in the gallery, alone, removed from every one. The Rev. Mr. Richards was cold and ill-at-ease, and the worship and sermon were as dreary as the old chapel.

Miss Gillingham always felt as if she would be happier on Sunday in the negro church, where at least, were hope and life.

There was a change at the Manor. Jennie Andersen had come to live with Miss Gillingham. James Andersen readily consented to the teacher's request, that his daughter should spend six days in the week with her at the Erskine Manor. When Jennie had left him he dismissed Auntie Emma, and during the week cooked his meals himself. On Sundays Jennie came home, and proudly showed her father the result of the teacher's lessons in cooking.

Mrs. Erskine gave Jennie a room next to Miss Gillingham. She ate in the kitchen with old Ellen, and did part of the work.

The first Sunday after Jennie came to the Manor, the teacher took her to the white church. James Andersen saw them from his solitary seat in the loft, but said not a word about it afterwards to the teacher, or to his child.

On Sundays when services were not held, Miss Gillingham read the Bible to Jennie at home.

Now Jennie had left the negro church. Her absence from Auntie Emma's side was noticed at once, and it crept about that she was living with Miss Gillingham. Many necks were craned, many glances were directed, towards the vacant place. There was much whispering among the colored people after service, for a Sunday or two, but it all passed away in a little while with a remark by the Rev. Mr. Jones to the teacher:

"Miss Gillingham, I see you take Jennie to your church. Well, I suppose the Lord is in both places. But how does Mr. Andersen like having Jennie among the white folks?"

It is a commonplace conviction with all of us, that the sum of the forces of many human lives asserts itself with as much regularity and steadiness, through long periods, as the water flows from the dam and turns the mill-wheel. But once in a long time, to everybody's surprise, there comes a great freshet, and the current bursts the mill-dam and sweeps everything before it.

In Lunenburg County, Miss Gillingham found herself in the presence of a freshet of this kind in human affairs. All former relations between blacks and whites, had been swept away by the abolition of slavery. The Reverend Mr. Jones, from his pulpit, impressed on his congregation the fact, that the first man into whose nostrils the Lord God breathed the breath of life, was as surely the ancestor of the negro as he was of the white man. While the law told the negro, that all men were equal, and gave

him the right to vote and hold office, just as it did his former white master.

Under the genealogical teachings of the Reverend Mr. Jones, and the substantial right to vote and hold office, given the negro by law, what wonder was it, that the claim of Mr. Jones's flock to social equality with the whites grew swiftly, and asserted itself beyond all bounds.

The little woman with a shapely head saw there before her eyes, and comprehended perfectly, the struggle that is taking place all over the world, between high and low, between the few and the many, for Cæsar's right to rule. Did she ever turn to the Bible and to Darwin, and worry about the question of the unity of origin of blacks and whites? No. The blacks were men and women,—that was plain enough. Were they not endued with exactly the same follies and longings that belonged to their former masters? Did a black man show any less fondness for power over his fellows, than his white brother?

Pomp of life, the multitudes of the world, to fill up a great scene of struggling ambition, were lacking in Lunenberg; but no philosopher ever enjoyed a better view of man, and of his longings on this earth, than did the little teacher in that obscure negro county in Virginia.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HAWK AND THE VICTIM.

ONE afternoon, the Rev. Mr. Jones walked solemnly down the single street of Lunenberg, with a small basket of eggs on his arm. Both the white and the negro schools, had dismissed their pupils, who filled the sidewalk, laughing and playing jokes on each other.

Miss Gillingham was locking the school-house door. The preacher joined her with the usual sweep of his high hat, and a request that he might walk with her a little way towards home. Just before them strolled Jennie Andersen and Harry Erskine; she, swinging her books carelessly to and fro, as they dangled at the end of a piece of rope, and he looking straight ahead, as if he did not know what to do or say. Mr. Jones regarded them intently and said:

“Fine looking young man and woman, Miss Gillingham?” Then a pause. “Can you tell me which is the finest looking, and is there any reason why Harry Erskine should be any better than Jennie Andersen, because they call her black, and him white? Can you tell me that, Miss Gillingham?” and Mr. Jones turned round and looked the teacher squarely in the face.

Miss Gillingham returned his gaze with a kind

expression and replied quietly, "Mr. Jones, I came here to teach the colored children; I try to be faithful to them and to my task, and I cannot discuss the question you ask, without weakening my power to be of service."

The preacher nodded slowly twice, and withdrew his gaze with a humble sigh.

"You tell the truth, Miss Gillingham; you silent, but you help the colored children; you couldn't do that if you all the time in a muss and a quarrel. Now everybody white and black respect you. You not like Mr. Hood; every one fear him, black and white. I'm sure you like us although you are white."—This with a touch of scorn.

Then, after thinking, he began again in a deeper voice:

"But I like to know why you like to teach the colored people; why you like them? Fifteen dollars a month without board is only about what a colored man get in the field, when he don't work on shares?"

The teacher made no reply, and kept her eyes fixed steadily on Harry Erskine and Jennie, who still walked before them. They were on the road now, with the bare fields on one side and a wood on the other. Harry Erskine was laughing, and had taken hold of the rope that bound Jennie's books. Just then a frightened quail flew out of the woods across the path; close behind it darted a powerful hawk. So eager was the hawk in pursuit of its prey, that it did not see the group of people, and its swift

wings nearly smote the teacher's face, as it swept by. The quail sought refuge beneath a bush, almost at the feet of Jennie Andersen; the hawk following closely, fell on its victim and brained it with a single stroke of its sharp bill. Then startled by the sight of the people, the bird rose with a cry from its bloody beak, and sailed away, leaving the prey dead on the ground. Harry turned round, picked up the mutilated quail and threw it at the preacher, who put it in his basket with the eggs, saying with a laugh, "The Lord send quail to a colored preacher as well as to the children of Israel."

"Is there such a thing as an omen?" Miss Gillingham thought, as she saw Harry's gaze fixed on Jennie as they turned to go.

CHAPTER V.

A RACE BATTLE AND LOST SISTER SALLIE.

IT was a Saturday holiday. Jennie had helped in the kitchen in the morning, and in the afternoon she was sent to the store, two miles away, to fetch the groceries for Mrs. Erskine. John Erskine was behind the counter, and after asking Jennie how his mother and Miss Gillingham were, he weighed out the sugar and packed the basket. While he was at work his son Harry came in. The color deepened in the young man's face, and his blue eyes grew brighter when he saw Jennie.

"Harry," his father called out from the back of the store, "it's a shame to make the girl carry this big basket; you go out and tell Abe to hitch up the horse and take her home."

Abe was no other than Jennie's school-mate, Abraham Lincoln Jones, who had been hired by Mr. Erskine to work for him after school hours. Harry went out, but did not return, and in a quarter of an hour Abe came in, and told Mr. Erskine that the horse and wagon were ready.

"Where's Mr. Harry?" John Erskine asked.

"He told me to get the horse and carry Jennie to the Manor, and then he went on up the road. He told me to tell you he's gone to see Col. Temple

about the fox chase next Saturday. As he said this, Abe glanced at Jennie.

Mr. Erskine carried the basket out, put it in the wagon and told Jennie to jump in. After they had started, Abe spoke up:

"Jennie, you know Harry lie about goin' to see Col. Temple. I think he go out here on the road to meet the wagon and ride to the Manor alongside you. You know his father not let him drive with you."

Jennie colored and laughed.

"Why you laugh?" answered Abe. "I know very well that Harry like you, and goin' to meet you now. He often walk with you after school, and if your father knew it he give you a whippin'."

Jennie grew red in the face and cried out, "You black fool; I don't care a snap for what you say, or for Harry Erskine, neither."

"There he is now," said Abe, quietly.

As he spoke Jennie saw Harry in the road waiting for the wagon.

When they drove up, Harry raised his hand in command for them to stop, and then got in, taking the seat beside Jennie that Abe silently vacated.

Abe sat down in the bottom of the wagon, with his knees drawn up to his chin, the picture of woe.

Jennie said not a word at first. Flattered by the desire of Harry Erskine to ride with her, she was indignant that Abe thought she had any knowledge of Harry's lie, and she wished Abe to know that she was innocent. At last she spoke:

"Harry Erskine, why did you say you were going to see Colonel Temple, and then come to ride with me to the Manor?"

"Who told you I was going to see Col. Temple?" answered Harry, looking back at Abe in the bottom of the wagon. Abe did not look up.

"Tell me, you Abe, did you tell any tales about me?" and Harry took the reins in his left hand and the switch in his right, and threw his right leg threateningly over the seat.

Abe looked up, but before he could speak, Jennie seized the reins and cried, "Harry Erskine, I wont ride with you; you let me out;" and in a second she had leaped from the moving wagon, and was on the ground.

Harry, laughing, stopped the horse.

"Come, Jennie, get in; I was only frightening Abe."

"I'll get in if you'll behave like a gentleman," said Jennie, and she climbed back over the front wheel.

They drove on and were mounting the bank of the creek, when Jennie called out, "Look at Sister Sallie, Abe, she has run away from home again."

Sitting at the side of the road was Abe's half-witted Sister Sallie. Poor, witless girl, she never talked, but sat silent, till at intervals she would cry out "Sister Sallie"; "I'm sister Sallie going home," with a long, wild laugh. The negroes had a reverence for her. Every one knew Sister Sallie, far and wide; she was the preacher's youngest child. They

kept her close at home. She slept in a little room partitioned off, in the second story of the cabin, that they called "Sister Sallie's room." Hannah always gave her the best piece of corn bread in the baking. Her father said, "Sallie is a good girl; she'll get her heart some day;" but Hannah shook her head and whispered "I don't know what will become of the poor child when I am dead."

Within a year Sallie had shown a disposition to wander off alone; the desire possessed her, and then disappeared for a time, to return again. Her mother watched her closely. Twice she had escaped into the woods. The neighbors all sought her through the fields and pines till she was found, which was always in some lonely place near the water—with a look of surprise in her great eyes, while she cried out "Sister Sallie's going home."

When Jennie called out "Look at Sister Sallie," Harry stopped the horse and Abe jumped out without a word, and caught his sister by the hand. Her feet and scanty dress were wet; evidently she had been wandering along the creek. Jennie said, "It's lucky we found her, Abe; she was just going off."

The vehicle that Harry was driving was a plain box wagon, with a single board across the front for a seat, which was barely long enough for two persons. While Harry stood in the road, Jennie got up from the seat and made Sister Sallie take her place, then she sat down in the bottom of the wagon with Abe. Harry watched her do this and then climbed in. Checking the horse he said, "Sister

Sallie has got to sit in the bottom of the wagon; you come up here, Jennie."

"No, I wont," answered Jennie; "Sister Sallie must sit there; I'll sit here with Abe."

Harry rose up in a rage; he was afraid of Jennie, and he poured all the vials of his wrath on Abe.

"You nigger, you make all this trouble," he cried, and he beat him across the face with his heavy horse switch; beat him to the ground, out of the wagon, and then was on him with his fists. Abe fought back manfully. Jennie jumped out, and caught Harry by the coat and cried aloud.

The noise of the fighters and Jennie's screams echoed through the pines, but high over it all rose the cry of the half-witted girl, with great staring eyes, as she sat on the seat, "Sister Sallie's going home! Sister Sallie's going home!" Then she stopped crying and began to laugh, "ha! ha! ha!" This brought them to their senses and Harry and Abe ceased fighting. They were all in a sorry plight. Harry's and Abe's faces were bloody and scratched; their clothes torn, and poor Jennie's eyes were red with weeping. She was the first to speak.

"Abe, get my basket and bring Sister Sallie; we'll walk," and she parted from Harry without a word. Abe carried the heavy basket on his arm and led Sister Sallie by the hand.

That night the rain fell in torrents. Towards morning Jennie was awakened by the rolling of thunder. Just at dawn she felt a heavy hand on

her head—Old Ellen, the cook, was standing over her.

“Abe want you in the kitchen, right away,” whispered Ellen.

Jennie dressed hastily and hurried down stairs. Abe was standing before the fire, drying his clothes.

“Sister Sallie’s gone again,” he said; “I come to tell you; we missed her just now.”

It did not take them long to reach the preacher’s cabin, and there they found Hannah crying in the midst of a dozen neighbors. Mr. Jones had gone to tell Mr. Hood what had happened, who shortly afterwards arrived on horseback, with the preacher walking behind him. Mr. Hood questioned Hannah; she cried and chewed tobacco, while she told her story. She said they had watched Sister Sallie all the afternoon, because they felt sure, when Abe and Jennie brought her home, that the wandering impulse controlled her.

At eight o’clock, when the family all went to sleep, Sallie was shut up in her little room, in the second story of the cabin, with a log of pine wood against the closed door. The thunder woke Hannah just before dawn. Climbing up the ladder, to make sure the child was safe, she saw the log on the floor and the door wide open. The little sun-bonnet and the old red shawl were not on their accustomed peg. Sister Sallie was gone. She had passed out of the unfastened cabin door into the night.

Mr. Hood asked Hannah how long it was, since Sister Sallie had wandered before, and Hannah

answered "Long time ago." Jennie told him, it was about eight months, and they found Sallie after two days' search, nearly starved, in the pines six mile from home.

Hood said, "Mr. Jones, when you find her this time, we must send her to the doctor in Richmond," and then he thought to himself, "Confound her, I wish the grave-digger had her now; election time is near, and I suppose I've got to let my plowing go, till the little nigger is found." Then he mounted his horse and said, "Now all of you get something to eat, and I'll ride down to the store and bring back some more neighbors to help us."

Hood rode to Lunenberg. He took a drink of beer, and ate some crackers at John Erskine's store, telling him the story of Sister Sallie's escape. Soon the whole neighborhood had heard it and every negro—man, woman, and child, assembled to follow Mr. Hood. They were wild with excitement; the grown men and women leaving work and home, without another thought, than to join in the search for the wandering child.

Harry Erskine galloped up to Mr. Hood, mounted on his father's horse, and told him with a laugh, that he would join the hunt. "I think you will find Sallie along the creek," he said. "She likes to wander near the water."

Led by Mr. Hood and Harry Erskine, the negroes marched to the preacher's cabin, where the crowd had increased four-fold.

And now there was a great noise and chattering of

two hundred people, nearly every one of whom was armed with a long stick. They all gathered in little knots round the cabin, talking, laughing, crying and gesticulating, like so many mad men. It was a holiday for them. Hannah sat on the steps, her son Abe beside her, a red cotton handkerchief in her hand, with which she wiped her streaming eyes. The preacher carried the air of a martyr with him, as he listened to all, and answered wild questions about the lost child.

At length Hood mounted his horse and cried in a loud voice, "I want you to keep quiet and stand in a circle, then when I say 'go,' strike out in all directions over the country, and hunt for Sister Sallie till you find her. Remember that she is likely to be near the water, but still you must search through the pines. She wore shoes. The ground is soft after the rain, look for her tracks."

The circle was quickly formed, with discordant cries and a great waving of sticks and hats, Hood and Harry Erskine in the center. With the signal, the negroes broke like a startled drove of wild horses and scattered in all directions, running at full speed. Soon they were out of sight. As they separated farther and farther from each other, their halloos echoed through the tall pines. More distant and fainter came the sounds, and still they rose again. Fainter and fainter they fell; then they were lost. All were gone. The cabin was still. Hannah wept on the step alone.

Jennie and Abe kept together. She told him

they had better find the creek and look for Sister Sallie's tracks along the bank. They soon reached the stream, which was deep and narrow, its sides covered with thick alder. Jennie stopped to pin up her dress under a huge burning bush, bright with berries.

"Abe," she said, "did you bring any bread with you?"

"Yes," replied Abe, as he clutched the pocket of his ragged coat, "I knew you want something to eat."

Jennie smiled.

"I believe if any one find Sallie, you can," Abe added.

The country for many miles round the Manor was flat, with the exception of a single line of low hills, running north and south along the creek. The plain was scored by two small streams or branches, that found their way, with many windings, to the James River. Pines were growing every where, and, except from the vantage point of the hills, it was impossible to gain an extended view.

Anyone who has spent much time in the woods knows that in the search for a lost companion, one view and a halloo from a mountain cliff, is worth hours of toil on the plain. It was on a wooded and marshy plain that Jennie and Abe were searching for Sister Sallie, the stream cut them off from the hills.

Under the dark and dismal pines, the boy and girl patiently groped their way down the creek. She, as close to the bank as the thick bushes would

permit, and he, fifty paces away, pursuing a parallel course. Frequent were their calls at first, "You there, Jennie?" and "Where are you, Abe?" But soon they grew silent, with their thoughts for companions, and kept track of each other by the rustling of the branches.

Many a mile they had left behind them by noon, when Abe stopped beside a fallen tree, where the clear sunlight pierced the darkness. Jennie joined him, and they sat on the barkless trunk, and ate their corn bread.

"Do you know where we are?" Jennie asked.

"We way down the creek, below the Manor, near the river. The road about a mile up that way," Abe said, pointing with his big left hand.

Now they were tramping again, and soon the woods had changed; the trees were small and scattered. The ground had been more recently cultivated, and they passed several deserted cabins on the bank of the stream.

"Hark," said Jennie, stopping, and they heard a faint "halloo" far away behind them—then another.

Abe almost burst his lungs as he replied, with his face in the direction of the sound.

"Do you think they have found her?" Jennie asked.

Abe did not answer, he was listening. Just then Jennie's quick eye caught something white, lying on the ground in the open space before them; she clutched Abe's arm, as he was about to call again. His eyes followed hers. There, lying on the grass,

was Sister Sallie's sun-bonnet. Awed by the sudden discovery they approached it slowly, and Abe pointed silently to the track of the wandering girl.

Jennie picked up the bonnet. Then the "halloo" sounded again much nearer. Abe stopped to reply, and Jennie said, "It is Mr. Hood; you stay here and call for help, while I follow the track," and she darted on. With head bent and eyes fixed before her, she sped away, Abe's halloos ringing in her ears.

The grass was short; it was easy to see the displacement of the blades, with here and there a crushed violet, or arbutus, that had not yet lifted its head, after the pressure of Sister Sallie's foot. Where the ground was bare, the disturbed stones and gravel told the tale to Jennie's keen eyes.

Ever and anon poor Sallie's feet had dug holes in the soft ant-hills, as she stumbled over them. She evidently had walked there in the darkness the night before, and Jennie thought how far away she must be by this time. It seemed beyond hope that she should catch up with the wandering child, before the failing day had concealed the tracks.

There! Jennie had a glimpse of something in the grass before her. Her heart beat violently, and she looked back wishing Abe were there. She no longer heard his cries. Then her sense of loneliness gave her courage and she advanced—it was Sister Sallie's shawl—but it moved. She started in terror; then she saw on the corner of the shawl, coiled up with head erect, an angry black snake.

The movement of the shawl explained, the snake had no terrors for her. She knew the warmth of the wool would attract a serpent in the spring, and picking up the shawl, she shook the creature out, and pressed onward through the gloom.

The ground had changed. Jennie was under the pines again. Sister Sallie's steps were plain. Here she had stumbled over a decayed log, and there, walked through a pool of stagnant water in the darkness. On and on the girl trod swiftly, without a thought of day or night or herself, only of Sister Sallie's tracks. It was darkening. The slant sun could not penetrate the branches. The track had led close to the creek, and Jennie followed it with difficulty in the growing darkness. Sister Sallie had stopped, and there were confused marks of many footsteps in the mud. At last the track led off at right angles. A few steps in that direction, and the setting sun was in Jennie's face, streaming through the thin branches on the river's bank. A little farther, and she was at the river's edge on her knees, in the full glare of day, peering into the water. Across the stream, opposite the mouth of the creek that flowed into the river, there grew a ripple on the surface. It approached the bank. Then the shouts of Abe and Harry Erskine rose from far behind. Still Jennie knelt, her eyes staring into the depths before her, where the sun's rays revealed poor little Sister Sallie's last tracks, as the footprints led down, down, down, till they were lost in the sluggish depths of the James River.

CHAPTER VI.

A MAN AND A DOG.

MRS. ERSKINE and Miss Gillingham sat together before the fire. The teacher's face wore a troubled look; Jennie had not returned. The negro school was without a single scholar that day, every child had disappeared in the search for Sister Sallie. There was a shout outside. Miss Gillingham hurried to the door, and met Harry Erskine and Mr. Hood riding up. Jennie rode behind Harry, and Abe walked beside Mr. Hood's horse.

As Jennie got down, Miss Gillingham said, "Mr. Hood, I think you should have brought Jennie home on your horse, and not put her behind Harry."

"I couldn't do it, Miss," he answered, "my horse will not carry two. The girl is completely worn out; we had to put her behind Harry Erskine to get her home."

"It would have been better if you could have walked in those wet clothes, Jennie," Miss Gillingham said; "I am afraid you will be ill." And the child did look ill. She coughed and had a flushed face. Her clothing was torn; her hands and face were bleeding. The teacher was shocked at her pupil's appearance in the fire-light, and put her to bed without delay, listening to her story.

Jennie awoke the next day with a high fever. Abe walked twenty miles in the morning with a message from Miss Gillingham to the doctor. The doctor was away, but the next morning he rode up to the Manor. "Poor Jennie has lung fever, and may die," he said. Miss Gillingham returned from school while the doctor stood before the door rummaging for medicine in his saddle-bags.

Jennie Andersen was very ill. For two weeks she lay between life and death. Abe came to the Manor every morning and helped Auntie Emma nurse her while Miss Gillingham was teaching, and the rest of the day and night the teacher was the nurse. James Andersen came at night to learn how his daughter was, and Harry Erskine often rode over from the store, and was sent to Richmond for medicine. Mr. Jones prayed for Jennie every Sunday in the negro church, and then the congregation wept for her, and for Sister Sallie.

At the end of two weeks, Jennie began to mend. Propped up in bed one morning she said, "Miss Gillingham, I suppose Sister Sallie is way down the River in the sea now."

In three weeks Jennie was as bright and beautiful as ever.

One afternoon Jennie was in the kitchen alone while old Ellen the cook was away milking. Harry Erskine came by with a gun on his shoulder and a dog at his heels. He saw Jennie through the open door and came in.

"Well, Jennie," he said, with a glance of admira-

tion, "I'm glad you are well again; I brought you home that night, you know."

Looking round to see that no one was near, he sat down.

"I will leave these quail for the teacher," he said, drawing the birds out of his pocket. Then he caught Jennie round the waist and tried to kiss her.

She grew red with anger, and putting forth her utmost strength to escape, she dealt him a violent blow in the face with her clenched hand.

"Harry Erskine," she cried, "don't you dare ever to speak to me again."

Harry drew back looking as if he would shoot her. Then he laughed derisively, picked up his gun and went out the door, saying to himself, "You'd rather be kissed by that nigger Abe, wouldn't you? I'd like to kill him."

Before she went to bed that night, Jennie had told Miss Gillingham.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GREAT THOMSEN ESTATE, OF ENGLAND.

MRS. ERSKINE had been very much preoccupied of late. Evidently something out of the usual course of events was about to happen. For this reason the teacher was not surprised one evening, when the old lady bade her draw her chair close, and said she had a secret that would soon become public.

"You've heard of the great Thomsen estate that is lying unclaimed in the Bank of England. This estate was left by William Thomsen, of Acton, who died a hundred years ago. They never have been able to find his heirs. Would you believe it, if I told you that the missing heirs are in Virginia, and that I am one of them?"

Miss Gillingham smiled gravely.

"Yes, it is a fact," Mrs. Erskine continued. "Long before the war, when I was young, Col. Erskine often spoke of my great-grandfather, John Thomsen, who was a descendant of the celebrated millionaire, William Thomsen, of England. But as we were happy then, and none of the other heirs came forward to make their claim, we did not bother ourselves about it."

"How do you know that your great-grandfather,

John Thomsen, was a descendant of William Thomsen, of England, who you say left such a large estate?" Miss Gillingham asked.

"How do I know it?" answered Mrs. Erskine with pride. "By the family history, and it is only necessary to prove this history in England, to get the estate and share it among the heirs. One of the heirs, my second cousin, Mrs. Abercrombie, a widow lady of Richmond, is coming here to spend some time with me next week, and we will make investigations and show you results that will astonish you. I have been receiving letters from Mrs. Abercrombie for a long time on the subject of the Thomsen estate," she continued, drawing from her bosom a package of well-worn letters and documents.

Mrs. Erskine then opened one of Mrs. Abercrombie's letters and handed Miss Gillingham a small pamphlet, which bore the signature "Edgar Smith, Member of the New York Bar." The teacher read as follows:

THE GREAT THOMSEN ESTATE OF ENGLAND.

\$60,000,000.

William Thomsen died at Acton Place, in England, June 19th, 1798, without a will, leaving real and personal property amounting at that time to more than \$5,000,000. The value of the estate to-day cannot be estimated; it is probably \$100,000,000, all in the Bank of England, subject to the claims of heirs who are living in Virginia.

William Thomsen, the great millionaire, was

the son of an aide-de-camp of the Duke of Marlborough. He had but one child, John Thomsen the first, who married beneath his station in life, thereby incurring his father's displeasure. The millionaire would never look on his son again. John Thomsen the first, finally emigrated to Virginia with his family, consisting of Ann, his wife, and three children, John, nineteen years old, and Luke and Elizabeth, both younger. The family embarked at White Haven and landed at Fredericksburg on the first of December, 1765. The father, John Thomsen the first, died near Richmond, on his plantation, in 1780. The descendants of his children are the missing American heirs of the estate of his father, William Thomsen the millionaire of England, who died without a will, eighteen years after the death of his son, John Thomsen the first, in Virginia. Among the many documents and letters that we have found in England relating to the estate of William Thomsen, of Acton, we have discovered reference to a General John Thomsen, who was in Virginia before the decease of William Thomsen at Acton, England, in 1798, and who was acknowledged by William Thomsen as a relative. Our researches prove that the General John Thomsen, referred to in the letters of William Thomsen, was the child of John Thomsen the first, who landed at Fredericksburg in 1765. These researches will show where General John Thomsen lived and died, and will prove who his descendants are—all of whom are the missing Ameri-

can heirs of the great Thomsen estate of England.

The following account of the birth and death of William Thomsen, of Acton, is from the old chronicles of that time printed in London:

“Died June 19th, in his ninety-seventh year, William Thomsen, of Acton Place, near Long Melford in the County of Suffolk, and of Grosvenor Place, London, Esquire. He was baptized in September, 1701, and was the son of Robert Thomsen, Esq., aide-de-camp to the great Duke of Marlborough (by Anne, his wife, daughter and heir of Carew Guidott, Esq., lineally descended from Sir Anthony Guidott, Knight, a noble Florentine, employed on sundry embassies by King Edward VI.), and grandson of Humphrey Thomsen, of Erdington Hall, in the County of Warwick, Esq., Lord of the Manor of Nether Whitacre, in that County, an eminent iron-master at Birmingham. King William III. was godfather to the late Mr. Thomsen; and among other valuables discovered in his house was a silver ewer, a gift from that monarch. William Thomsen had been page to George I., and married Esther Olyphant, daughter of Sir Richard Olyphant, of Leominster, on the Lugg. By her he had one child, John, who emigrated to Virginia after the death of his mother. William Thomsen never married again. His son John had incurred his father’s permanent displeasure by a marriage beneath his station in life. Fully one-half of William Thomsen’s long years

were passed in seclusion, his time being spent in the management of his immense estates. So vast was his wealth that the enumeration of his properties, stocks, and mortgages would fill many pages. He died without a will."

The above account shows that the claims of the Thomsens are founded on documentary history.

"Any member of the Thomsen family, or any descendant of a Thomsen, can become a member of the Association, and share in the recovery of this vast fortune, by signing the enclosed agreement, giving ten per cent. of the amount recovered, (which ten per cent shall cover all expenses of fees and suits), to the Association's Agents, John Prescott Allen and Richard Peace, Esquires, Solicitors of London, England, and by remitting \$20 in postage stamps, to the Treasurer of the Association, Nathan New, Esq., 23 Cedar St., New York."

Mrs. Erskine looked at Miss Gillingham as the latter withdrew her eyes from the page.

"Isn't that pretty plain?" she asked. "My cousin Mrs. Abercrombie, and I have been writing to Mr. Edgar Smith, Member of the New York Bar. It is the information that we have given to him, and the researches that we are making to prove that our great-grandfather was the same person as the General John Thomsen, mentioned in the documents in England, that are referred to in Mr. Smith's pamphlet,"

"Where did the General live?" Miss Gillingham asked, with a comical look.

"He lived over there on top of the hill," replied Mrs. Erskine triumphantly, rising from her chair and pointing her thin finger at the wall. "His house was a grand place, much larger than the Manor. It was destroyed by fire long after his death. Nothing remains now but the old graveyard, where he and all his wives and children are buried."

"And how do you know that your ancestor, John Thomsen, was a general, and the person referred to as General John Thomsen in the letters left by William Thomsen of England, a hundred years ago?" asked Miss Gillingham.

"We know it in this way," Mrs. Erskine answered slowly. "My ancestor, John Thomsen, was a great man in Virginia. Thomsen's Ordinary, near the Richmond Railroad Station, a celebrated tavern in the time of the Revolution, was named after him."

"Perhaps your ancestor only kept the tavern," interrupted plain Miss Gillingham, innocently.

"Nonsense," replied Mrs. Erskine, with a quick glance of suspicion at the teacher's face. "The Thomsens were all gentlemen. As I was saying, John Thomsen was a very wealthy man, and we are sure that he was a general, because all men of his importance were generals in those days. But we are going to prove that he was a general," she said excitedly. "Having been a general in the Revolutionary War, of course he was buried in

uniform with his sword by his side, and we have determined to dig up the old grave-yard and find him, and show him to the world with his uniform and sword, just as he was in his life-time."

Mrs. Erskine stopped, out of breath. There was a little spot of red in her pale cheek, and her eyes were glassy.

Miss Gillingham did not know what to say. She was familiar with the stories of the Thomsen estate in the newspapers, when she lived in Pennsylvania. She had often read the warnings to the public against the attorneys, who made a living out of imaginary claims to estates in the old country, but she could not bear the thought of destroying the illusion of her poor old friend. At length she asked whether many persons in Virginia, had subscribed \$20 in postage stamps to join the Thomsen Association.

"A great many," Mrs. Erskine replied. "Mrs. Abercrombie has shown me a list of them. Mr. Edgar Smith agrees to give me and Mrs. Abercrombie three times as much of the estate, as our relationship entitles us to, for our services in finding General Thomsen's uniform and sword."

Once during the following week, the teacher found herself vigorously warning Mrs. Erskine against the stories of the New York lawyer, but the look of pain that swept over the old lady's face, silenced her, and she abruptly changed the subject.

Mrs. Abercrombie was expected from Richmond. The table was set for supper. Mrs. Erskine brought

her guest into the sitting-room and introduced her to the teacher. She was a middle-aged, round-faced little woman, with blue eyes, a cap and cork-screw curls. As she sat down she said: "Miss Gillingham, I have a great respect for you. We always said in the South that the Northerners never did anything practical for the welfare of the negroes, but your life, and the lives of a few others whom I know contradict this. I suppose you have heard all about the Thomsen estate from Mrs. Erskine?"

"Yes," replied the teacher, "and I had read about it before I came to the South."

Mrs. Erskine glanced nervously at Miss Gillingham and said, "Cousin Margaret, Miss Gillingham is a doubter; she will not believe, until she actually sees the money shared among the heirs."

Mrs. Abercrombie looked impressive and flattened her curls on one side, with her left hand.

"Miss Gillingham, I am not a foolish enthusiast; I am a business woman. For ten years, ever since the death of Mr. Abercrombie, I have made my living in the Richmond Post Office. Do I look like a person likely to be deceived?" and she pressed down her curls on the other side. "Mr. Edgar Smith, our lawyer, is well known to me. He has made several trips to Richmond lately. He is an honest and intelligent gentleman, who has reduced the subject of the Thomsen estate to a science. You will believe us, when we show you the discoveries we shall make, when we dig up the Thomsen grave-yard next week."

"Who is to pay for the labor of digging up the grave-yard?" Miss Gillingham inquired.

"Mrs. Erskine and I, of course," answered Mrs. Abercrombie; "we shall be well rewarded for it. James Andersen, Colonel Erskine's nephew, owns the burial place, and he will give us permission to make the search."

Mrs. Erskine looked up solemnly and spoke: "Mr. Hood and Preacher Jones have been engaged by me to do the work; they will be here to-night."

After supper Mrs. Erskine and Mrs. Abercrombie, went into the kitchen to meet Mr. Hood and the preacher.

Mr. Jones said: "We have seen Mr. Andersen and he is willing for us to search the old graveyard for the uniform and sword, except he wont allow us to dig in one corner, and though he didn't tell me, I know the reason why. It's where he bury Lucy, Jennie's mother, all alone in the night time by himself."

"How long do you think it will take you, Mr. Hood, to examine every grave?" Mrs. Abercrombie asked.

"I have made a careful examination of the burying ground," Hood replied. "It covers a space about one hundred and twenty feet square. There is not a stone left to mark a burial. The preacher knows all about graves in Virginia. He says they are five feet deep and seven feet long. My plan is to dig trenches four feet in depth, across the burial place every six feet. This will open

every grave, and we can examine them one by one. I think the work can be done in four days with six men."

"Well," said Mrs. Abercrombie, "can you begin on Monday?"

And Monday was settled upon, with the agreement that the negroes were each to receive seventy-five cents a day as long as they worked. Mr. Hood's fee was to be fifteen dollars, and the preacher's ten dollars, for the entire time.

As they went away, Preacher Jones said: "Mrs. Erskine, I have buried a heap of people, and I wouldn't consent to disturb the bones of any one, only I know these graves are so old, there aint no bones left. You will not find General Thomsen's uniform; it is gone long ago; but his sword may be there."

Outside the Manor, as they walked down the road, the preacher spoke:

"Mr. Hood, you of the same opinion still, that these people only searching after old clothes and a sword, and that they not looking for money?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Hood; "they tell the truth when they say they want to find a sword to prove something about the Thomsen estate in England; it's all a humbug. I've often read about it in the papers. Some one in the North is fooling these two old women. You and I are the only people who will make anything out of it. If there were any money to be found, the little Quakeress would have sniffed it out long ago. You see, she doesn't care."

Mrs. Abercrombie and Mrs. Erskine went back into the sitting-room, and counted the cost of the work. It came to twenty-two dollars for each of them—a little less than the sum the old lady had in hand from the sale, six months before, of five \$1000 Confederate bonds, which she had dug out of their resting-place for twenty years in the cellar. This was the last of the poor woman's possessions, beyond her scanty clothing and the Manor.

“But we may find the uniform and sword the first day,” Mrs. Abercrombie said, “and then we shall save something in the wages of the negroes.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GRAVE-YARD SECRET.

JOHN THOMSEN, whether he were plain John, or a general, showed himself a man of taste in the selection of his site for a house. The mansion had stood on the brow of the hill, in front of the spot chosen by James Andersen for his cabin. It commanded a noble view, far over the fields and pines, with the glistening thread of the James River winding its way in and out, full thirty miles away.

The only vestiges of the mansion remaining, were the stone steps and the old tobacco house, close to Andersen's cabin. Built of hewn logs, the tobacco house no doubt had been intended originally for defense against the attacks of the Indians, as the loopholes plainly showed. Its massive sides had withstood the decay of centuries. It was there long, long before General John Thomsen built his house, long before the Thomsens came to Virginia.

Behind the tobacco house, within a stone's throw of Andersen's cabin, was the spot known as the Thomsen burial-place, a space about a hundred feet square, in the center of the field, covered with small trees and underbrush. Generation had handed it down to generation as a grave-yard, but no living soul save Andersen had seen a burial there. The

ground was always exempt from cultivation. For many generations the negro children had whipped the trees for persimmons, and the wood had been regularly cut as it grew fit to burn. But of late years the story of James Andersen's burial of black Lucy with his own hands in the night, had been noised about, and since then no child or axeman dared to penetrate the thin bushes.

Early on Monday morning, Mrs. Erskine and Mrs. Abercrombie walked slowly up the hill past Andersen's cabin to the burying ground. Andersen saw them and came out bare-headed. Mrs. Erskine introduced him to Mrs. Abercrombie, who said:

"I wish you were a Thomsen, Mr. Andersen; Mrs. Erskine tells me you are related to her through the Erskines."

Mrs. Erskine looked away.

Andersen bowed and replied, "I hope you will find the sword; I paid five dollars an acre for these ten acres twenty years ago, and I've never yet been able to get a good crop off the place. Perhaps you will be more fortunate."

"Mr. Andersen," answered Mrs. Abercrombie, grandly, "I promise you in the name of the Thomsen Association of Virginia, that when we find General Thomsen's uniform and sword, we will give you the cost of your ten acres for this little spot, one hundred and twenty feet square. It shall then be fenced and preserved from the sacrilegious hands of the woodman and the persimmon hunter."

Andersen went back to the cabin for his hat. While he was gone, Mr. Hood came round the corner of the tobacco house, on horseback, with an axe over his shoulder. He showed the ladies that the first step would be to clear away the trees and underbrush; after that, they would dig trenches across the grave-yard, as he had explained to them.

"Andersen will not let us touch that corner over there," he said; "it is the only spot that will not be examined."

As Mr. Hood got off his horse, the workmen came up the hill in a body, with picks, shovels and axes, led by Preacher Jones, and followed by a great crowd of negro sight-seers.

Soon the sound of vigorous work was heard.

Miss Gillingham and Jennie, walking to school along the road, saw the motley crowd in the field. Jennie cast longing glances up the hill. "It is late," Miss Gillingham said, "we will stop at the grave-yard after school."

In half an hour the small trees and bushes had been cleared away. Mr. Hood then staked out the trenches, and the preacher led the way with pick and shovel. It was hard digging in the clayey ground.

They had not been at work more than an hour when a pick struck something hollow. Mr. Hood called Mrs. Abercrombie and Mrs. Erskine, who approached the spot in a state of great excitement.

A little shoveling laid bare the remains of a decayed coffin, some bones and a skull, with the short curly hair of the African still clinging to it. When

they saw this the negroes all groaned aloud. There was no use in looking for General Thomsen's sword in such a place. Mr. Jones filled the hole reverently and dug farther on. Again, they uncovered an old coffin, but the tell-tale negro hair was there.

At twelve o'clock, three trenches had been finished, exposing the remains of five old graves—nothing more. After the dinner hour work was begun again, this time across the center of the grave-yard. By five o'clock four trenches more were nearly completed, with the same discoveries of old coffins and bones as had been made in the morning. Preacher Jones told Mr. Hood, that the Lord would have a hard time finding General Thomsen on the Judgment day.

Mrs. Erskine, tired and dispirited, had gone home. James Andersen sat on a log, outside the crowd of negroes and whites that idled round the trenches, Mrs. Abercrombie beside him, industriously employing herself with her crochet work. Harry Erskine was in the crowd, and his father John Erskine. Opposite Harry, and standing next to Mr. Hood, were Miss Gillingham and Jennie, who had just returned from school.

Jennie, deeply interested and anxiously looking for a coffin, was watching the preacher dig in the trench at her feet. There! The pick had struck something hard in the side of the hole. Jennie was on tip-toe with expectation. The preacher struck again with all his might. What was that dull, jingling sound? As the pick came out, Jennie saw

what seemed to be the end of a piece of mackerel keg, and in the dirt at the bottom of the trench lay two large gold coins. As she turned excitedly and told Miss Gillingham that she had seen gold, Mr. Hood jumped down into the trench. There was a dead silence for a moment, while he and the preacher, on their knees, examined the hole made by the pick, their heads being close together. When they rose, Jennie saw that the coins had disappeared.

"What is it, Mr. Hood?" Miss Gillingham asked.

"Only an old coffin, with a colored man's skull," replied Mr. Hood, as he got out of the trench. "Cover it up, Mr. Jones, and dig beyond it."

Mr. Jones pulled the dirt over the hole with his pick and began to work in another place.

"Jennie says she saw some gold there just now, Mr. Hood," said Miss Gillingham, doubtingly.

"Nonsense," answered Mr. Hood.

The preacher looked up from the trench as he continued to dig.

"There is no gold here, Miss."

Without another word, Jennie ran to her father, who was still sitting beside Mrs. Abercrombie.

"Father, father," she cried, "they are digging up gold in the trench."

"Gold," shouted Andersen, jumping up.

"Gold!" cried Mrs. Abercrombie.

"Gold, gold," ran like wildfire through the throng. "Gold, gold, gold," they shrieked as they crowded into the trench.

Jennie pointed to the spot. A negro caught up a pick, pushed the preacher away, and with two or three blows, down came the dirt from the side of the trench, and with it a shower of gold coins.

There was a confused, struggling mass of whites and negroes, packed on top of each other in the trench, scrambling, screaming, swearing, till the coins had disappeared, and then a wild rush with picks and shovels to dig for more.

"Stand back; stand back."

James Andersen came running from his cabin, a cocked gun in his hand.

"Stand back; stand back!" he cried again, as he reached the hole. "I'll shoot the man who touches my gold. This is my land and my gold."

"Oh, you stand back yourself," shouted the preacher. "We has as good a right to this gold as you white trash," and he struck Andersen a blow with his shovel.

Then Harry Erskine with an oath seized the gun, and tried to tear it from Andersen's hands, while Jones struck him another blow and cried out, "Come on, brethren, I'll show you all where the gold is."

There was a loud report of the gun—the crowd rushed away from the trench. Andersen had jumped in, and stood there with his feet on the lifeless body of the preacher, his gun pointed at the crowd.

"Come on," he cried, "come on, and I'll kill you all!"

They were beaten.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MYSTERY.

FROM the *Richmond Dispatch*, August 28, 188—.

“The Jury, at Halifax Court House, yesterday acquitted James Andersen, on trial for assault with intent to kill.

“The great excitement in Virginia eight months ago, caused by the discovery of \$250,000 in gold by Mr. Andersen, in an old burying-ground on his plantation, is well remembered by our readers.

“Mr. Andersen was digging up the grave-yard to oblige some of his relatives, who thought they could find the sword of General Thomsen, the supposed heir of the famous English estate of that name. The search for the sword revealed the hidden treasure, three feet under ground.

“Mr. Andersen was attacked by a mob of negroes, who attempted to carry away the gold just after its discovery. In self-defense he shot a negro preacher, named Jones. At first Jones was supposed to be dead, but he recovered from a buckshot wound in the neck and a fractured skull.

“Where the gold came from, and by whom it was buried, will probably remain forever a mystery. It was contained in five large nail kegs, of a very old American make, with the brands carefully cut away. The coins were all American Eagles, \$50,000 in each

keg, with various dates of coinage, none less than thirty-five years old. There was nothing to indicate haste in the burial. The treasure was far underground, and there were apparently no marks on the surface to point to the spot.

"Of course, the public at once jumped to the conclusion that the treasure of \$250,000 was a relic of the war. It probably was. But where is the hand that buried it? Why did the secret of its burial die? For if the secret had not died, eager hands would have found the gold long since.

"It is said that neither General Lee's retreating army, nor President Jefferson Davis in his hasty departure from Richmond, had any treasure whatever. But admitting, for argument's sake, that either Lee or Davis may have carried treasure in their hasty flight and concealed it in the Thomsen graveyard, why was there not honest, or dishonest, reclamation at noon or midnight, years ago?

"General Grant's army swept across the neighborhood of the grave-yard once at the close of the war. True, yet the disappearance of a large sum from the chests of a triumphant and well organized army, would have been a matter of record, and no record of such a loss exists.

"If the money were stolen from either army by marauders or secret thieves and buried, why did they not return for it? What was their fate?

"The search for General Thomsen's sword, and its wonderful result, the discovery of a large fortune by Mr. Andersen, will always remain a subject of curious speculation in Virginia."

CHAPTER X.

JENNIE AND HER FATHER BECOME NEW YORKERS.

“DEAR father,” Jennie Andersen wrote from Morristown, New Jersey, “there is a fever in the town and we are all so frightened, that in three days school will break up for the Christmas Holidays, a month earlier than usual. I cannot remain here during the vacation, as I have always done, since my first year. Miss Gillingham will tell you all about it; I have written to her. Please come for me at once. It is three years since I have been at home. No one is ill at school.”

Four years had passed, and during all that time Jennie Anderson had been at school in Morristown, New Jersey. It was Miss Gillingham who chose the school. It was Miss Gillingham who forced Andersen to educate his daughter with the graveyard gold. Jennie came home during the holidays the first year; but after that, to Miss Gillingham's disappointment, she spent her summers at the school in Morristown. But was this to be wondered at? — In Morristown Jennie Andersen was white. In Lunenberg she was black.

Four years had passed. James Andersen had been sitting for half-an-hour in the evening with Mrs. Erskine, and then walked up the road with a brisk, firm step to his new house on the hill. The

teacher was in her room finishing a letter to her father. Her school was prospering. She had five assistants under her and pupils came from miles away.

Summoned home to Chester suddenly by telegraph, six months before, the strongest tie that holds the future to the past was cut. She found her mother dead.

"Daughter," her father said, as they stood in the quiet, white curtained room, "mother told me to tell you that she died thanking God for the noble life of her brave girl, who was doing good among the negroes."

James Andersen had left word that night with Mrs. Erskine for Miss Gillingham, that he was going North the next morning to bring Jennie home from school. He always left word for the teacher, when he could avoid seeing her. He never stood mentally square on his feet, in her presence. She looked him through, with a glance of her gray eyes. And how could it be otherwise? James Andersen was no longer an object of pity, and not to pity such a man, was with Miss Gillingham to despise him. What a vain, arrogant fellow he was, hiding the secret recollection of his former sufferings, beneath his open glorification in his present prosperity. With his vanity he was silent, secretive and mean.

How prosperity will change a man! It gave Andersen spirits and health and strength. He was a distinguished looking person, with a tall, slim figure, red cheeks and long mustachios. He would

sometimes talk with a drawl of the battles of the Civil War.—And the war was his only claim to the respect of Virginians, for he had carried a musket, as a private in Lee's army, from Bull Run to the surrender at Spottsylvania.

Captain Andersen, as they called him now, since the discovery of the gold, was not a coward nor a liar; but he lacked self-respect.

His inner self was a great contrast with the assumption of his outer self. Miss Gillingham felt the contrast, while her love and solicitude for Jennie, was a tie that bound her to him.

No wonder they were not at ease together.

Where was Abraham Lincoln Jones? Abe's father, the Reverend Mr. Jones, had been dead two years, and not long after the funeral Hannah married a man young enough to be her son. Abe was sore at heart at home, and one day he told the teacher that he had got a place in a New York hotel.

"I shall always 'member you, Miss," he said, and he was gone, never to be heard of more.

Harry Erskine was in the North, his father told the neighbors, hard at work and prospering. No one had seen him for many a day.

It had been noised about Lunenberg, that Captain Andersen had gone north to bring his daughter home. There was a collection of sightseers, when Jennie arrived at the station by the five o'clock train.

John Erskine came out of the store with the mail bag, and elbowed his way along through the crowd

on the platform, followed by Miss Gillingham, who greeted Jennie with a quiet kiss. John Erskine shook hands obsequiously with Captain Andersen, took his checks and went to the baggage car for the trunks.

"Isn't she pretty?" "Oh, she's sweet," the teacher heard on all sides, as Jennie passed through the throng of negroes.

Jennie was a striking picture to burst on the vision of such a neighborhood. She wore white flowers in her bonnet, and her beautiful face and commanding figure, had all the advantages that the arts of milliner and dressmaker could give. She was just eighteen. Her form was tall and willowy. Her eyes and hair were dark. She wore her hair in defiance of the fashion, parted and smooth above a noble brow. Her face was oval, yet she had a strong chin and mouth, and an aquiline nose, with thin nostrils. No wonder they called her a Southern Aristocrat, at the school in Morristown. No wonder that no one who saw her in the North suspected the taint in her blood.

Andersen wore a fur-lined overcoat that he had brought from Paris, when he made a three months' trip abroad the year before.

Captain Andersen had bought a tract of land near the Manor. His new house was the talk of the county, and with good reason, for it was the first structure above the degree of a log cabin, that had been built in the neighborhood for many a year.

The Andersens were settled down for the Christmas holidays—settled to a life of loneliness, that made Jennie long for school again.

Not all the gold of Orillana could hide the stain of Jennie's birth from a Virginian. No one but Mrs. Erskine and her son John, Harry's father, came near them.

Captain Andersen was a popular man of money in Richmond, his friends were glad to meet him in the bank, or at the hotel—anywhere in fact, except at his house or table, where his daughter was.

Why had not Andersen fled from Virginia four years before with his suddenly acquired wealth, and made a new name and home for himself among strangers?

The answer is plain enough—James Andersen knew no other place than Virginia. He had remained there through his early sufferings, through his sudden accession of fortune, bound by the same spell of locality that controls an animal when it returns day after day to its accustomed den, that it knows is watched by hunters. The spell kept him in Virginia, just as he had been led by blind animal instinct to clothe and feed his daughter Jennie, and bear a share of the burden of her tainted birth.—Yes, it was mere animal instinct that bound Andersen to Jennie, not human parental love.

But the spell of locality was soon to be broken.

Every afternoon at four o'clock, Jennie rode over to the Manor and hitching her horse to the porch spent an hour with Miss Gillingham. Often, after

sending word to her father, she remained all night.

Jennie had seen a new world at school. Miss Gillingham read in her pupil's frequent letters the description of friend after friend, schoolmates from the great City of New York. Jennie described her visits to their homes during the holidays, and spoke with school-girl rapture of the pleasures of life in the North. Gradually the early hope of the teacher, that her pupil would grow up to be her companion and assistant in the narrow path of duty at the negro school, had been crushed to atoms.

How could it have been otherwise? At Morristown, Jennie Andersen was the admired Southern beauty, a real "F. F. V." as her friend, Elsie Anspach, called her. In Lunenburg she was a negress. A saint, if old and wrinkled, might have shouldered the burden of degradation in Virginia, from a sense of duty, but Jennie was neither a saint, nor old and wrinkled.

The final blow came now from Jennie's lips. "My dearest friend, next to you, Miss Gillingham," she said, "is Elsie Anspach. She finishes with me at Morristown next year. Elsie's father is one of the richest men in the North. He often comes to Morristown, and he has told me that I must bring my father to live in New York. I came home, determined to do this after Christmas, but now the awful loneliness of this place for us, makes me want to go away at once. Every one likes me in the North. All the white people despise me here.

When we are living in New York, you will come to see us, Miss Gillingham, and we shall be so happy."

Ten days had elapsed since Captain Andersen returned from the North with his daughter; only ten days, and they stood at the station at Lunenburg with Miss Gillingham, waiting for the train that was to bear Jennie away to a new life.

Jennie had brought it about in one passionate interview with her father. The truth was plain. Andersen had money enough to live as a gentleman in the North. In Virginia, his early life and poor Jennie, were a disgrace to him. In New York his story was unknown, and his beautiful daughter would be a credit to him. Jennie's tears and entreaties, and her skillful presentation of the facts overcame her father's dread of change. To Miss Gillingham and John Erskine were committed the sale of horses, wagons and furniture, and the renting of the plantation. It was a clean sweep.

Alone with Jennie in the morning, Miss Gillingham had burst into tears.

"Oh, Jennie, I always hoped you would be a teacher with me. I see plainly now that you cannot stay here. It is impossible. But you do not know what you are to encounter in New York. There is no one to protect you. God help you! God help you! I wish I could be with you."

"Come with us. Come with me to New York," Jennie cried, seizing the teacher's hand.

Miss Gillingham shook her head sadly. "It cannot be," she said.

At the station she was calm. Jennie wept, as the train drew up. It was all over in a minute. Jennie looked back out of the car window. Miss Gillingham was standing on the platform watching the receding train. She looked again, far down the straight track. The teacher was still there.

CHAPTER XI.

JOHN ANSPACH, BANKER.

OH, the changes of the earth in its ages and the inhabitants thereof!—Behold a dozen Esquimaux breakfasting on the remains of a frozen tropical elephant in the Polar regions, and Palmyra slowly crumbling to dust.

But it is in New York that Time shows his most wonderful transformations. Here, he is a Democrat, and accomplishes in a day the changes of generations of men. New York life contrasts with life elsewhere, as the forcing beds in a Dutch vegetable garden contrast with the growth of the rows of dignified cabbages, that take their own leisure to come to maturity.

From the poor devil to the millionaire and from the millionaire back to the poor devil, is but a step, a turn and a step.

A lucky or industrious fellow begins life in his shirt-sleeves in the morning, buys a coat to eat his dinner in, and puts on purple and fine linen in the evening. If he die that night, his children may find themselves poor enough, to have to begin the world next morning in their shirt-sleeves too.

John A. Anspach was a very bright fellow, they said in New York. Every one down-town knew

him. He was a growing man with his little bank. After business hours he disappeared across the river, to a small house in the outskirts of Jersey City, where his pretty wife, Wilhelmina, did most of the housework. The only fault she found with John was, that he often sat up after midnight, hatching sharp plans of business for the morrow, and was apt to be late for an early breakfast.

Where did John get his thrift? Straight from the Pennsylvania Dutch, where he got his wife. His grandfather was a Hessian trooper, who deserted and settled in Bucks County during the Revolutionary War.

John and his wife looked very much alike when they married in Reading. Both were good looking and thickset. They had black eyes, good health and good tempers. When they courted, it was in Pennsylvania Dutch.

John's father kept a grocery store and brought his son up to that business.

When John married, he left Wilhelmina at her father's farm, near Reading, with half of the twenty-five dollars that he was then ahead of the world, and went down to Philadelphia. There he managed to scrape acquaintanceship with the manufacturers of woolen goods in Pennsylvania and New England.

The Civil War was beginning. John had a friend, a member of Congress from Reading. With the influence of the Congressman in Washington, John was soon busy getting army contracts for the woolen manufacturers from the Government,

the profits on which he shared with his friend the statesman.

In a year John had a partnership in a New York firm, and moved his wife to Jersey City. Then he made sales of poor army shoddy to the government. When the war ended he had made \$150,000.

After that he drifted into Wall Street, lost part of his money, made it back again, and started his bank.

Twenty years passed by, and the name of John A. Anspach became known wherever financial schemes were floated. He was one of Wall Street's magnates.

John and his wife had just moved from Jersey City to New York. It had taken them a year to furnish their house in Fifty-seventh Street near Fifth Avenue.

Wilhelmina had been content to remain in Jersey City while Elsie, their only daughter, who was at school in Morristown, was growing up.

But John and his wife had learned, as they grew rich, to want and to enjoy every luxury, and Wilhelmina had a longing for the gay world, both for herself and for her daughter. She was a careful reader of the newspaper accounts of balls and dinner parties, and now that Elsie was almost grown, she felt it was high time to find out the shortest way by which John's money, would take her and Elsie everywhere that a good mother should want her daughter to go, from the dinners of the Windsor Set to the Ancients' ball.

A New York residence is supposed by all to be the good mother's best field, and therefore to New York the Anspachs moved.

Elsie was to come home in a week, for the Christmas holidays, when John told his wife, for the fortieth time, that they had accomplished nothing by leaving Jersey City, save to double their expenses.

"You do not know a soul. You said you would get into New York society; where is society? Do you know any one of the four hundred families that the newspapers say are the aristocracy of New York?"

Mrs. Anspach could not reply: Her husband had told the truth. Next evening, after John had eaten his soup, she looked across the table smilingly by way of preface, and said:

"Dear, we have not been ready to receive people since we came to New York, and Elsie has not been here. When she comes home, we will give a ball."

"But, you do not know any one to invite," John answered. "People out of your line will not come to you on a simple advertisement that you want to see them at a ball," and he stuck the fork vigorously in the beef and began to carve. Suddenly he stopped and regarded his wife with a look in his eyes, as if he foresaw a rise in stocks.

"Wilhelmina," he said, "I have it. There is a man who does business for me, named Grosvenor Hardenberg. He's as poor as a rat, but he belongs to an old New York family, and he has a handsome

wife and daughter. We'll give an entertainment, a grand ball, to his girl, and invite all her mother's acquaintances. Then they'll give one to Elsie. The balls will start us with a good set of acquaintances. John Anspach is able to pay for both."

This was the last time John ever made a suggestion to his wife in the business of society. She soon knew it all herself.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SON.

“WELL, dear,” said Wilhelmina, “Elsie and I went to the Albemarle Hotel this afternoon to see her Virginia friend, Miss Andersen. What a beautiful girl she is, and her father, the General, such a distinguished, soldierly-looking gentleman.”

They were at dinner. John as neat as a pin, in a dress suit, with his ruddy face warmed up with the claret.

“I will stop and leave a card for General Andersen to-morrow afternoon, as I come up-town,” John replied. “I want to tell you that I arranged with Grosvenor Hardenberg that we are to give a ball to his daughter. Mrs. Hardenberg will pay you a visit at once and give you a list of names,” and John smiled at his wife and Elsie. Then he said, as he looked at his son’s vacant place at the table, “I wish William would eat his dinner at home, sometimes; he always dines at the Club.”

“All the young men dine at the Club, father,” answered Elsie; “it’s the fashion, and Bill says he is very much talked about by the swells.”

Elsie Anspach was a chubby, round-faced girl, with black eyes, like her father and mother. She was an extra sweet, as the pomologists say of some

kinds of apples. Gentle and loving, she would not disturb a grasshopper on the lawn, if she could help it, the dear little thing. She admired her brother Bill with her whole heart. All good girls admire their brothers, till they find some one to fall in love with.

Mr. William Anspach, aged twenty-five years, was unlike any of the rest of the family.

“That boy has a great head, Wilhelmina,” his father often said. “He’s a natural born trader, but he is too cool about everything. He cares no more for me, than he does for any one else who helps him along.”

Bill Anspach was a singular fellow. A tall man, with red hair, who never lost his temper; a college bred man, who never opened a book, and never opened his mouth nor his heart, unless it was profitable, or absolutely necessary. A man devoted to business, with no intimate friends but his business friends; who did not go to dinners or balls, and whose sole pleasure after business hours was to dine every day at the Club among the swells, and then drive his fast bays through the Park alone. His vices were his own and he kept them to himself. Mean in all his personal expenses, except his clothes and his horses, and in these extravagant, he sacrificed everything to outward show. Even the salaries of his poor clerks, contributed by their meagreness to the rent of the magnificent offices of the Bank.

When Bill drove in the Park, sitting bolt upright, looking neither to the right nor the left, many a mother heaved a sigh with the thought of her sweet

daughter's third season, and wondered why that fellow would not go into society a little.

Down-town every one hated and envied him, as much as they admired him.

John A. Anspach and William Anspach, father and son, were a tower of financial strength. Not a public plan for the amusement of the people and the glorification of the designing and the vain, was launched in the newspapers, without their names at the head of the list of subscribers.

CHAPTER XIII.

NAME AND TITLE.

WHEN James Andersen strolled out the first morning after his arrival in New York, he stood for half an hour, in front of the hotel, gazing at the crowd hurrying down-town. He had seen Paris and New York once before on his hurried journey abroad, but the sight of the crowded street was new to him. It astonished him to see such an expenditure of nervous energy without any apparent object.

At breakfast he told Jennie, that the people were all chasing each other down the street like madmen.

In the morning they went forth, through the shops on Union Square, and then down Broadway, till they took a stage that carried them up Fifth Avenue, to Central Park.

The size of the buildings and the magnificence of the women's dresses astonished Jennie, and she gave utterance to many exclamations of delight, to the great amusement of a tall young man with a light mustache and red necktie. He was so much amused, that he stared her out of countenance, and would have spoken to her, had not her father glared at him till he pulled the bell rope and slunk away.

Andersen soon grew accustomed to the crowd and

the great buildings, and was as impassive as if he had been Northern born and bred.

On their return, Jennie went upstairs and her father sauntered through the hotel corridor.

The office clerk recognized Andersen as the distinguished looking Southerner who had arrived late the night before, and approaching him respectfully, he said, "General, we did not get your name last night, shall I put it down for you now?"

"James Calhoun Andersen, of Virginia," the Southerner replied deliberately, and it was recorded in the clerk's bold hand, "General James Calhoun Andersen of Virginia," from that time forth.

Dubbed a general by the clerk, with his own addition of Calhoun to his Christian name, was it not in keeping with the size of the buildings and with the showiness of the shops, that plain James Andersen should swell to General James Calhoun Andersen, in New York?

Jennie, my dear little heart, as you stand in the second story window of the hotel, looking at the throng of men and vehicles in the street, what is in your brain? Every foolish hope, that your limited experience of life makes it possible for you to frame. You long to be a Queen—not Cleopatra, of Egypt, nor Eugenie, once Queen of the French, who, by the way, with her late excellent husband, Napoleon III., King of Humbug, would be quite at home in New York. You do not, I say, long to be either of these handsome ladies. They were not New Yorkers, and you scarcely ever heard of

them at school. A New York Queen is your ideal—one of the Queens whom you and Elsie Anspach have so often heard talked about at the Morristown school, who go to dinners and balls, and are described in the newspapers—Queens of society, whom the men all worship, and the women all abuse. But this you have not yet learned. You expect to be admired, and your innocent breast is full of the desires that are stirred by the whirl of this wild city. You are beautiful. Yes, a glance in the mirror confirms it. The men stare in the street, and how subservient every one is in the hotel.

The next day the newspapers contained the announcement that General James Calhoun Andersen, of Virginia, and his daughter, were at the Albemarle Hotel.

Andersen soon felt at home in New York. He visited the Anspachs' Bank and opened an account. Bill Anspach sent a clerk to show him the Treasury, the Stock Exchange, and all the sights downtown.

Mrs. Anspach and Elsie came every day for Jennie in the carriage and drove to Tiffany's, to Arnold and Constable's, and to the modiste's, where Jennie was absorbed in the mysteries of dresses to be made.

One morning as they drove back to the hotel, Mrs. Anspach told Jennie that she had decided not to send Elsie to school again.

"She has been at Morristown four years," she

said. "In another year she will be nineteen. It is time she should go into society, and we intend to give her private instruction in literature and the modern languages."

Elsie was very happy with the thought of giving up school, but her eyes filled with tears as she turned to Jennie and said, "What shall I do without you, dear?"

"If you leave Morristown, I will go away, too," Jennie replied, positively. "Father lets me do just as I please."

This settled the question. Elsie and Jennie were no longer school girls. The change was due to John and Wilhelmina Anspach's desire to put on their visiting list as speedily as possible, the names of the four hundred families who were said by the newspapers to be the aristocracy of New York. To accomplish this they found it necessary to bring Elsie out in society, and to give a ball at once to Grosvenor Hardenberg's daughter.

Now the Andersens dined with the Anspachs in Fifty-seventh Street, and the Anspachs dined with the Andersens at Delmonico's, and they went often to the theater, and occupied the Anspachs' box at the opera.

Bill Anspach was always one of the party at the opera. On the theater nights he did not go. His father told Jennie, with a wink, that Bill had never gone with them before. "He's a queer fellow, and his going to the opera is a great compliment to you."

All the dinners and all the opera-going could not break the crust of impassive reserve and dignity with which General Andersen surrounded himself. Once, and once only, John Anspach, in the midst of one of his loud guffaws, slapped the General on the knee. The offended member sought its fellow with resentful gravity. Andersen's eyes grew fixed for an instant, and a hush fell on the company, as if something dreadful were about to happen.

"General Andersen is very stiff, isn't he," John said to his wife that night. "I can't break the ice with him."

"Dear," his wife replied, "he is very aristocratic; I like his reserve; he was a great soldier and slaveholder."

"Soldiering be hanged," answered Anspach, "it is as much a thing of the past as slavery. General Andersen keeps a good bank account, and this is all there is in him, or in any man. But his aristocracy, I'll admit, may be valuable to you for a little while, till you acquire aristocracy yourself, Wilhelmina."

CHAPTER XIV.

TWO DISINTERESTED FRIENDS.

GROSVENOR HARDENBERG was a stock-broker. A man of fair ability, but for some reason that no one sought to explain, he never had been able to earn more than the luxurious living of a man about town, who knows every one worth knowing. His handsome wife was a daughter of the late ex-Senator Wiggins. There was a tradition of great intellect in her family, that had descended from the pompous old Wiggins, who had been a well-known politician.

Mrs. Hardenberg knew the world. She had kept alive in the minds of her friends the remembrance of the blood of the first settlers of New Amsterdam, that ran in her husband's veins, besides preserving the friendships of her youth, when every one knew her as a belle. She bullied her husband, in a quiet way, and never let him forget how many offers she had refused, among them the hand of a gentleman, who had since flourished as one of the millionaires of New York. When he worshiped her, however, he was only the smart, pushing son of a well-to-do fish and poultry dealer of Washington Market; but this, Mrs. Hardenberg never mentioned to her husband.

Hardenberg and his wife had lived along, always intimate with the most influential people, always on the crest of the wave of City life, but maintaining that place with difficulty, by the hard work of Mrs. Hardenberg, and by the expenditure of more money than they earned in dull years, and nearly all the money, that came to them when trade was brisk.

Mrs. Hardenberg was a worker; she had two fields—the newspapers and her visiting list.

In newspaper subscription lists for well-known charities, she was untiring. Her name appeared in the organization of societies for the promotion of everything that was right and for the prevention of everything that was wrong, while no ball list was complete without the names of Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor Hardenberg. To produce the noise and commotion necessary to maintain a position of this kind in New York, without a large fortune, and the lavish expenditure of money, required good health and strong muscles, and these Mrs. Hardenberg had inherited from the ex-Senator.

Grosvenor Hardenberg told his wife that John A. Anspach was living in Fifty-seventh Street, near Fifth Avenue, and that he had proposed to give a ball to their daughter Maud.

“Mr. Anspach, of Jersey City,” replied Mrs. Hardenberg sharply, for she knew all about her husband’s patrons, “and do you mean to confess that you never told me of his coming to New York? What a careless man you are! I have several times

been on the point of going to see Mrs. Anspach in Jersey City. Now that they have come to New York, they want to give a ball to Maud to get our visiting list. I will go to see Mrs. Anspach this afternoon. They will be great people in New York."

"My dear Mrs. Anspach, I have so often heard of you in the world, that it seems as if I knew you well," Mrs. Hardenberg said, as the two ladies met and measured each other in Mrs. Anspach's drawing-room.

"She is vulgar, but oh, so rich," thought Mrs. Hardenberg.

"She is no better than I am," Mrs. Anspach said to herself, "and she is fifty, at least."

When two women, devoted to getting on in society, are met to talk of a proposed ball, it may be depended upon, that nothing will be said, that ought to be repeated to any one but an enemy. Mrs. Hardenberg tried her best to make Mrs. Anspach feel that she was getting a big plum in securing the use of her name and visiting list for the ball, while Mrs. Anspach rather awkwardly made as light of the matter as possible. "I long to see the children enjoy themselves," she said as they parted.

"My dear," said Mrs. Anspach, to her husband, when he came home, "Mrs. Hardenberg was here to-day; she's a great snob; she was so condescending—"

"Pshaw," John replied; "don't you bother about

that; let her down easy; she will be humble enough after a while."

The great author of the book of "Snobs" would be astonished, could he see the change that a voyage across the Atlantic, and a residence in the invigorating air of the United States, have brought about in the word "Snob." Snob, in Thackeray's time, meant a commonplace man or woman, who admired nothing in life but worldly prosperity. To-day the word is used by most people in New York, just as Mrs. Anspach used it, to describe a person of proud and haughty mien, who claims importance. Our Snob has grown from the mean fellow cringing before his superiors, to be the important man of the world, proud of his acquaintance and of himself. And in this we have followed our English cousins, along the Anglo-Saxon highway of thought and speech, in their treatment of "Swell." A swell with them once meant a loud and vulgar commonplace person of wealth. To-day, a swell may be loud and vulgar, but the world does not set him down as common. Ask any one in London, from gent to gentleman, from a pickpocket to the Prince of Wales, to define a swell, and the answer will be, "A fashionable person of some prominence."

CHAPTER XV.

THE MATCHMAKER.

IT was a rainy night. There were few men in the dining-room of the Club. Young Mortimor Hardenberg was eating his dinner with Bill Anspach. Mortimor, a youth of twenty-one, looked like his father, with a touch of his mother's force. He sat down at the invitation of Bill Anspach, and was soon talking busily to his silent listener.

Near the window two gentlemen were dining together. They were watching Bill Anspach, and he was the subject of their conversation. The younger, a handsome man with regular features and dark eyes, was Thomas Fishbourne, a hard-working lawyer from Philadelphia, who, after he had settled in New York, first came into notice as one of the junior counsel in the suits against the notorious Fitch and his partners, when they were indicted and tried for bribing the Board of Aldermen to grant them street railway charters. The other man was evidently a Bostonian. You can always tell Boston men by the English cut of their clothes, and their habit of wearing, or attempting to wear side-whiskers. Charles Amory was a sturdy-looking fellow. As managing editor of the *New York Enquirer*, he had made a name

for himself. Fishbourne and Amory graduated at Harvard together. They had been faithful to each other during the days of their early struggle in New York, and as neither of them had yet married, they were still friends.

"I tell you, Fishbourne," said Amory, "Bill Anspach is the keenest man in Wall Street. Our financial writer tells me, he has his finger in everything. He has tried lately to gain the *Enquirer's* influence in his schemes. Only the other day an old gentleman, whom I never would have suspected to be his tool, persuaded one of our stockholders to buy some stock in a new coal company at half the market price, and then Anspach came to me with an introduction from the buyer, and asked me to publish something in the editorial page puffing the stock."

"Well, Fishbourne, I suppose you are going to the costume ball at the Anspachs. It is given, they say, in honor of Maud Hardenberg, Mortimor Hardenberg's sister, but the real object is to bring the Anspachs themselves out in society."

"Of course I am going," replied Fishbourne, "Will you be there?"

"My dear fellow, how can I go?" Amory answered. "My work begins at nine o'clock at night and does not end till two in the morning, when we go to press. You know I never go to balls. What newspaper man does? Society is afraid of us, and we are afraid of society."

But there was another reason why Amory could

not go to the ball that he did not tell his friend; he had not been invited. Mrs. Hardenberg had intentionally left his name out of the Anspachs' list.

The previous summer, Amory had gone to Bar Harbor to spend a month's vacation. The Hardenbergs were there. The bachelor managing editor of the great newspaper was big game for Mrs. Hardenberg, and she made up her mind that he was the man who should marry her daughter. Maud was a brunette with a petite figure and vivacious manners. Amory was tall with blue eyes. "How natural that such opposites should fall in love," the scheming mother thought.

Amory's room was near the Hardenbergs', he was constantly meeting them on the piazza and spending part of the evening in their company. There were boating parties and riding parties through the day, and Mrs. Hardenberg contrived that the editor should be continually at Maud's side. This state of affairs had lasted for exactly ten days, when Amory was suddenly summoned to New York by a telegram. There was a serious breach in the peace of the Republican party. Roscoe Conkling had resigned his seat in the Senate, and a consultation between the editors and proprietors of the *Enquirer* was necessary, to decide the political policy of the newspaper.

Amory, on his way to the depot to take the train, met Mrs. Hardenberg and her daughter out driving. He leaned over the side of the carriage and told them

that he was called away suddenly, but hoped to return.

There had been no love-making during the ten days, and the mother knew it. But there was something in the man's manner at parting that informed Mrs. Hardenberg's experienced mind, that he had detected her schemes for Maud, and when he did not return to Bar Harbor, she was furious. Her open hostility afterwards in town, confirmed Amory's suspicions of his escape.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW FISHBOURNE BECAME LUCKY.

TOM FISHBOURNE had known John Anspach a long time. When Fishbourne first came to New York from Pennsylvania, he waited on the banker with a letter of introduction from the Congressman, who had given John his start in life by securing the Army contracts in Washington. The banker dropped the letter in the waste-basket, before the young lawyer's eyes, and forgot him ten minutes afterwards in the street.

The fate of the unlucky is never known in New York. Had Œdipus, a worthy man doomed by the gods to crime and financial disaster, lived on Fifth Avenue, it would not have been necessary for the earth to open and swallow him, to hide his troubles. His misfortunes would have blotted him out of the minds of men, quite as effectually as the yawning abyss. Any one to be known in New York must be lucky.

How many pretty speeches of Fishbourne's relatives and friends concerning his going to New York, had proved erroneous. His dear mother had said: "Tom, your ancestors were all distinguished lawyers. Every one in Philadelphia and Washington has heard the name of Fishbourne at the bar.

Be a true Fishbourne in New York, and you will be treated with the professional consideration that is your due."

And then his father's old friend Barstow, the Philadelphia lawyer, had written to him: "New York is the place for a bright lawyer. A man with your learning and talent is sure to be speedily recognized."

But all this was a mistake. Tom had to fight his way and bide his time for good luck, just as if his name were Brown, and he a stupid fellow.

There was little Smith. He knew nothing of law nor of anything else. He had a narrow forehead, white hair, and a pug nose, through which he talked. In some way he got into the Clubs. In the same way the rich family of Wortendykes took him up. He drew a large income from them alone, in the examination of titles. He dressed in the height of the fashion, drove fine horses, and patronized Fishbourne whenever he met him. Smith was lucky, and every one respected him for it.

But Tom Fishbourne was determined to know the Anspachs, in spite of the failure of the letter of introduction from the Congressman.

One afternoon, while walking up Broadway, on the way to his rooms in Union Square, he entered a picture store, tempted by a flashy placard, announcing an auction sale of paintings by great masters—the collection of the late Hon. Thomas Wellington Timmins, once Minister at the Court of St. James.

Of course, as Timmins had lived at the Court of

St. James, dining frequently with the Queen, and knowing all the little St. Jameses, the pictures attracted a great deal of attention.

Fishbourne found a throng of well-known people attending the sale. Among them, were John Anspach and his wife. The Anspachs had then begun to buy pictures for their Jersey City house, with the same delight in spending their newly acquired wealth in ornamentation—for this was ten years before Wilhelmina brought John to live in New York)—that boys display in decorating the walls of a toy cabin in the woods, with prints of Indian fights cut from the tops of old boxes.

Fishbourne walked round the room looking at the paintings. Suddenly he stopped before what professed to be an original crayon drawing by Rosa Bonheur, of two horses drinking at a watering-trough.

“By Jove,” he thought, “this is the very picture that Lewis, the drawing-master, who boards at our house, pointed out to me the other night at the Academy of Fine Arts, as a fraud—a photograph of the original picture, touched up with Chinese white and India ink. Well, I wonder what the thing will sell for? Enough, I’ll bet, to pay my board bill for two or three years.”

The auctioneer, with a red rose in his button-hole, paraded up and down, as picture after picture was put on the stand, under the fierce light of the gas reflector, and sold to the highest bidder. A Corot, a Dupré, and a Daubigny were disposed

of; the Corot to Mr. Anspach at eight thousand dollars.

"Now, my friends," said the auctioneer, as he twirled his eye-glasses round the end of his finger, "I want to show you a crayon by the great Rosa Bonheur," and the counterfeit that Fishbourne had recognized, was brought forth and hidden under the blaze of the fiery reflector, by two solemn-looking gentlemen, wearing white gloves.

"This great piece is by Rosa Bonheur," cried the auctioneer. "See how natural the horses look; you can see the water running out of the corners of their mouths. It is better done than Bonheur's celebrated 'Horse Fair.' I want to give you the worth of your money, gentlemen, and more too. The man who ornaments his parlors with this beautiful picture will get ten times its present cost, when Rosa Bonheur dies. And she's old, gentlemen, she's old. Buy your pictures while a great artist is alive; when he dies you'll get a big profit on their cost. I never knew it to fail. Meissonier is far below Bonheur as an artist. This little drawing is a mine of wealth for any one who buys it."

John Anspach bid \$900. The auctioneer smiled and started the picture at that price. Fishbourne had taken his seat behind the Anspachs, and just as some one bid \$50 more for the crayon drawing, he introduced himself to Mr. Anspach, and then told the story of the counterfeit crayon. By the time he had finished his tale, the price was soaring aloft under the auctioneer's eloquence, at \$1500. Ans-

pach, who had listened to Fishbourne attentively, rose up and elbowed his way through the crowd of elderly men and pretty women to the auctioneer's desk, where, at a short distance, he solemnly inspected the picture.

"Mr. Crabbe," he cried in a loud voice, "that crayon is a forgery."

"Who says it is a forgery?" the auctioneer shouted with a pyroligneous look.

"Mr. Anspach of Jersey City," the banker answered.

Then he stalked back, gave his arm to his wife, and motioned to Fishbourne to follow him. On the sidewalk he introduced Tom to Wilhelmina, and invited him to ride to Jersey City in the carriage with them and dine.

The next day the newspapers announced, with a great flourish, the discovery of the forgery of a Rosa Bonheur crayon, by John A. Anspach, of Jersey City, the Wall Street banker and eminent collector of pictures.

This was the beginning of Fishbourne's acquaintance with the Anspachs, and the foundation of his success as a lawyer. The banker became his patron, and helped him everywhere.

Now Fishbourne was lucky and every one respected him for it, just as they did little Smith, with the narrow forehead and pug nose.

CHAPTER XVII.

WILHELMINA'S DINNER.

FISHBOURNE had gone seldom of late to balls, but the Anspach ball was the effort of his patron's wife; of course, he must go.

He stopped one morning at the Anspachs' on the way down town and left a list of his unmarried friends to be invited. As he went away, the footman came running to call him back from the street, and Mrs. Anspach met him in the vestibule, dressed in a gorgeous, yellow morning wrapper, with her hair in curl-papers. There she kept him on pins and needles a quarter of an hour, with her head poked out of the half-closed door, while she gave him instructions to be conveyed to Hopkins, the sexton of Grace Church, who was a most important functionary in carrying out her plans for the ball.

This interview was observed from the second story window of the big house opposite, by the Misses Gans, two maiden ladies, the orphans of a well-known real estate owner, who had left them two millions apiece. The comments of these ladies were scandalous, and no wonder, for not only was the yellow morning wrapper shocking, but there was Wilhelmina's handsome head in bold relief against the door, with her dark hair without a streak

of gray, becomingly done up in curl-papers, while both the Misses Gans wore wigs.

A day or two afterwards, Fishbourne received an invitation to dine with Mrs. Anspach, to meet General Andersen and his daughter. He found Amory and Bill Anspach there. Bill, ignorant that there was to be a dinner party, had brought Editor Amory home *sans ceremonie*, to have a talk with his father. John Anspach always held that an evening spent with an influential editor was not time thrown away.

It was a little awkward for Amory when they talked about the ball, to which he had not been invited, but then he knew that no one was in the secret but himself and Mrs. Hardenberg, who had kept his name out of the list.

Fishbourne sat next Jennie at dinner. He was delighted with her vivacity and intelligence.

Jennie Andersen was a very bright, intelligent girl. Why should she not have been intelligent, even from the American view of the negro, that tolerates the race as free citizens and voters, only to make it the butt of ridicule and fraud—for Jennie had few drops of negro blood in her veins, fewer than either of the two great Frenchmen, whose names are household words, and who have charmed the world with play and novel for many a year. Yes, Jennie was very intelligent; she had acquired a great deal of knowledge in four years time at Morristown. Not only a knowledge of books and music, but an acquaintance with the world. Her schoolmates were a hundred girls from all parts of the country.

An American girl with courage to go to school five hundred miles from home, generally has a head pretty well stocked with ideas. To live in this little world four years, was almost an education in itself. To live in it, with the secret of her disgraceful birth, made Jennie ambitious, and she improved every opportunity.

Fishbourne had traveled in the South and was interested in the negro question. When dinner was nearly over, he turned from Jennie, and asked General Andersen, across the table, whether he thought the Virginia negro was improving. The General gave him a blank look, drank some claret, and made no answer.

Elsie Anspach laughingly cried, "No one can make General Andersen talk about the negroes, Mr. Fishbourne. After dinner we will get Jennie to sing a song for us, that will tell you about Virginia and the South."

Jennie laughed. "You foolish girl, what can a song teach Mr. Fishbourne?"

John Anspach had been talking with Amory about the plan of the *Enquirer* Company to erect a huge building in Broadway. He heard the question that Fishbourne addressed to Andersen about the Virginia negro.

"General," he broke in, "I have always thought the negro question to be a practical question. When the negroes were slaves, we had to take care of them, and they bothered us much less than they do to-day. Now that they are free, we have only ourselves to

look out for. This is a white man's country and must be managed for the white man. It is like Protection and Free Trade. Every man must look out for himself. I have got along under Protection; I don't look any farther than myself; I want to keep that which has benefited me. Experiments to benefit any other man, and that I think will not help me, when I am on a firm basis myself, are a humbug."

John Anspach, at his table, was a careless listener and a loud talker, addressing the whole company when it pleased him. His ignorance of the trouble that slavery gave the country before the days of freedom, and his views of Protection, roused Amory, who was a bitter opponent of the high tariff, and he and Mr. Anspach were soon involved in a wordy discussion that turned the whole company into unwilling listeners. Neither the ladies, nor the General, knew anything of the subject, and Fishbourne was almost as ignorant—looking on the tariff as an open question to be decided by the party that had the longest purse.

Anspach was loud and positive in his assertions. Finally, he said, as he rose from the table: "Mr. Amory, I know your paper is a Free Trade sheet, and of course, you cannot take any other view than opposition to the Tariff. It is against your interests; you are paid a good, round sum for your services by the English contributors to the American Corruption Fund. The Englishmen would pay a big

price to have our tariff taken off the goods they send to the United States."

By this time the ladies had left the room, and Amory cried out: "Mr. Anspach, you are as narrow-minded about the Tariff and the unjust taxation under it, as you are ignorant of the misery that slavery brought the country for thirty years, before it plunged the nation in Civil War. Men like you enslaved men's bodies, to be bought and sold. Slavery has passed away, and now you would substitute for it, the industrial enslavement of the high tariff, that taxes and robs the farmer and the poor mechanic for the apparent benefit of a class of employers, too narrow-minded to see that the unjust tax borne by the farmer and mechanic, is in the end, almost as great an injury to the capitalist."

"There now," replied Anspach, pleased with the accusation that he had other men enslaved, "you are getting excited. Let us smoke a cigar. The *Enquirer* is a great newspaper."

Bill Anspach winked at General Andersen, and said: "What foolishness all this argument is. When the time comes for deciding the Tariff question at election, the man who draws the biggest check wins the day, and we belong to the party that can draw big checks. How is it in Virginia, General, do you settle your elections in the same way?"

"I am not a politician," Andersen replied.

When the gentlemen entered the drawing-room, after their cigars, they found Mrs. Hardenberg there,

with Maud and Mortimor. She had just come in to spend the evening.

"Now, Jennie, we want you to sing 'Way down upon the Swanee River' for us," Elsie said.

Jennie sat down at the piano and sang the plaintive song, with a voice of remarkable sweetness and power.

Fishbourne and Bill Anspach stood beside her.

"Miss Swan, my teacher, does not like me to sing such simple music," she said, when she stopped and looked up at Fishbourne. "But I like simple songs. What do you like, Mr. Anspach?"

"I like a good opera," Bill replied, "with plenty of pretty women and a big band."

"Do give us another song," whispered Fishbourne, and then Jennie sang the Scotch song, 'Oh, Poortith Cauld.' The last two verses ran as follows:

"How blest the wild-wood Indian's fate,
He woos his simple dearie ;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make him eerie.

Oh, why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining,
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on fortune's shining."

John Anspach got up and clapped his hands violently. "That is splendid, Jennie. Wilhelmina, why did not Elsie learn to sing such songs?"

"I have not the gift that Jennie has for singing," Elsie replied.

Mrs. Anspach looked severely at her daughter.

Mrs. Hardenberg was about to ask Maud to play one of her best pieces, when she saw that Bill Anspach was tired of the music. In fact, Bill was yawning, and he whispered to Maud that Jennie's Scotch song reminded him that people, who professed to despise wealth and fashion while they were in love, went about worshiping them immediately after they were married.

And now the young people followed their fancies and settled in different corners of the room, with the inevitable result, that as there were three girls and four men, one girl was the happy possessor of two admirers. Mrs. Hardenberg left the drawing-room hoping that Maud would capture Bill Anspach. She went to the library with Mr. and Mrs. Anspach, where they found General Andersen sitting bolt upright asleep, with a half consumed cigar in his mouth.

When Mrs. Hardenberg returned a short time afterwards, Elsie Anspach sat on a sofa in close conversation with Mortimor.

Jennie was entertaining Fishbourne, and Bill Anspach; while Maud, leaning against the piano, flirted with Amory. Mortimor was telling Elsie about a German the night before, and Maud, who had been there too, was trying to name for Amory all the men who had contributed to the twenty favors she received.

The Hardenbergs had made fair progress in three weeks' time with the Anspachs; Mrs. Hardenberg,

with father and mother, and Mortimor with Elsie. Elsie would listen by the hour to Mortimor's nonsense. But alas, Bill always grew absent-minded when Maud sat beside him, and now as Mrs. Hardenberg looked in the drawing-room, she saw to her disgust, Bill and Fishbourne hanging on every word that came from Jennie Andersen's mouth.

"Ride," said Jennie to Bill, "of course I can ride. Ask Elsie if I didn't leap my pony over a four-bar fence, the last day we rode with the master at Morristown?"

"Now, Miss Jennie," cried Bill, "I belong to a Fox Hunting Club on Long Island, and I would be delighted to take you down with me some day to have a run with the hounds. A great many pretty girls hunt with us."

Jennie promised to go. Fishbourne looked a little crestfallen. Jennie saw it all at a glance—Fishbourne did not ride, and she felt sorry that she had given Bill an opportunity to air his horsemanship. As a matter of fact, while Bill did ride sometimes after a scent bag, he had never jumped his horse over a fence in his life, and nothing could induce him to risk his precious neck in such a dangerous amusement.

As it grew late, Amory was the first to go away, and then Maud felt *de trop*. But Jennie came to her rescue, and brought Anspach and Fishbourne over to the window, where they all four had a merry time, in spite of Bill's vain attempts to appropriate Jennie.

A foolish fellow Bill was with a girl. If he liked her he treated her as if he owned her, or could own her, if he chose to buy her, just as if she were a horse.

Mrs. Hardenberg sat in the library, with Mr. and Mrs. Anspach and General Andersen.

"What a lovely house this is," she said, "and you have shown so much taste in the pictures. General, did you ever hear of Mr. Anspach's detection of the forged Bonheur crayon, some years ago?" And then she gave the General an account of Mr. Anspach's triumph as an art critic, the day of the discovery of the forged Bonheur crayon.

"You do not have many fine pictures in Virginia, do you, General?" she asked.

"No," replied Andersen, thinking of his log cabin and Lucy, "we have the simple tastes of an aristocracy. Our houses are large and roomy, but we live without luxury."

"Ah, General, but you all worship New York, where the great millionaire merchants are; they are the aristocracy of America. My husband's ancestors were the old Knickerbockers. You know he is descended from the Dutch settlers of New York, just as the Anspachs are descended from the Dutch settlers of Pennsylvania. But the Knickerbockers never dreamed of such lovely surroundings as Mrs. Anspach has"; and so she ran on.

When Wilhelmina spoke of Elsie's leaving school, Mrs. Hardenberg broke out again, "Elsie is such an unaffected beauty; I think the friendship be-

tween her and your sweet daughter is so touching, General. How it does develop character to send girls away from home! I wish that Maud could have gone to Morristown. But I could not spare her, she is such a help to me. She writes all my letters, and is a perfect encyclopedia of social information.* What advantages our children enjoy, compared with the opportunities of their parents' youth! Great paintings to ennoble their minds; lectures on all subjects to instruct them, and refined society to polish their manners."

This reminded Wilhelmina that, at Elsie's age, she had spent every Monday and Tuesday at the family wash-tub.

Did John and Wilhelmina succumb to all this flattery? No, indeed, they understood what it was, but it was a gratification nevertheless, inasmuch as it was a tribute paid to their importance.

Mortimor Hardenberg had carried Bill Anspach and Fishbourne off to the Club. It was eleven o'clock; the carriages were at the door, and the ladies were all leaving the library to go to the dressing-room, when there was a noise in the hall.

At the foot of the stairs a servant told Mrs. Anspach, that a lady and gentleman were in the drawing-room, who had said they were her brother and sister from Reading. Just then the door opened, and a ruddy-faced woman, the picture of robust health rushed out, and greeted Mrs. Anspach affectionately with a kiss.

"Well, Wilhelmina, we've found you at last."

She was followed by a fat man, with little eyes, that looked like pin-holes in a ball of putty, who approached Mr. Anspach timidly.

"How are you, Gus Engles? I'm glad to see you, Carrie," Anspach said, and gave the man his hand warmly.

How much alike the sisters were, in spite of the contrast of Mrs. Engles's cheap bonnet and ring-decked brown hands, with Wilhelmina's faultless attire.

But Mrs. Anspach seemed turned to stone, her face grew pale, and her nose grew red. She looked at her sister from head to foot, in the presence of her guests, as she would have regarded an impostor from the street. As Mrs. Engles went on in confusion to relate that they were at French's hotel in the Bowery, and had lost their way in trying to find her sister's house, the enraged Wilhelmina hustled man and wife into the drawing-room, beckoned Anspach to follow, and slammed the door.

Andersen thought to himself, "When I lived in a log cabin and my black Lucy was alive, I never had as hard a meeting with my white relations on the road as that."

"Father," said Jennie, on the steps, "what a beast Mrs. Anspach is to behave so cruelly to her own sister."

In the carriage, on the way home, Mrs. Hardenberg leaned back and broke forth in peals of laughter, in which her daughter joined.

Maud said: "I do hope Mortimor will not marry Elsie Anspach. Just think of our having such vulgar connections as that nasty man and woman. The man smelled of stale beer, and was saving the stump of a cigar in his left hand."

Mrs. Hardenberg stopped laughing. "Maud, don't be a fool," she replied. "What harm can these people do to us, or to Mrs. Anspach. The Anspachs will be leaders in society. They have not yet had time to teach their relations that *noblesse oblige*, and that people of lofty position must cut loose from their common relatives. I'll warrant, from Mrs. Anspach's manner, that her sister will never visit her again. We only saw the chance exposure of a hideous sore that will soon be cured. The Engles are not half so bad as Mrs. Goldstick's sister, who kept a cigar store in Ninth Street, five years ago, and was the dirtiest looking woman I ever saw. She may be living there still, but Mrs. Goldstick does not know her, and no one is aware of her existence. The Goldsticks are the first people in New York to-day. You know we heard the Rev. Mr. Goldstick preach his first sermon in Christ Church last Sunday. I am sure I hope, that Mortimor will marry Elsie. She is a lovely girl, and I would be proud to see Bill in love with you, my darling."

"That will never be," answered Maud, "he does not like me."

They were quiet for some minutes, and Mrs. Hardenberg nodded half asleep, when Maud said :

"I do not like those Andersens; Jennie has a glib tongue and every one listens to her. What is the reason they have such a hold on the Anspachs?"

"Through the Bank, my dear," her mother answered. "Your father says Andersen has a great deal of money. I do not understand the General yet. Jennie is very ambitious. They seem reserved for Southern people. I suspect the old General to be a humbug—so puffed up inside with the wind of vanity, that he does not dare open his mouth for fear of a collapse. He claims too much with his gravity. Some one says, 'That the essence of gravity is design and deceit—a taught trick to gain the credit of the world for more than a man is worth.' You must be very polite to them though, they are friends of the Anspachs."

Mrs. Hardenberg was tired; she had spent the morning in a lawyer's office with several ladies and gentlemen, listening to the report of one of her societies. Then she took lunch with her friend, Mrs. Twitchell, way up-town in the Nevada Flats, and in the afternoon, paid visits in a hired hack till dinner time. She and Maud dined at home, and afterwards took Mortimor to the Anspachs. This was the work of an ordinary day for her. Eleven o'clock always found her worn out.

She was not too tired, however, that night, to wake up, when her husband came home at one o'clock smelling of cigars and punch, and ask him, from what place in Virginia the Andersens came.

"Oh, confound the Andersens!" replied Harden-

berg. "I told you the other day that the General was rich. No one knows or cares where he came from. Who has time to inquire about a man's antecedents? His bank account is his history, for the Anspachs and for every one else. The General is a pompous old fool. He is learning to speculate in stocks, and Bill Anspach must be making a great deal of money out of him, for he trots after him, and makes me trot after him all the time down-town. I hope Bill will get all the money he has soon, and then I shall be rid of him."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ANSPACH BALL.

IT was the night of the Anspach costume ball. Mrs. Anspach stood at the drawing-room door—Queen Elizabeth of England. A long, regal train of brocade, striped with gold and silver, trailed behind her. The front of her dress was satin, heavily embroidered with gold; her shapely neck was surrounded with a high ruff, and on her head rested a red toquet, dotted with pearls. Her black eyes shone, and her cheeks glowed with a lustre all their own. As John led her forth, he looked at her with admiration and whispered, “Wilhelmina, you are a queen now. Who would have imagined this the first time we met, when I weighed out half a pound of tea for you in the store at Reading.”

John, as a Venetian ambassador, wore a red coat with a white waistcoat and white satin breeches, and Wilhelmina, glancing at the little sword at his side, answered, “I am a queen and you are a conqueror.”

But Wilhelmina looked a trifle too stubby for a queen, though why should not queens be short as well as other people? And John did not wear his sword with the grace popularly supposed to belong to a conqueror, and it was soon laid aside.

Bill Anspach came in dressed as a Spanish bull-fighter, in black and yellow, with a blue sash, and went pacing up and down, paying no attention to the arrivals.

Mrs. Anspach's flushed cheeks betrayed her mental agitation. When a newly fledged general first commands in battle, it is with no purpose of beginning a long career of success that he hopes for victory. He aims to succeed then and there, without a thought of the future. But Wilhelmina deliberately looked beyond her first battle. A victory was to be the beginning of a series of successes without end. How momentous then, the issue of the night!

The first floor of the Anspach mansion was beautifully decorated for the ball. The hall was lined with rare plants, and a Flemish tapestry covered the side of the stairway below the top of the balustrade. From the richly painted ceiling of the ball-room, brocade hangings of blue, red and gold, fell half-way to the floor, covering the wall wherever there was space not filled by paintings or mirrors. In one corner was a fine bronze Hermes, and the space between the windows was occupied by a marble Venus, that had cost a fabulous sum in Rome. The pillars supporting the ceiling were wreathed with laurel; tall flowering plants, white, red and yellow, filled the corners and niches of the great rooms. The full effect of the rich coloring of the walls, in contrast with the dark polished panels below the hangings, was brought out by the brilliant light of

many electric candelabra held by bronze figures.

The house was thronged. Strains of delicious music floated from a garden of flowers in the hall. Kings and queens, courtiers and maids of honor, armed knights, men and women of all times and countries met each other. Here walked a Chinese woman, in a black dress, a mass of gold, pink and green embroidery, her mantle of bright, red satin, there, a Joan of Arc, in a blue velvet jacket with a white shield embroidered with golden fleur-de-lis. Mary Queen of Scots, in a dress of white and gold brocade with a crown of pearls, stood beside a lovely Greek, in a pink dress with drapery of green and sandals on her feet, both talking to a Knight Templar in chain armor and a white cloak.

On the pavement and in the street, a dense throng of people had collected, who loudly commented on many of the costumes, as the carriages deposited their occupants at the awning door.

"Here she comes," cried a newsboy, as Mrs. Hardenberg stepped forth in a Louis XVIth dress, with powdered hair and a head-dress of feathers. "Here she comes! the Squaw of Sheba; her chief must have been off on a raid, and brought her some war scalps and she's wearing 'em."

Mrs. Hardenberg dropped her ermine cape, and some one called out, "Pick up your blanket, Squaw of Sheba, you will catch your death of cold without it."

Mr. Hardenberg was dressed in a full suit of

armor, and they shouted that he would make a good figure for a cigar store.

There was a laugh from the crowd when General Andersen alighted, in the costume of a Monk, with a cowl and long, white gown, embroidered with a red cross. "Here comes the Pope," a man cried. "Hurrah, for the Pope of Rome," they yelled.

The young ladies were all respected, and passed in without comment, but nearly every one else received a share of ridicule.

And now the ball was at its height, and joy and hubbub were unconfined.

How beautiful Jennie Andersen was, as tall Brunhilde, in white cashmere, with a silver cuirass and silver helmet with heron's wings. Her first partner was Fishbourne, a Spanish Count.

As they whirled round the room, they met Elsie Anspach, as Juliet, in pale green, dancing with Mortimer Hardenberg, all in red, a little devil. Maud was waltzing too, as Starlight Night, dressed in black tulle, studded with tiny gold stars, a pearl crescent in her hair, and a white rose at her breast. She had captured Bill Anspach, the bull-fighter.

Judge Muldoon, dressed as Charles the First, with a violet cloak, lined with white satin, russet boots and a broad hat with plumes, entered, followed by three gentlemen in the full dress of English Army officers.

Mr. Muldoon had been elected to his office, by dint of a considerable expenditure of money, including a round subscription to the New York fund for

advancing the cause of Home Rule in Ireland. But, now, as a Judge and a club-man, he proudly embraced the opportunity of introducing two aristocratic anti-Home-Rulers and their fellow-officer, an Indian Prince, to American society. High position has its obligations.

Approaching Mrs. Anspach, the Hon. Mr. Muldoon presented his three friends, Lieutenant-General Sir John Hill; Colonel Trelawney and His Highness, Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh of the Punjaub, all of the British Army. "Not in costume, but in the dress of their rank," he shouted above the music.

"A very remarkable young gentleman the Prince is," the Judge continued, almost poking Mrs. Anspach's eyes out with the wide brim of his hat, as he bent forward. "He belongs to an old family in India," and shouting louder still, "his father owned the Kohinoor diamond and—" but just then a waltzing couple bumped the Judge out of breath, and he and the Indian Prince and the Lieutenant-General, were swept away by the crowd of dancers.

Who was in the great throng, that danced, or stalked about and gazed? Every fish that the last freshet in the turbulent stream of New York's trade and speculation and politics, had left in a comfortable nook, where the sun shone and food was plenty.

The Mayor was there; and the great dry-goods merchant Schloss, promotor of the American inter-oceanic canal in Nicaragua, with his two beautiful

daughters. There were many presidents of railroad companies, and scores of smart organizers of companies and trusts, for putting up the price of this necessary article, or putting down the price of that necessary article, of universal consumption by mankind. There were politicians, and orators, whose platitudes passed for wit with the witless many. Bankers, and brokers, and doctors, and lawyers there were, without number. And then, of the rank and file of New York life, swarmed hundreds of men and women of fortune, whose aim in this world was to be down for every ball and dinner of consequence; and many pretty girls, whose fathers and mothers, forgotten or unknown, had not been invited, and husbands and wives whose partners in life had been similarly neglected.

Man longs for inequality; he loves to turn his back on those beneath him, while he fixes his eyes on those above him. But there was no chance for inequality at the ball. All looked alike in costume. It was the next morning, when the newspapers gave the names of the ladies with the cost of their dresses and diamonds, that the only claim of Mrs. This or Mrs. That to distinction was seen.

After the crush in the supper room, the German began. All balls are pretty much the same. Plenty of tall, handsome women, ugly little men, and champagne till two o'clock. After two o'clock, the handsome women look handsomer, and the men hide their soiled gloves in their coat-tail pockets.

Maud smiled sweetly at Jennie, as she passed out to the carriage. Maud had been told by Bill Anspach, that she and Jennie were the two prettiest women in the room. In some way Maud had caught Bill's passing fancy that night, and he had bestowed himself on her a great deal. It was the first and the last time he ever did so.

Mortimor Hardenberg lingered with Elsie Anspach till the great throng had gone. So late was he that he found Mr. and Mrs. Anspach in the ball-room, giving the list of names and an account of the ball, to a dozen reporters.

For some time, Mortimor had been making violent love to Elsie, but the Anspachs were so much absorbed in themselves, that they had not yet observed it. As Mortimor went away that night he was wondering, with his hands in his pockets, what Mr. Anspach and his wife would say when they discovered what he was doing.

The next day the newspapers contained a four column account of the ball with a list of the distinguished names, beginning with the Indian Prince Dhuleep Singh and the British General, Sir John Hill. The costumes were described in detail, and the beauty of Miss Elsie Anspach, as Juliet, was particularly dwelt upon.

"There," said John to Wilhelmina, after she had finished reading the story to him at the breakfast table, "if that is not a good advertisement for your society business, I am no judge, and it only cost me twenty-five dollars for each newspaper.

Such a notice of a business down town would cost much more."

The ball was the beginning of a round of gayeties, for now both the Anspachs and the Andersens were in the current of society, and entered with the Hardenbergs into all the pleasures of gay life. Opera parties, dinners, and balls, kept them busy.

Fishbourne and Bill Anspach were caught in the whirl and met Jennie and Maud everywhere.

"Bill Anspach is going out at last," the world said; "he is in love with the Southern beauty, Jennie Andersen." No one noticed Fishbourne's devotion to Jennie, which was quite as marked.

It was in an elegant suite of rooms on the Broadway front of the Albemarle Hotel, that General Andersen and Jennie received their friends on reception days, and thither flocked every one in society, who paid court to the rising star of Anspach, for Andersen and Anspach were one, and Mrs. Hardenberg was their Urania.

"What are we coming to in New York society?" said Mrs. J. Tremaine Reed, who was still struggling to excite people's envy by her dress and position in the world, in spite of her husband's failure in grain speculations, and who had been left off the Anspachs' invitation list by Mrs. Hardenberg in revenge for an old slight. "What are we coming to, my dear?" she said to her friend, Mrs. T. Barclay Collins. "Did you read the account in the *Tribune* of the ball at Delmonico's last night? Those vulgar, Pennsylvania Dutch people, the Anspachs, were

at the head of the list, and the Andersens next. Mrs. Anspach's diamonds were called tremendous, and her fat little daughter was described as a great beauty."

But Mrs. T. Barclay Collins had been invited to the ball, although she and her daughters were not what they had been four years before, and she replied with a smile, "What better combination could there be, Mrs. Reed? The Anspachs are immensely rich, and the Andersens besides being wealthy are Southerners—the best blood in the country."

In all the turmoil and excitement of her gay life did Jennie remember Miss Gillingham? The chronicler of the events of the life of Jennie Andersen must confess, that she had tried to forget the woman to whom she owed everything beyond her existence, and her father's discovery of the grave-yard treasure. And was this surprising? The remembrance of Virginia was a shame to Jennie Andersen. She and her father often spoke of their home to strangers, but with an assumption of facts, which while not a direct lie, described the surroundings of General Andersen's early youth.

So it was that Jennie's fictitious home became her only recollection of Virginia, while her real home, was a terrible secret to be forgotten. Miss Gillingham, her teacher in the negro school, was a part of this secret.

Jennie had kept up her correspondence with the teacher conscientiously, while she was at Morristown, and after her coming to New York a few letters

passed between them, but the correspondence soon ceased.

This was Miss Gillingham's last letter:

"You write so seldom, that I must believe it is painful for you to recall your life in Virginia, but my dear child, neither you nor I can forget each other.

"I want you to put this letter of mine away and keep it, to remind you of my love for you, should you ever need me.

"You are in the midst of a life that is known to me only at second hand, through the books I have read. But the world is pretty much the same wherever the sun shines, and I am sure that the temptations you will meet in New York, are those that would assail you everywhere. Rely on yourself. Be honest, be suspicious, be discreet. Remember that vanity and display lead you into temptation, and excite the hatred of your companions. You seek their love, not their enmity. Remember our Sundays at the Manor. Remember that Christ, the man with the eternal heart, is as near you in the roar of the great city, as he was in the seclusion of the pines, where we so often talked on the way home from school, of your growing up to be a teacher with me.

"What vanity it was in me to think that I could shape your life in my own course.

"Jennie, I know you to be a good girl. God made me the means of developing His gifts to you. Do not let anything swerve your convictions of right and wrong. Never forget that you have me always to come to, and whether you come flushed with pride of life, or in sorrow and suffering, my love will be the same."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STOCK SPECULATOR.

BILL ANSPACH sat at a huge rosewood desk, in a mahogany chair with an ugly carved back. He was shut up in his private room, in front of the Wall Street Bank, with General Andersen.

The General stood at the Stock telegraph machine, letting the tape run through his long fingers, as the quotations were printed under his eyes. Tick, tick, tick, they came, with the same regularity that his heart drove the blood through his thin frame.

Bill was signing letters that had been brought to him in a pile by a clerk, and he watched Andersen out of the corner of his eye.

"What do you think of the future course of the Stock market, General?" he asked.

"I think I'll go over and take a look at what is going on in the Stock Exchange," replied Andersen, avoiding the question, as he stalked noiselessly away.

"Confound the fellow," thought Bill, "I believe he is buying stocks secretly for a rise, over the way at Harding's, and he wants to make me believe that he is selling through our brokers for a fall."

Mortimor Hardenberg sat near the door match-

ing half-dollars with a friend—an intellectual diversion that occupied much of his time down town when his father's business was dull.

“Now, I've won ten dollars from you, and I'll match you whether we'll make it twenty or nothing,” he said to his friend. The coins were laid down and Mortimor won.

Just then Andersen passed them. He was smiling to himself.

“There goes General Andersen,” Mortimor said, “he is laughing. If we only knew whether he is buying or selling stocks, we could make ten dollars by selling the secret to the news agency. I'll follow him and see where he goes.”

Picking up his winnings, Mortimor dogged Andersen to one of his favorite haunts, a broker's office at the top of a high Wall Street building.

Andersen brought much ready money with him to New York from Virginia. He had the nerve of the experienced gambler. Risks did not frighten him, losses did not discourage him, gains did not elate him. His wild speculations, favored by the smiles of fortune, had more than quintupled his wealth.

No one but himself knew how much money he had, his mouth was always sealed; he made himself a mystery, and men inevitably exaggerated his possessions.

The crowd that dabbled in stocks regarded him with awe.

“There goes General Andersen,” they whispered, as he entered his cab on the way up town. “His

brokers have bought 20,000 shares of Delaware and Lackawanna stock to-day. He is worth \$10,000,000, at least."

John Anspach's back room in the Bank was Andersen's office. In the Banker's company he fell in with hundreds of people who clustered round the money-making Anspach, as insects buzz round a lusty sunflower. Organizers of schemes, politicians, speculators in stocks, and grain and real-estate—men of all pursuits and no steady occupation, with plans only needing money to secure untold wealth, were coming and going all day long.

Andersen listened to their schemes and went his own way. If money were to be lost, he would lose it himself. No one but his brokers knew when he bought stocks, or when he sold them.

Old Little, the member of Congress, a lawyer with a reputation gained by the size of his charges, who was employed by Anspach and his friends, to watch legislation affecting their railroad enterprises, and point out purchasable votes to his clients, bowed obsequiously to Andersen in vain. The General had no need of legal advice; he was a gambler pure and simple, and fortune was favoring him.

Bill Anspach watched the Southerner with wonder. "The sheer force of luck in Andersen's favor is wonderful," he said to his father, "but I am afraid he may involve himself and us, in schemes of which we know nothing. He has relations with many people in Wall Street, and I cannot follow his tracks."

The old man smiled at his son's fears that Andersen would involve John A. Anspach. He said, "You see that the Bank's loans of money to him are amply secured by good collateral. Never mind what business relations he has with other people. We are making a great deal of money out of his custom."

The day that this conversation took place John was giving a dinner, the thoughts of which had made his heart swell with pride for weeks. It was a symposium of statesmanship and finance. A selection of some of the best advertised men of New York. At John's right sat the Hon. Thomas Huckleberry, and then came Schloss, the dry-goods merchant, and Hopkins, the banker. Then, an editor, and Larkins and White, real estate owners, and Howard and Williams, the politicians, with General Andersen between them. Beside Bill sat the well-known clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Spriggs.

The most distinguished person at the table, in John Anspach's opinion, was the Hon. Thomas Huckleberry.

How Huckleberry originated, no one could tell, and no one thought of asking. To be Huckleberry, was enough to be anything great, although, nominally, he was a lawyer. A man he was, who lived by politics and speculations; who traveled wherever profitable company and good hotels were to be found, and where after-dinner speeches could be made. He had filled public posts both big and little, and was always a persistent office seeker. His last success, was as a self-appointed delegate to the

Paris Conference on the Isthmian Canal question. Since that time, the world had been periodically informed by him in published letters, of the rapid progress of the Panama Canal, and of the daily doings in Paris of M. de Lesseps, the distinguished promoter of inter-oceanic canals, for all of which the old Frenchman paid him well.

Huckleberry's public services, beginning as Minister to Guatemala, were written out in full in Appleton's Biographical Dictionary, and actually occupied as much space as the Life of Abraham Lincoln or William E. Gladstone. To move about the world and be distinguished, to speak in New York of his friend Wales, and of his intimacy with the British aristocracy, and to talk as a Democrat of the Democrats in London, was Huckleberry's way, and he had succeeded.

It was a grand dinner. John Anspach, as has been remarked before, was inclined to be of a retrospective turn of mind on such occasions. Looking at the painted ceilings of the spacious room and the table loaded with silver and adorned with masses of flowers, brilliant in the glow of electric lights, John contrasted his situation with the old dinners in the back room of the grocery store, where he was repeatedly interrupted in his meals to wait on customers. If Wilhelmina had been with him, his mind would have been relieved by calling her attention to the contrast, but, as it was, he fell to dreaming of the past. He was about to pinch his leg to rouse himself, when an ill-concealed

stare of amusement from Huckleberry recalled him, and he discovered that he was shoveling peas into his mouth with a knife, as had been his habit twenty-five years before in Reading.

The speeches of the great occasion all appeared the next morning in the entire Press of the city. Huckleberry gave an account of his efforts to prevail on the Government to establish a college for the education of young men for diplomatic life.

The clergyman spoke of the magnificent gifts of his friends to various objects for the public benefit; and Williams pointed out the high morals of Republicanism as compared with Democracy, alluding to the gentlemen present as leaders of Reform and Republicanism. "Burke's remark on the divorce of fame and virtue in the leaders of party, will not apply to the leaders of our great party," he exclaimed, "for where in the world can one find fame so dependent on public virtue, as among Republican leaders." Williams said this, with a knowledge of John Anspach's contribution of twenty-five thousand dollars to buy an election for his party, a contribution that far exceeded any single gift of John to a good object. But then, away from the dinner-table, Williams would have said, that John was not a party leader.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

MORTIMOR HARDENBERG'S love affair with Elsie made itself suddenly apparent to the Anspachs, and they were up in arms against it at once. John and Wilhelmina had looked on Elsie's heart as a thing that would be disposed of in accordance with their plan of life. They insensibly reasoned, that as the change from poverty to riches had given a hard, worldly tone to all their impulses, the possession of wealth would engender the same calculating spirit in the young, and they expected that when Elsie fell in love, it would be with some one, who would gratify their desire for advancement in life.

When they discovered what had been going on between Elsie and Mortimor, it made a great commotion.

"He hasn't a cent," John said to his wife; "he will never get ahead, he is just like his father. His aristocracy is no use to us now, we have had it ourselves these three months. We gave the Hardenbergs a big return, Wilhelmina, for the start they gave you in society, and I am not going to have a family of paupers hung round our necks by that silly girl, Elsie. Now, go and see Mrs. Harden-

berg, and tell her we never want to see one of them in the house again, and that they will not get a cent from me."

Wilhelmina put on her bonnet, and passing the weeping Elsie without a word, she walked swiftly to the Hardenbergs, filled to the brim with all manner of pride and insolence.

Fortunate Mrs. Hardenberg! She had gone that very day with her husband to Newport for a week, to puzzle over the problem of hiring a villa when Wall Street was dull.

But Maud was at home and Wilhelmina fell on her like a tigress. She accused the Hardenbergs, one and all, of plotting to carry off Elsie's affections.

"And now we have found you out in time," she cried, and shaking her finger, "That fellow Mortimor shall never look at Elsie again."

Maud wept, and between her sobs, vowed that she and all the family were ignorant of what had been going on between Mortimor and Elsie. She did not fight back. She only cried and cried, till Mrs. Anspach and her wrath, were swept away by tears.

When Mrs. Anspach had gone, Maud's tears were dry in an instant. She called a messenger boy, and in half-an-hour she had brought Mortimor home from his dinner at the Club. Then they sat down together, and Maud wrote an account of the situation of affairs to her mother.

"I have a great mind to run away with the girl

and marry her right out of hand," Mortimor suddenly interrupted. "Last night when old Anspach put me out of the house, she said she would go with me anywhere in the world."

"Why don't you do it, Mortimor?" answered Maud coolly, looking up from her letter. "It would all be settled then."

"By Jove! I will," cried Mortimor. "Elsie is to meet me, after she leaves the Andersens to-morrow morning at half-past nine o'clock. I will do it then."

As Maud wrote she watched Mortimor's face out of the corner of her sharp eye, and she made up her mind that he meant what he had said. He was bold enough to elope with Elsie Anspach.

When the letter was finished she looked at him meaningly, and said: "Well, then, Mortimor, I will not mail this letter till to-morrow morning, and then mother will be able to say, she was ignorant of what was going on till after you were married. Now, you stay at home to-night, and have your wits about you to-morrow. If you are smart, you can easily persuade Elsie to run away with you."

"Where shall I run away to?" Mortimor asked sheepishly. "You will have to give me some money, Maud. I haven't five dollars."

It was after one o'clock when Mortimor left his sister and went to bed. She had given him his instructions.

Just about that hour, John Anspach and his wife, after a solemn conference, had settled the question,

when Wilhelmina should take Elsie to Europe for a six months' trip.

It was to be on Wednesday of the following week. Elsie had gone crying to her room hours before, having been informed of the contemplated voyage.

The next morning, bright and early, Mortimor sat at the breakfast table with Maud, and dispatched a messenger to the office, to say that he was ill and would not be down-town.

Maud packed his handbag for him, gave him fifty dollars, all the money her mother had left her, and patting him on the back, pushed him out of the front door. Then she mailed the letter to her mother.

Mortimor walked slowly up Fifth Avenue, revolving his plans and Maud's advice in his mind. She had said to him before they parted, "Once married to Elsie you are a rich man. If you delay they will send her away from you. When you are married, mother can soon make up with the Anspachs for you."

Mortimor's plan was as follows: He sometimes ran out on the Pennsylvania Railroad for a few days, to shoot snipe on the Jersey Meadows. On these excursions, Pinebrook, a town on the Raritan River, two hours' drive from Redbank, was his abiding-place, and there he had made many acquaintances. Strange to say, one of his best friends in Pinebrook was the Methodist minister, who often joined the crowd that surrounded him in the evening at the

little inn, listening to his gasconade about city life.

To-day Pinebrook was his destination—if he could persuade Elsie to run away with him, and he was confident he could. The Methodist minister would tie the knot, and then he trusted to Maud's assurance, that his mother would gain him forgiveness from the Anspachs.

So absorbed did Mortimor become, in thinking over the route to Pinebrook, and what he would say and do, when he reached there with Elsie, that he forgot all about Elsie herself, and went walking along swinging his bag, with his head high in the air—past the Albemarle Hotel and past Elsie, who had just come downstairs from the Andersens, and stood on the steps of the ladies' entrance staring at him. As he passed her Elsie called out, "Mortimor, Mortimor, wont you speak to me?" Looking back over his shoulder he saw her.

An ardent lover in distress, caught running away from the girl he proposed to marry, might be expected to display some confusion, but Mortimor turned unabashed, and bowed gracefully to his sweetheart.

"I was dreaming of you, Elsie," he said.

"I believe you," she laughed, "for you certainly were walking in your sleep. You stared right in my face and passed me," and then she said in an undertone, as they walked on together, "Mortimor, father says I must go abroad with mother next week. Jennie is going down to speak to mother this after-

noon, in hopes to delay it for a week, but I do not believe she will succeed; they are determined to separate us at once."

When Mortimor heard this, he stopped short with a gesture of despair, and a big man, who was lumbering along down-town, ran against him and smashed a lighted cigar to pieces on his hat. Mortimor stepped aside, removed his hat, and while he was brushing it off, he said, "Elsie, there is but one thing for us to do, go right away and get married," and he put on his hat, and looked coolly into poor Elsie's crimson face.

"Oh, Mortimor," she whispered, "can we do that? What would every one say?"

"Why should we care what people say?" Mortimor replied, waxing warm. "You told me you would go anywhere in the world with me yesterday, and has not your father forbidden me to speak to you again? and is he not going to send you far away to sea—to separate us forever and forever?"

They were silent for half a block, and then Elsie said in a low voice: "I will do whatever you think is right, Mortimor."

Elsie's sudden consent almost took Mortimor's breath away. He put his arm through hers. "I'll get a cab for us."

"But where are we to go?" Elsie asked anxiously.

"Don't you worry, dear, I have the plan all arranged. We will ride down to the Courtlandt Street Ferry and take the Pennsylvania train to New

Jersey. I know a minister at Pinebrook, who will marry us at once."

"You don't mean now, right away, Mortimor?" Elsie laughed hysterically.

"Yes, this minute," cried Mortimor, hailing a cab.

"But when shall we come back, Mortimor. I must go home and get my trunk?"

"Your trunk," he answered impatiently, "how could you get your trunk? Are you mad? If you go home we shall never see each other again in this wide world. Now get into the cab."

Jennie Andersen drove to the Anspachs after luncheon to keep her promise to Elsie, that she would see Mrs. Anspach and try to delay the voyage abroad. The love-making had long been known to her. While she did not think highly of Mortimor, she felt bound to do all she could to aid her friend, Elsie. Girls always sympathize with lovers they know well. No matter how foolish the love may be, they always find a keen enjoyment in assisting the unfortunate one, who is already writhing under self-inflicted pangs, to plunge into deeper distress.

Mrs. Anspach was in the dining-room when Jennie arrived. She had delayed lunch for Elsie, and was surprised when she found that her daughter, had left Jennie four hours earlier to come home.

"She has stopped at Picot's to try on a dress, but she ought to have been here long ago," she said uneasily.

There was an awkward pause. Jennie did not

know how to begin her appeal for delaying the voyage, and Mrs. Anspach felt sure, that the visit had something to do with the trouble that was the all absorbing subject of her thoughts. There was a step in the entry and they both looked up, expecting to see Elsie. It was a servant with a letter for Mrs. Anspach, that had been left by a District Messenger. She opened it, uttered an exclamation, and then burst into tears, burying her head in her hands on the table.

"Dear Mrs. Anspach, what can I do for you?" cried Jennie.

"Oh, that villain! My child has broken my heart. Elsie has broken my heart. What shall I do? What will John say?" Mrs Anspach sobbed.

Jennie picked up the open letter, which ran as follows:

"MY DEAR, DEAR MOTHER:

"I cannot go abroad, to be separated forever from Mortimor. We have gone to be married.

"Your loving daughter,

"ELSIE."

Jennie ran out to the front door, and scanning the street anxiously, she saw a District Messenger looking at the performance of an organ grinder's monkey at the corner. She sent the footman out to bring him in, and he proved to be the boy who had brought the message. He told Wilhelmina, who had somewhat recovered her self-possession by this time, that he had been sent with the letter by a young gentleman in a cab near the Battery.

Wilhelmina telegraphed frantically to John to come home instantly, that there was bad news, and bidding Jennie hold fast to the messenger till John arrived, she put on her bonnet, called a passing cab, and rode to the Hardenbergs. Maud was out, and her father and mother would return from Newport in a week.

Mrs. Anspach was back again in half-an-hour, listening to the messenger boy's story once more, and Jennie went sorrowfully home.

Half-an-hour later John Anspach and Bill came tearing up from the elevated railway station in a carriage. Then there was a rough scene. Father and son vowed vengeance against all the pauper Hardenbergs. Both scouted the idea that Elsie's wishes, or any law, human or divine, could stand in the way of a divorce, as soon as they laid their hands on the foolish pair.

Wilhelmina expected to send a description of the fugitives to the police, who would scour city and country for them at once. But John, who had satisfied himself by the examination of the messenger, that Mortimor had five hours' start, said: "No, Wilhelmina, they are married by this time. If we make a great news item for the papers by a report to the police, it will no doubt be a gratification to all our friends, but it will also be a mortification to us. The police can do no good. We must wait quietly till we hear from the ungrateful Elsie, and if possible, keep the public ignorant of what has happened. A nice plum it would be for the news-

papers to-morrow morning—'The elopement of John A. Anspach's daughter.' Now, you run down to the Hardenbergs again, and if Maud has returned see what she will say. They are all in the plot to cheat that silly little daughter of yours."

Then John hired the messenger boy who had brought the letter, to stay in the entry on duty for a week, and keep what he knew a secret.

When the excitement in the family had cooled a little, the banker went down-town again to a late business meeting. The unruffled Bill took his usual drive.

After all the turmoil of Wilhelmina's grief, and of John's rage, with the conviction firmly established in the minds of father and mother that the entire Hardenberg family were engaged in the conspiracy to steal Elsie—after all the bitter insults that Mrs. Anspach had heaped on Maud and on Mrs. Hardenberg, when the latter returned from Newport the day after what she called the "sad affair"—presto! change—the storm had blown over within one little week, and the current of a honeymoon flowed as smoothly on the big ship *Umbria*, bound for Liverpool, with Mrs. Anspach and the happy couple on board, as if Elsie and Mortimor had been married in Grace Church with three thousand invitations and the parental blessing.

And what had brought it all about? This, and nothing more. John Anspach was very busy. He had not breath enough to spare from his business, to fret over his daughter's folly.

There was a great rise in stocks about that time, and the Anspachs were up to their eyes in schemes and bargains.

The day after Mortimor and Elsie were married at Pinebrook, they had made their way by a long drive to Long Branch and there, like a dutiful son, Mortimor immediately opened communication with his mother asking for advice and a remittance. He had lost all his money, the morning after his arrival at Long Branch, in buying pool tickets at the races. Two days later, in accordance with Mrs. Hardenberg's directions to her son by mail, Elsie wrote her mother a very affectionate letter. It arrived at the Anspachs just before dinner.

When Wilhelmina had read the letter to John, she took it for granted that they would all go down to Long Branch that night, breathing fire and slaughter against the runaways. But she was mistaken.

John turned the letter down on the table and said, "Wilhelmina, I am too busy to bother with this matter just now."

"You don't mean to say you will leave Elsie with that fellow a day longer?" Wilhelmina cried, her eyes overflowing with tears.

"Don't be a fool," replied John; "we can't take Elsie away; she is married. Write her a note and tell her we hope she is having a pleasant time and will come home soon. Her husband will bring her fast enough."

"Oh, John," sobbed Wilhelmina, "every one will point at us. Elsie not only has made a bad match, but she has been married in such a low, vulgar

way by a country preacher out in New Jersey. If the marriage could be kept secret and done over again by the Bishop of New York at Grace Church, with the usual number of invitations, I could bear it better."

"You cannot keep it secret," John answered. "It will be making a great noise to-morrow in the newspapers. I have no doubt Mrs. Hardenberg has triumphantly told all her friends, by this time."

But Wilhelmina did not write to Elsie that night, and the next morning, after they had read an account of the elopement in the newspapers, and just as Wilhelmina had nerved herself to the task of writing the letter, Elsie and Mortimor entered the house.

Was it forgiveness that John Anspach gave to the Hardenbergs for marrying Mortimor to his daughter? No indeed. He only took Mortimor on trial, as the least troublesome way of getting through Elsie's scrape. If Mortimor proved as unavailable as he supposed him to be, money, he thought, would buy him off, and time would make this easier to do. Meanwhile Wilhelmina could ride rough-shod over mother and sister, while he and Bill would see to it, that Grosvenor Hardenberg, the father, made nothing out of the Anspach connection down-town.

Andersen solemnly asked Mrs. Hardenberg, the next time they met, how her new relations, the swells, were. This cut her to the quick. Swell was comparative, and she thought, to judge 'twixt Hardenberg and Anspach, that Hardenberg was swell. But Mrs. Hardenberg forgot the lapse of time. A few months can make a swell.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

IT was an anxious throng that crowded against the rail, outside the Stock Exchange, one Monday morning before the opening of dealings. Andersen was there, absorbed in himself. The crowd made way for him and stood aloof in reverence to the great speculator. Something had happened over Sunday. A wide spread storm in the West, gave opportunity for damage to crops and railroads. Expectation was on tiptoe to see whether stocks would decline at the opening of the market. When the signal to begin dealings was given, the great crowd of brokers opened its wide mouth and waved its arms, with shriek and roar, that made the galleries tremble, and blanched the scared faces of the country lads and lasses, who were gathered there to see one of the great sights of New York.

Next the rail stood a hard-faced man, the counterpart of hundreds of others in town for a day from distant cities. But the man had a familiar face—who was he? He was Jennie's former playmate, Harry Erskine, of Virginia.

Erskine recognized in the stately speculator beside him, not only his cousin, the melancholy Andersen of Virginia, but also the original of the fierce picture

of a Confederate General in full uniform, that he had just seen in that pantheon of the gods of New York—the window of Sarony's photograph establishment on Broadway.

"Tell me, is that man named Andersen," Erskine asked a red-headed broker who ran against him.

"General Andersen, the big operator in stocks," the broker replied as he disappeared.

"Well, how New York does change a man," Erskine thought. "He would pass for Mosby, or any other great Southern chief. I wonder whether Jennie has changed as much. How I would like to see her."

Just then his eyes met Andersen's. The involuntary recognition was mutual, and Erskine claimed the cold hand that Andersen unwillingly gave him. But there it ended. The instant look of triumphant superiority in Andersen's face, roused Harry's uncontrolled temper, and flinging the hand from him with a suppressed oath, he passed out.

"I wish I could expose the way that fellow lived in Virginia," he said between his teeth. "If I had the time, I would stay in New York a week to do it."

Erskine rode up Broadway in a street car and stopped at Sarony's photograph gallery. Pointing to Andersen's picture, he said to the bland person behind the counter, "That man Andersen never was a Confederate General, and he lived half his life with a black woman in Virginia."

“Indeed,” replied the bland person, with a pre-occupied air, as he went on bundling up some photographs, “that does not make him black.”

Erskine went sulkily away to his hotel. He had to go back that night to Baltimore,—a dry-goods drummer must obey orders. But he left New York with a curse on his lips for Andersen, and a determination to see Jennie the next time he came north.

CHAPTER XXII.

TUXEDO.

THE marriage, and Mrs. Anspach's voyage abroad with the victorious Mortimor and his wife, had made a great break in Jennie Andersen's life.

She felt Elsie's departure deeply. She had lost her only intimate friend.

Lent had come and there were few gayeties. Jennie tried Badminton. The game was hard work for a Southern belle.

She rode, but this threw her too much with Bill Anspach, who thought himself a great horseman, while Fishbourne never could do himself justice on a horse, and Jennie hated to take him with her.

Then, when she and her father went to Tuxedo with the Hardenbergs—the General going to town every morning and returning in the afternoon—she lost both Fishbourne and Bill, except on Sunday, when they always awkwardly came together.

Jennie, without knowing it, was playing a difficult game—the game of marriage. She was too ambitious to fall in love and marry, as robins mate in the Spring, caught by the redness of a breast and a preference for this or that particular twitter. But, alas! she had no woman to help her in making a

wise choice. All her worldly wisdom on the subject of marriage, had to be evolved from her own limited experience and her intuitive perception of the fitness of things. Fishbourne—she could have loved him in a minute had she let her heart go. But every one envied her, while Bill Anspach followed her like a dog. To have such a rich man at her feet, made her the belle of all the belles at Tuxedo. She could not give Bill up just yet. Ah, could she have rolled the two men together into one lover, what a husband the compound would have made for her—Fishbourne's tenderness for herself, and the qualities of Bill, the brute, for the world.

At first General Andersen did not get on well at Tuxedo. It was an exclusive gathering of many of the most important families—most of them people who had seen the world, and were bound together by a length of acquaintanceship uncommon in New York. They asked each other disagreeable questions about Andersen, that could not be answered, and they wondered where he came from in the South. In fact, they suspected something wrong about him, and it required all Mrs. Hardenberg's tact and push to make it comfortable for him.

The latest important arrivals, the Hon. Selborne Gordon Annesley, a younger son of the British aristocracy, and his companion, Capt. Bretagne de Chauvenet, of the French army, one of the staff of Prince Napoleon when he lost his life in Zululand, who had been traveling for months in the South, both said, that no real Southern gentleman ever car-

ried such airs as Andersen assumed. To counteract the effect of these remarks of Annesley and de Chauvenet about her friend, Mrs. Hardenberg found it necessary to start a report that the Hon. little Annesley had not a penny.

Shortly afterwards, however, the Englishman and his companion grew intimate with Andersen through the medium of a little poker party, that from an upper window often saw the early Sunday sun glisten on the bosom of the beautiful lake. They changed their opinions of the Southerner then. And well they might, for strange to say, Andersen, the luckiest of stock gamblers, had no luck at cards. Annesley and de Chauvenet often came to breakfast \$1000 better off for the night's play.

Who has not heard of the Lake of Tuxedo? Lovely Tuxedo! with its clear waters nestling beneath the wild rocky precipices and wooded hills,—its lofty peaks, and shady drives through the solemn forest.

The Hardenbergs and Andersens rode and drove together, and sailed on the lake in tiny boats that held but two. Jennie became quite expert in the management of a sail, often spending the morning alone on the lake. Maud, the timid creature, at first shrank from the water, till Andersen learned to sail her boat for her, and then it grew to be a regular engagement, that he should take her on the water in the evening after dinner, while her mother gossiped with new friends and old enemies on the piazza.

There was always a silent clash between Fishbourne and Bill Anspach on Sunday. Well-bred coolness against sullen contempt. At last it had come to this—they were open rivals.

Although Fishbourne was not much noticed, he knew every one at Tuxedo. Bill knew no one, and yet he was the observed of all. He would come down late on Sunday morning, and stalk about the piazza, without noticing a soul save Jennie. When evening came, the group of which she was the center, always included both him and Fishbourne.

One Saturday, in John Anspach's private office in Wall Street, Bill asked General Andersen to stay over the next Monday at Tuxedo, and go fishing on the lake with the ladies.

"Business is dull, and the Governor will look out for your interests in the Stock Market," he said.

Just then John Anspach came in to eat the lunch that had been brought to him.

"Of course, I will look out for you and myself, too, General," he laughed. "I don't see what you people do to amuse yourselves way out in the woods. New York is good enough for me, even when my wife is away."

But John Anspach knew very well what his son was doing at Tuxedo, and he approved of it.

Anspach and Andersen had been engaged together, shortly before that time, in advancing the price of stocks. The speculation involved millions of dollars, and John in transacting the business obtained some insight into Andersen's accumulation of

money. The Southerner's wealth astonished him. "Jennie would be a great catch for Bill," he wrote to Wilhelmina at Rome. "I know what the sly General's wealth is, and it is expressed by the figure *one* with a great many naughts after it."

It was a coincidence that Fishbourne had made up his mind to stay out of town at the lake on the very same Monday chosen by Bill Anspach. The first word the lawyer said to Jennie on his arrival on Saturday evening, was to make an engagement to go sailing with her on Monday in one of the tiny boats.

On Sunday night, Bill informed Jennie, while they were walking together, that he would take her fishing next day.

Bill Anspach had learned his manners towards women in a law school, and although he was often trembling with anxiety and in a cold perspiration, to demean himself gallantly before Jennie, he could not sue like a gentleman. Ordinarily it was easy enough to say "No," to his overbearing condescension, but on this occasion, the refusal stuck in Jennie's throat. She was thinking of Fishbourne. She was silent and moved away a little.

Bill looked at her sternly. "You are going somewhere with Fishbourne," he said.

She nodded, "Yes," and they walked back to the piazza.

Jennie Andersen was not a coquette. She realized then and there, for the first time, that her heart led her in one direction and Mammon in

another. Which would she follow? She must make up her mind quickly.

Bill was out of doors late that night, pacing up and down in a fever under the trees. It was a relief to him to grind his teeth, and shake his fists in the darkness at the light in Fishbourne's room, and a greater relief to know that the lawyer was not with Jennie, who had driven out after dinner with Annesley and a party of young girls to see the lights in New York Harbor from Peak Hopatcong.

Bill would have gone to New York next day had not every one known his intention to stay at the Lake, and he was ashamed to run away.

The morning found him dressed to go on the water.

He was sullenly eating his breakfast, when Andersen came down the long dining-room with the Hardenbergs. They stopped for a moment as they passed Bill's table, and Maud, with a toss of her head, wished him a good crew for his little boat, and luck on the lake.

Bill tried to laugh, inwardly cursing the luck, that he thought was to give Maud to him that day for a crew instead of Jennie.

The three little boats were drawn up at the boat-house. Jennie, with red roses in her hat, was fresh and beautiful, as she stepped aboard and Fishbourne pushed off.

Bill sat in his craft looking bored to death, and steadied the boat with his hand expecting Maud,

when lo! she passed by on Andersen's arm, and as the General leered at her, embarked with him.

Maud to sail with Andersen—Mrs. Hardenberg with Bill. Yes, it had all been arranged between mother and daughter, and there the matron stood ready to go with Bill, as if nothing unexpected had happened to him.

"Hop in, hop in," he cried in a passion, and she clambered in unassisted, almost upsetting the craft in her efforts.

Oh! for a glimpse of the breast of each man and each woman as it really is. Could we see the spirit that broods over every heart in its passage through life, what a procession of angels and ghouls there would be. As the boats sailed away, the first, bore a young man whose breast was filled with honest love; an angel led it on.

The second, faugh! behind it lagged a red-mouthed hag, an unclean fury, and cracked her cheeks in impotent endeavor to blow the sail for Andersen.

While perched on Bill Anspach's mast, above Mrs. Hardenberg's head, sat the Father of Lies himself.

Bill Anspach did not throw out a line till Mrs. Hardenberg asked him for one, to break the silence; then she talked away; of his mother's voyage abroad with Elsie; of his sister Elsie's sweetness.—"She had a pocket full of letters from her, the last from Rome"; and then with a scream, "there's a fish!" she hauled the line in unassisted by Bill.

Bill silently took the victim off the hook, and then threw out a troll for himself. He barely answered Mrs. Hardenberg's questions, and that was all. It was not a pleasant fishing party.

In half an hour they were at the end of the lake, and turned round to beat back with the wind dead ahead.

The tacks were so short that the lines had to be taken in, and every time they went about, it was close to the shore in shallow water, under tall bushes that overhung the boat.

Bill grew a little talkative, watching the shore ahead carefully as they approached a bank, from which long branches hung down over the lake.

Mrs. Hardenberg was sitting bolt upright to windward. Bill did not put his helm down quickly. The boat ran in under the branches, and in the twinkling of an eye the sail was caught and swept across the deck, forcing Mrs. Hardenberg overboard into the shallow water. There she stood up to her waist in the cold lake, her bonnet and dress torn by the branches. Bill, uttering all kinds of exclamations and apologies, slipped overboard, and leading her to the boat lifted her in.

Mrs. Hardenberg was not hurt. Her composure was wonderful, and when they landed in their wet clothes, and Bill bribed the boat-keeper to silence, she even smiled. Luckily they reached the clubhouse without meeting any one, and the incident was kept a profound secret.

Bill went to his room and threw off his wet

clothes in great glee. "Well done," he roared. "I did not think I could manage an accident so neatly, and she did not suspect me."

But Bill was mistaken. Mrs. Hardenberg knew he had thrown her overboard. It was no harder to bear than a hundred snubs she had borne from women, most of which were more than repaid in time. Why should she not be able to square her account with a man in the end? Even with the ducking, had she not the advantage of the Anspachs still? Was not her son married to Elsie Anspach? Would she not be willing to be thrown overboard a hundred times to marry Maud to Andersen? Her husband—pshaw! neither he nor Maud would ever hear of the accident. She told Maud she had wet her dress and feet while getting out of the boat.

Far up the lake, beating to and fro under the shadow of the dark mountain, Fishbourne trimmed his little sail.

The fishing was poor, and when Jennie spoke of New York, it led them back to the winter. Mrs. Kimberly's ball, the last one of the season, was in their minds, because Fishbourne had not been there. When Jennie recalled his absence, her remembrance of it brought the hot blood to his face. He was away in the West on business for a client, that night, he said. Then he told her of his hard work to get on, what a struggle it was in New York; how few friends he had when he came

from Philadelphia ; and how he was gradually winning friends and influence.

He spoke of his mother ; of his family name that he hoped to be worthy of some day. He was proud of his blood, proud of his ancestors, and would die, rather than advance his interests by a deed unworthy of a Fishbourne. His face betrayed his emotion as he told over without reserve the secret hopes and aims of his ambition. The last secret only remained to be spoken,—the avowal of his love.

But mark ! the sudden change in Jennie's face as Fishbourne spoke of his name and pride of birth—what woeful revelation had come to her ? She was pale, and rose from her seat with a cold, despairing gesture.

“Mr. Fishbourne, you are forgetting yourself. You are telling me too much about yourself,” she said.

The transformation from a lovely, blushing woman, encouraging an avowal of love, to an unsympathetic, rude passenger in the same boat, was so sudden and complete, that Fishbourne could scarcely believe his senses. When he recovered from his embarrassment, he looked at Jennie in astonishment. There was an awkward silence for a moment. Then he said, coldly, “As you please,” and busied himself with the sail.

“Miss Gillingham would say it was not right for me to let him go on, when I could not tell him all about my life, as he told me about his,” the poor

girl thought, as she looked up at the blue sky and bit her pale lip till the blood came.

It was an awful moment, when Fishbourne's story of his life, and his pride of family, came from his lips together, and Jennie stooping to lift a true woman's cup of happiness,—an avowal of love, suddenly realized, that to be truthful, as her love required, she must tell Fishbourne who she was, and that to tell him who she was, would drive him from her forever. But the little teacher was summoned back to the poor girl's heart only to justify its own honesty. God gave her a truthful heart; Miss Gillingham had only polished the diamond.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DEAD MAN'S SPRING.

THE weather was growing warmer. The season was getting late. The daily trips from Tuxedo to the City had grown tiresome to General Andersen, and in a few days more they were all to go to Newport. At Mrs. Hardenberg's request, Andersen had remained at the Lake all day to take a long drive.

There was a crowd on the piazza in the morning when the General's showy barouche with great rattling chains, drove up.

"We shall miss General Andersen when he goes away," said Annesley to de Chauvenet, touching his friend slyly on the pocket.

"A great loss Mrs. Hardenberg's departure will be to us," de Chauvenet remarked, turning to a handsome matron who was talking with an elderly divine dressed in the strictest garb of his order.

"She, a loss," laughed the matron; "a dangerous, scheming woman—she's trying to marry her daughter to that old beast."

"Unicuique in sua vita credendum," answered the divine solemnly.

"Now, Doctor," cried the lady, raising her

finger, "you must translate that sentence for me. It is not in good form to quote Latin in modern society."

"A very free translation, madam, is that New York is a great place for match makers," the divine replied.

The barouche went spinning away and Andersen and Mrs. Hardenberg were forgotten. Jennie and Maud sat together on the front seat. Maud brimful of vivacity, and Jennie sadly out of heart. She had not seen Fishbourne since the day of the sail. In vain she asked herself why she should want to see the man she had rebuffed. Did a woman ever reason herself out of love? Never, though good women often reason themselves into marriage, which they say is love.

Jennie was tired of Maud's blandishments, and of Mrs. Hardenberg's flattery. She hated to think of what might happen between Maud and her father.

It was up hill and down dale, a ten mile drive, tiresome and hot, till they stopped at Dead Man's Spring, on the brow of a wild mountain declivity that commanded a noble view of the placid Hudson.

Here the lunch was spread. Andersen could not eat. In a few minutes he had a chill, one of his old attacks, brought on by exposure to sun and air. They laid him out on the cushions, covered up with shawls and horse blankets. After the chill had passed, he went to sleep in the carriage tucked away in wraps, with Jennie beside him.

Mrs. Hardenberg was all sympathy and attention, and Maud shed tears of distress.

When Andersen woke up they had driven half-way down the mountain. He was thirsty. Maud got out a bottle of champagne from the lunch basket, and gave him a tumblerful. In a little while he took another, threw off the wraps and began to talk to himself. He would have taken more champagne, had not Jennie dropped the bottle out of the carriage.

But it was too late. Andersen leered at Maud, caught her hand, and said she was the loveliest girl he had ever known. They quieted him for a time, but in a little while he broke out afresh, and to Jennie's horror he addressed Maud as his "Lucy" over and over again. It was the first time that Jennie remembered to have heard her mother's name from his lips.

"It was only an accident, my dear," Mrs. Hardenberg whispered softly to Jennie, as they got out of the carriage, "your father was ill and weak."

It was true. Anderson never had been a drunkard.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NEWPORT.

NARRAGANSETT PIER looks across the blue waters at Newport in summer, and laughs a wild derisive laugh of scorn. Newport gazes coldly back, as the steamers go and come, and smiles a superior smile of contempt, as much as to say "You are no rival of mine, I despise you."

It was to Narragansett, with its hotel life, and its showy throng of men and women, dancing, flirting and scheming, that Mr. and Mrs. Hardenberg took Maud. General Andersen soon followed with Jennie.

John Anspach and his wife had entered the list of the exclusive. They were above the democratic give and take of Narragansett. A villa at Newport—the awe inspiring luxury of Bellevue Avenue, was what he and Wilhelmina craved as in the path of their advancement. To Newport they repaired, on the first Saturday after Wilhelmina's return from abroad with Elsie and Mortimor, which was much earlier than had been intended. The energetic mother-in-law cut short her foreign travel, for the express purpose of showing John what a tractable, agreeable son-in-law she had.

Mortimor Hardenberg had pushed himself far

in his mother-in-law's favor while they traveled. He would not have been his mother's son had he not done so.

Mortimor was a prince of travelers. Routes, tickets, seats, porters, rooms, servants, even Time itself, arranged themselves without a false move at his bidding, like a well disciplined army. Wilhelmina grew dependent on him, as with never failing good temper, he bore her cool treatment and ministered to all her wants. She soon learned to like him. Then she made up her mind that she would absorb him—cut him off from the body of his pauper family. Her letters prepared John for the change. "Mortimor is an agreeable fellow and our daughter's husband," she wrote. She was sure John would like him. They must get him a position in business down town and try him.

Bill's sneers at Mortimor and the marriage, after Wilhelmina's return, were ineffectual, and father and mother on the way to Newport, decided to buy a house for Elsie in Fiftieth Street. Mortimer had already been given a place in the Bank by his father-in-law, to date from the following winter.

Oh, the triumph in Mrs. Hardenberg's face, when Mortimor, driving along Ocean Avenue, stopped to tell her all this. Had she been drowned by Bill Anspach in Tuxedo Lake, Mortimor's success would have more than squared the account between her and the Anspachs, she thought. Mrs. Anspach might snub her as much as she pleased—till Andersen married Maud, then she would take her re-

venge. To fight back before that time would make confusion and disturb her plans.

Jennie was alone all the week with the Hardenbergs at the Narragansett House, till Saturday brought General Andersen from New York. She had tried hard to persuade her father to take a villa at Newport, but he would not listen to her.

Andersen enjoyed the excitement of the hotel life at the sea-shore, just as he did in New York. It gratified him to have the loungers watch him get in and out of his showy equipage; and then too, at Narragansett, he had Maud and Mrs. Hardenberg with him.

The round of life at Narragansett was tiresome to Jennie, a repetition of the winter's dissipation in town. Nearly every afternoon she took the carriage over to Newport in the boat, and often spent the night at the Anspachs' villa.

There were many formal dinners, and balls at the Newport Brunswick. Mrs. Hardenberg and Maud were there in full feather, leaders in the throng of beautiful women, millionaires, soldiers, and naval officers.

Military men flocked to Newport—generals and admirals, and fledglings from the navy ships that ran into the harbor for a week or two. Then there was the world renowned Naval War College, an institution established at Newport by the Government, with a full corps of resident professors—all of them handsome young fellows, who delivered lectures once a month to lovely

young ladies, and to stern yachtsmen, on the art of naval warfare, and exploded torpedoes in the bay at periodic intervals, to the great delight of their fair friends.

What a load of private insult poor Mrs. Hardenberg had to bear from Wilhelmina, to appear on good terms with her in public. She even had to affect that she did not see that her son Mortimor avoided her, in obedience to his mother-in-law's snappish, black eyes.

Thus the summer ran its course. John Anspach entertained every new arrival of note, and Jennie shone at his house as the lovely Southerner, whose beauty and wealth had brought even the cold-blooded Bill to her feet.

The Anspachs' cottage at Newport—it was the Anspachs' palace at Newport.

The man or the woman who will spend and spend, can have a palace at Newport and be very comfortable as long as the money lasts, to the tune of a thousand or two a week. John Anspach spent twice that sum and did not miss it. But what are the sufferings of the people who do miss it, and live on the ragged edge of anxiety, concerning the rise and fall of risky ventures to provide them with means for their wild extravagance!

John Anspach's cottage was a palace, with a small army of servants, a ball room, huge stables, conservatories, and tennis courts. Wilhelmina received reports from a housekeeper and under-housekeeper, as she watched the fleet of ships sailing by, and

thought that her great house looked down on the other great houses, as the big steamer swept by and over-shadowed the little schooners.

Balls, tennis parties, dancing at Narragansett, yachting and the admiration of a great many men, kept our belle absorbed in the fickle pleasures of the moment. In the midst of her gayety and dissipation, the remembrance of the sail with Fishbourne on Tuxedo Lake would often return to her, and visions of him were always ready to rise, in every interval of sober thought that her life allowed her. Once a week Mr. Fishbourne was at Newport for a day. A look would have called him to Jennie's feet again.

"That Fishbourne is too high-toned; he is a crank," said Bergman to another young man on the Newport boat. "He thinks he belongs to the royal family. The other day in New York I got a good case on shares, for damages against the Elevated Road for building their track so close to a house, as to shut out the light and air. My client told me that Fishbourne had refused the case, unless he received an absolutely unconditional fee, and that he called the taking of a case on shares champerty."

"What does champerty mean, you have been longer at the bar than I have, Bob?" Bob had never heard the word.

"My sister says Fishbourne stands in Bill Anspach's way with Miss Andersen," Bergman continued, "but I don't believe such a high-toned

fool will ever succeed either in love or in law."

"Yes, but he is an aristocrat and has an ancestry, and so has Miss Andersen. This is a bond of sympathy pretty hard to overcome," replied Bob.

"Bah!" sneered Bergman, "it will not weigh a feather against Bill Anspach's money."

Jennie of late often had loving thoughts of Miss Gillingham. She had written the teacher an affectionate letter asking her to pay them a visit during the winter. She did this without General Andersen's knowledge.

The teacher's reply, declining the invitation, was a long one. Her father was dead. She had remained in Pennsylvania a month to settle up her affairs and take possession of her small inheritance. When she returned to Virginia, poor Mrs. Erskine died. The Manor was deserted then. Not a soul lived there, except the decrepit black people who still occupied the old negro quarters, keeping themselves from starvation by cutting poplar sticks and gathering sumach. Miss Gillingham had built herself a small house on the hill above Andersen's cottage, where she lived with a black servant. It was far from the schoolhouse, but she liked the long walk in the fresh morning air, and the return in the sober evening.

Then she told Jennie about every one in the neighborhood. John Erskine still kept a store. Harry Erskine, his son, had never returned to see

his father and mother. She had heard that he was a bad fellow. Mr. Hood was in Congress.

The Negro School was prospering ; she had a hundred scholars and five assistants. Now, that her father and mother were gone, her school was all she had to live for.

Would they ever meet again in this world ? She knew that Jennie could not come to Virginia, and she feared that a visit from her to the Andersens in the North would make unhappiness. " It would irritate your father, Jennie," she wrote, " to remind him by my presence of the by-gone days. Yet I would that I had you with me even for only half an hour. There is no one I can confide in here ; I am alone."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FOX HUNT.

IT was September. The Anspachs' villa was full of company. The Hardenbergs and Andersens were there from Narragansett. Bill Anspach came up from New York for a week and arranged to give them a run with the Newport Hounds. It gave Bill particular pleasure to tell Jennie this, as Fishbourne was coming out of church one Sunday morning with her, because he knew the lawyer could not ride. "Of course you will be there, Fishbourne," he said.

Tory Four Corners, three miles out of Newport, was the scene of many a run of the Fox Hunting Club.

The gentlemen all knew the country well. The wise ones were usually present early enough in the morning to see the scent laid, and thus learning the exact course to be run, they were able to cut off a great many corners and fences, when the hunt took place.

The plan of the chase was as follows: Early on the appointed day, a careful huntsman on foot, dragged a bag of anise seed, for two or three miles over the fields and through the fences, till he came to a point where a bag fox was to be let

loose in the afternoon, the worrying of which always terminated the day's sport.

On this occasion the meet was at 3 P.M.

Promptly at the hour, there was assembled a motley collection of all kinds of vehicles, from the elegant barouche, filled with beautiful women, to the hired buggy, together with a great crowd of men and boys drawn from the country for miles around. Then there were the members of the club—among them Bill Anspach and Mortimor Hardenberg—twenty-five or thirty gentlemen, all attired in full hunting suits, their brilliant coats and bright spurs shining in the afternoon sun like so many butterflies' wings.

But all the ladies were not in carriages. The American girl, when she goes to Newport, if she is of a venturesome turn of mind, is very apt to take to chasing the scent bag on horseback, and on that day there were a dozen pretty creatures, mounted on fine horses, all anxious to follow the gentlemen in pink. Jennie Andersen was there in a blue habit, riding Bill Anspach's favorite bay. Fishbourne, attired in plain clothes, watched her graceful seat as he sat moodily on his horse, and vowed that he would devote the rest of his life to making a good horseman of himself.

There was a great flutter of pretty women in carriages, huntsmen, young ladies on horseback, country people continually trying to get run over, and small boys, mounted on ponies, who were dreadfully in the way of the gayly dressed huntsmen.

Bill Anspach kept his horse dancing about, and made vicious cuts with his whip at every unlucky, barefooted urchin who came near him.

"There they are! there they are!" yelled the crowd, as the chief huntsman appeared followed by the hounds, that drowned the small talk in the carriages with their baying. There were twelve couples, most of them English beagles, with a sprinkling of native dogs to make up the pack.

The Master of the hunt mounted his horse, and rode on followed by the baying dogs and the huntsmen, the young ladies on horseback, the carriages and the men and boys—a motley throng, all pushing on each other's heels with nervous haste.

Then ensued a scene of crazy confusion. Only the wise, and the initiated members of the club knew, that for the greater part of the chase, they did not pursue a fox. Everybody, wild with excitement, was possessed with the idea that a fox must be chased then and there. But where the creature was to come from, no one could divine. An elderly lady in an open carriage rose up and demanded loudly, "Where is the fox? Where is the fox?" seizing in her excitement the end of the driver's whip.

Fishbourne thought of Mother Goose and the cow jumping over the Moon, and had a ludicrous vision of the elderly lady, whip in hand, mounted on the cow and soaring through space in chase of the scent bag.

Bill Anspach had been practicing in the riding-

school a month for the occasion. His erratic movements on horseback threatened the lives of those afoot. Now he galloped in one direction, then in another, and ever and anon he reined his fiery steed on its haunches, and gazed about among the ladies, as if in search of the fox.

At the point from whence the scent bag had been started, the cavalcade stopped. The people filled every gap, and the drivers of the carriages, anxious to see a fox, drove pell mell over them, as if they were a flock of sheep. There was a Babel of shouts, howls of dogs, screams and laughter. Then the huntsman winded his horn and commanded silence.

Bill Anspach waited for the first time quietly drawn up by the roadside, a little in advance of the multitude, his object being to get a good start when the dogs took the scent. The huntsman winded his horn again several times, and calling the pack around him, the scent was taken by a small red and white dog, that led off with sharp yelps, the whole pack following and joining in the clamor.

In a minute the great crowd was strung along the trail. First came the gentlemen in hunting suits, then the young ladies on horseback, and the more sober-minded riders in plain clothes, and lastly, the multitude of men and boys, while the long line of vehicles tore madly down the road, that ran parallel with the course of the chase. The anise seed bag hunt was begun.

The going was easy enough for a good rider over the flat country, but poor Fishbourne found it

difficult to keep his seat, and wished himself anywhere else than at a fox chase.

The hounds had followed the trail over a low fence into a corn-field. The Master of the hunt jumped the fence, followed by a number of gentlemen and young ladies. But Bill Anspach and some of his friends, knowing where the trail came out of the corn, gallantly led the way by the road to the point at which the hounds would emerge.

“Here they come!” “Here they come!” and as the dogs struggled through the fence, Bill braced himself in the saddle and on the appearance of the first three or four of the pack, he dashed among them down the road, at the imminent risk of trampling them to death. The rest of the field were following, when the owner of the land made his appearance on the scene, and launched a volley of abuse after the flying riders, as he pointed back to the wide swath through the corn.

A quarter of a mile down the road the trail turned into a meadow, with a brook about four yards wide running through the middle of it. The dogs over-ran the scent in the road, at the turn, and ran baying on for some distance before they stopped.

But the gentlemen knew the course of the anise bag too well to follow the dogs. Turning sharply, the leaders jumped the fence into the field, the two upper bars having been conveniently let down by a boy.

Jennie Andersen went over with a laugh, fol-

lowed by most of the young ladies. Just then the hounds came up and struck the scent again. Everybody was crazy to be going. The last bar was let down and the carriages drove through.

While the dogs crossed the brook and ran crying on, the leading riders charged boldly at the water. Jennie and Mortimor Hardenberg went bravely over, but the horse of one gallant gentleman refused to leap and pitched his rider with arms extended into the water. It was funny to see him making his way, wet and bedraggled, to the bank, where he caught his horse and rode sadly on.

The crowd waded the creek and the carriages followed. At the other side of the field, the good riders jumped a four-barred fence, which was subsequently let down for the timid ones, and another road was found, down which the hounds were racing the scent.

From the brook to the place where the fox was to be let loose, there was the same succession of fields and roads with some stiff jumps. Jennie and Mortimor Hardenberg with many others, essayed them all. Alas! three gentlemen and one lady were tumbled off. The boys, who followed in great glee, let down the bars for the riders who hung behind.

Bill Anspach, always in the advance when an obstacle was not in sight, fell back to the rear as he approached the fences, and had a special boy bribed, to stick close by him and slyly take down the rails.

At length, after half an hour's run, the hunt

reached the spot where the anise bag chase came to an end, and the live fox was to be let loose.

The riders gathered their sweating horses together, all looking immensely preoccupied, and well they might feel preoccupied, for every one was sore, muddy and warm.

"Gentlemen," cried the Master of the hunt, "we suspect that a wild fox is in yonder copse. If he breaks away, please let him have a start; do not chase him ahead of the huntsman and the dogs. When you see the fox, cry 'Tally ho.' Again, I say, keep behind the huntsman and the dogs."

As the Master of the hunt finished his speech, the carriages, that had followed by the road, drove madly up, with their fair occupants in a frenzy of excitement. Then, the huntsman who had been keeping the dogs close together, threw them into the underbrush, and in a few seconds the voice of the short-eared hound, that had taken the scent first, at the beginning of the day's sport, broke forth. The fox was away, followed by the baying pack.

What was the history of the fox that was being chased? He was a bag fox, and not a native of Rhode Island. He had been purchased by the club, with two others, in North Carolina, at a cost of fifty dollars each. He was caught when a cub, by three small boys while snaring rabbits. They had sold him for fifty cents to a tavern keeper, who brought him up tame, and kept him chained at his back door three years. He was tame indeed, but yet, poor fellow, he would run when the dogs were

threatening his life. But whither could he run? He was in a strange land.

The Bible says, that foxes have holes. True, but these holes are at home. Mr. Fox at home, knows the country like a book for miles and miles around. He is familiar with every barn and hen roost, every thicket, swamp and nook, and when he is chased, it is almost a pastime for him to make use of his knowledge to baffle his pursuers. Tame him and fatten him, put him in a bag and carry him starving five hundred miles to a strange place, as the Newport Club had done with their poor creature, and when you loose him, he is as stupid as a pole cat. A bag fox is no more like a wild fox, than a fat Chatham Street shop-keeper is like a Sioux Chief.

But to return to the chase. The scene of the hunt was an open country of old fields surrounded by ricketty fences, and interspersed with tracts of woodland and underbrush.

The fox had been turned loose ten minutes before the arrival of the huntsman, and hidden away in the thicket, was vainly trying to take a nap, while wondering what had become of his accustomed chain and bone.

When the dogs started him he ran out directly in front of the crowd, taking a bee line across the field and through the fence.

Then there was tremendous excitement. Bill Anspach started his hunter at a sharp canter, shouting "Tally ho" vigorously. The horse mistaking

the "Ho" for a command to halt, stopped short behind the hounds in full cry, pitching Bill over his head on the soft grass, to the great horror of the occupants of the carriages. Luckily the financier rose with no greater injury than a good shaking.

The fox was over the fence, and the hounds close behind him, when it became evident to the ladies and gentlemen who were riding for dear life, that there were no movable bars in the fence before them. They must all leap it, or tear it down.

The fox was not so accommodating as the Bag had been in the course it took ; it always crossed a fence at a point where bars could be removed.

This particular fence was a disagreeable-looking obstacle four feet high, covered with thick bushes, and along it, on both sides ran a mound of very hard looking stones, cleared from the field.

Mortimor Hardenberg was the first to gallop up to this terrible barrier. A cold chill ran along his spine as he regarded it. He looked back and saw the carriages and the crowd ; the gaze of the world was on him, he must go over the fence, and shutting his eyes he found himself on the other side without accident.

Jennie went lightly over, and was gone after the hounds like a flash. Several gentlemen came on in succession. The first cleared the top rail, but his horse stumbled on the stones as he alighted, and rolled his rider off. The second got over best of all. The third was Fishbourne.

Fishbourne had followed the hunt all the afternoon, getting through the fences as best he could, mortified to death at the distance between him and Jennie Andersen. When he rode up at the termination of the bag chase, he saw Maud and her mother in their carriage laughing at his awkward seat. It stung him to the quick. Just then the fox started.

Lashing his horse, the lawyer rode wildly after Jennie, and charged desperately at the fence. Pale and with compressed lips, he met his fate. The horse, as unaccustomed to leaping as his rider, struck the top rail with his belly and falling back on the stones rolled over Fishbourne.

There was great dismay. Those who saw the accident forgot the chase for an instant. Several riders dismounted, the carriage doors were all hastily opened, and Fishbourne, torn and bleeding, but not seriously hurt, was carried against his will to the Hardenbergs' carriage.

While this was being done, some one slipped five dollars in silver into the hands of the lookers on. In a minute two panels of the fence had disappeared, and the hunt and throng of vehicles pressed on through the opening into the next field.

The fox was followed straight across the meadow into a pasture through an old gateway, and the hounds lost him in a tall worm fence, on the other side of which was a thick piece of underbrush of ten or twelve acres. Of course, he was in the underbrush. The dogs were scouring it vigorously.

No one thought of jumping the fence, it was six feet high.

As there was no obstacle to be leaped, Bill Anspach was in the lead and ready for any emergency. Dismounting, he seized rail after rail and tore it from the fence ; in his haste, nearly poking out the eye of the Master of the hunt with one of the sticks.

In a few minutes a gap was made, wide enough for the excited horsemen to scramble through. A moment later the pack opened cry, pushing the fox straight on into the cover, and Bill Anspach rode boldly into the underbrush, followed by most of the riders.

The carriages made a long detour by the road to reach the other side of the wood, consuming about a quarter of an hour. As they approached the spot on the edge of the wood, from which it was supposed the riders had long since emerged, a chorus of despairing yells from the hounds was heard, mingled with short barks and growls. The fox had evidently done something provoking.

Then, an unexpected scene presented itself. Thomas Mullaney worked on a farm near by. He had a frame cottage of one and a half stories, a potato patch, and pig pen, nine children and Bridget, the red-headed wife of his bosom. His cottage stood in the field near the edge of the wood.

The fox, closely pushed by the hounds, had left the bushes, and attracted by the resemblance of Mr. Mullaney's cottage to his North Carolina home, took advantage, unseen by mortal eye, of the open

front door, and was snugly hidden away under the family bed in the back room. While Bridget and her two half-grown boys, who were digging potatoes in the garden when the hounds rushed over the fence, stood guard, with a pitchfork, two old shovels and a bull terrier, keeping the howling pack at bay.

Did she not remember how, in the old country, the gentlemen had overturned her father's pig pen and chased a fox across the thatch? "This is a free land," she cried, "and no make-believe rack renter shall hunt a fox over my premises, nor anywhere else in the State of Rhode Island, if I can hinder it."

But where were the huntsmen? Painfully and slowly they had pushed their way through the thick briars till they emerged on the scene.

There was pretty Miss Bergman, her lovely skin torn to pieces in a shocking manner by the brambles, her veil in tatters and skirt rent in twain. Then came Bill Anspach, with his pink coat in shreds, and his breeches open at the knees. Jennie had lost her hat, her dress was torn, and she had a long bleeding cut on her cheek; and down to the last of the gallant party who had ridden down into the bushes, not one presented a respectable appearance.

The ladies galloped away to the shelter of the carriages, while the gentlemen clustered together and pinned up their rents as best they could.

The fox was in the cottage. That was plain

enough. It was also plain that Bridget's hostility must be overcome to catch him. The Master of the hunt took it for granted, that every one would assist him in capturing Reynard unharmed. It was evident that the poor creature was usually caught alive, and served several runs, before he met with an accident.

Bill Anspach was full of authority, and a whispered consultation took place between him and the Master of the hunt. Then the huntsman winded his horn merrily, and rated the hounds soundly to call them round him, while Bill hopped over the fence, exposing his tattered pantaloons as he did so.

Walking across the soft potato patch, whip in hand, with great difficulty but still with dignity, Bill entered into negotiation with Mrs. Mullaney, uneasily watching the bull terrier out of the corner of his eye all the time.

Nobody could hear a word of the conversation, so great was the distance, but that it was hot and bitter, was evident from Bridget's animated manner.

Bill drew out his pocket-book, and Bridget motioned it contemptuously away with the pitchfork.

The crowd drew closer and closer and lined the fence, eager to satisfy its curiosity. Expectation was at its height. Mrs. Mullaney gesticulated with her weapon, and Bill, still watching the dog, waved his whip majestically to and fro, when suddenly the Irish lady dropped the pitchfork and seized an old

broom that was lying in the patch. The bull terrier began to bark and show his teeth. There was evidently a crisis.

Bill Anspach backed away, keeping the dog off with his whip, but Bridget followed him closely, pushing the broom in his face. And so they went slowly across the potato patch and down the garden walk, Bridget with the broom, and the dog with his white teeth, driving the huntsman step by step before them, till by a sudden movement he escaped over the fence unharmed.

This ended the hunt. For the gentleman all voted, grouped in solemn consultation, that it would be foolish to risk another encounter with Mrs. Mullaney. The fox might stay where he was.

Mortimor Hardenberg rode close to the fence as they were going away, and taking off his hat with a bow, offered Mrs. Mullaney twenty-five dollars for the old broom, to take home as a trophy of the day's chase, in place of the fox's tail. Her answer was a shout of defiance.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SHE TELLS HIM.

BEFORE Jennie reached Newport that evening Mrs. Hardenberg had carried Fishbourne to Narragansett with her.

In vain the lawyer protested the next day that he must go back to New York at once ; Mrs. Hardenburg, in Jennie's presence, insisted that he should remain till his bruises were healed.

"You ought not to go back for at least two or three days," Jennie added, boldly for her, with a faintness at her heart. Then she left him suddenly, and went to her room. She threw herself on the bed, and buried her face in the pillow. "What have I done ! What have I done !" she said.

Fishbourne, with his sprained wrist in a sling, found Jennie late in the afternoon.

They were all watching a game of tennis on the lawn. Jennie and Fishbourne sat down on the grassy bank with Mrs. Hardenberg, who was soon called away. She was glad to leave them together ; she hoped that Fishbourne would yet be successful with Jennie, in spite of Bill Anspach's money.

Fishbourne's mishap at the hunt the day before ; Jennie's solicitude for his recovery, and something

in her face, all contributed to urge him on. It was his opportunity—the first since his rebuff at Tuxedo Lake ; instinctively he seized it.

He was telling Jennie what a mortification it was to him that he was not a good rider. He was determined to learn at once.

“ Oh ! Mr. Fishbourne,” she answered, “ you are not a popinjay like most of the men, there is more in you than tennis and fox hunting. You—” then she checked herself.

Fishbourne gave her a glance, and looking down at the grass, he said. “ Are you flattering me ? I want to tell you something that is true, something you cannot be ignorant of—I love you.”

He looked up at her—“ Let us go,” Jennie replied, quickly rising.

“ Oh, no, you must answer me,” he pleaded, standing beside her.

“ Wait and let me think,” she whispered.

Just then a stray tennis ball fell at their feet. Fishbourne picked it up awkwardly with his uninjured left hand, and tossed it to the players. As he came back, Jennie's half averted face had a haggard look.

She turned to him as he stood and waited. She said, “ I must speak to you.” She was silent for an instant and held her breath, “ I must speak to you,” she began again with a gasp. “ It cannot be. When you know me, you cannot love me.”

“ I not love you,” Fishbourne answered impatiently, “ please do come away,” and she followed

him to a bench on the lawn, out of hearing but in sight of the players.

"Jennie," he began passionately as they sat down. "I love you, and I believe you love me. Say you love me," and he overpowered her for an instant with a look. He would have caught her in his arms had they been alone, but the restraint held her distant from him, a beautiful phantom of passionate love and hope.

There was a momentary mist before Jennie's eyes, she dreamed she had fallen on his breast. But quickly rose up in her mind, like a cold veil of woven steel between her breast and his, the thought of her secret—her tainted blood.

Then all Fishbourne had said of himself at Tuxedo Lake,—his family, his hopes and aims, his pride of birth, all, all passed before her. And she—what was she? She must tell him.

Yes, she must tell him, for she loved him, she must be faithful to truth with him. Ah; but his pride would make him hate her, when he knew the disgraceful secret—her proud Fishbourne!

Then came a quick revulsion of feeling from tender love to black despair, and a voice whispered to her sharply, "You are a fool to tell your secret to this man." She answered back from her heart, "I love him. I must tell him the truth, and let him spurn me then."

In an instant she looked up at Fishbourne with desperate despair in her pale face. "Mr. Fishbourne," she said in a faint voice, "it

can never be, you cannot make the sacrifice for me."

"Sacrifice!" replied Fishbourne, "Sacrifice, in loving you Jennie—Jennie, do not trifle with me, be true to yourself.—You love me—I know you do—do not bring misery to us both, for the money of William Anspach. Tell me the truth. You love me." As he said this the tips of his fingers touched her hand for an instant.

"Mr. Fishbourne," she answered in a husky voice, "the sacrifice—the sacrifice is this—my mother was a Virginia slave."

He looked at her as if he were dreaming. "You"—he said.

"My mother was born a negro slave. General Andersen is my father," she faltered as her eyes filled with blinding tears.

"Mr. Fishbourne, Mr. Fishbourne, Mrs. Anspach is calling you from Newport on the telephone," cried Mrs. Hardenberg as she approached them.

They both rose, with a start. Fishbourne, trying to realize what had happened, walked away. Near the players Jennie walking swiftly, overtook him. "Mr. Fishbourne," she said, in a low voice, "do not stop. Go on, all is over between us. It could never be for you. Good-bye, do not stop"; and she rejoined Mrs. Hardenberg, as Fishbourne went mechanically on.

As they walked back to the piazza, Mrs. Hardenberg broke out with a long sigh.

"I am tired of life," Jennie said.

"Take my advice," answered Mrs. Hardenberg "don't throw away the love of a noble fellow like Tom Fishbourne for that common Dutchman Bill Anspach with his money. Don't be bought."

Fishbourne was an unhappy man from the hour he fled from Narragansett with the poor girl's—"My mother was born a negro slave," ringing in his ears.

It took days for his heart to realize the full force of her words. "My mother was born a negro slave in Virginia. General Andersen is my father." In plain English. "I am a negress. My negro mother was not my father's wife."

Did Fishbourne feel bound to ask her more? No—her words were resolved into plain tangible fact in his mind, as he thought over it all—they solved what always had been the mystery to him in the Andersens. It was plain now.

And could it be that he, a Fishbourne, was entangled in such meshes of love. Yes! and the beautiful woman he loved, loved him so deeply that she could not cheat in love, and her honesty had blasted his hopes forever.

"Marry her! a Fishbourne marry a negress." The horror in his breast drove love away, to come again with Jennie's image while he slept.

Luckily for him there was plenty of work in New York, and his partner Simmons was rejoiced to see him back in town so early.

Fishbourne has come home to tell me he is to marry the Southern heiress, Miss Andersen, Simmons thought.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE HOUSE OF OLD MASTERS.

“YES, my dear,” said Mrs. Hardenberg to her husband just before their return to town from Narragansett, “I think we certainly ought to take the house in Fifty-sixth Street, that Mr. Homer, the agent, described to me to-day. It is a great injury to us to live in Sixteenth Street, near your poor relations. We ought to be close to the Anspachs ; it would give us a better position.”

“But the rent is \$4500,” answered Grosvenor Hardenberg, petulantly ; “\$2000 more than we are paying now. Where am I to get the money ?”

“Oh, you will make it this year, you know you will,” replied Mrs. Hardenberg. “What is a man good for in New York who will not run a little risk ? And then, remember that I am going abroad next summer, to economize. You will not have a season at Newport to pay for.”

Little notice has been taken of Mr. Grosvenor Hardenberg in this history, for the reason that at home he was the mere echo of his wife, and away from home there was nothing in his life that was interesting. It was drive, drive, drive, down-town and in the club, night and day, for this man’s favor to get brokerages, and for that man’s secret infor-

mation to enter into wild speculation on the stock exchange, that brought Hardenberg when lucky \$25,000 per annum, to be consumed in fine dinners, and worn in silks and satins, and wasted in show, as the family went along through the year. What a life it was, imitating or vying with one's betters in dollars and cents, while the wolf of want howled at the door, to the tune of an expenditure of \$25,000 a year.

What is called "standing" in the metropolis of the United States does not carry with it the power to rob the tailor, the butcher, and the grocer, as the rank of a gentleman does among the grave aristocracies of the old world. In New York a man must pay as he goes, or at least show his ability to do so. His bank account is his rank. He may drive with a Vanderbilt, or hob-nob with an Astor to-day, but he must be able to pay cash down for his living to-morrow, or get nothing more, just like the hired man who shovels coal. All very fair, but it is hard for the many, who otherwise would live serenely like princes one year, on the hopes of the next.

Grosvenor Hardenberg felt the need of cash more keenly since the alliance with the Anspachs, who held him and his wife at bay with bitter contempt. This the Hardenbergs had to bear uncomplainingly, while holding up their heads stiffly before the world, and doubling their expenditures, in obedience to the requirements of the Anspach connection.

Mrs. Hardenberg carried her point, as usual with her husband, and the house in Fifty-sixth Street was hired at \$4500 a year. A month later, she welcomed Mortimor and Elsie to her new house, in a room almost as richly furnished as the Anspachs' drawing-room. Her pictures included some subjects by well-known modern artists, and by a piece of finesse she had obtained a number of paintings by the old masters—a Virgin Mary by Murillo, *The Street of Sorrow* by Ribera, a Rubens, a Titian, and a Vanderweyden; all of which she had hired at an annual cost, not much greater than the rent she paid to Steinway for her grand piano.

It all came about in this way. His Highness, Don Alfonso Velasquez, Duke of Alicante, being pressed for cash in his castle in Spain, bethought himself of his Murillos and Titians that hung in the ancient banquet hall. In due time, the pictures found their way to New York for sale, accompanied by Don Alfonso himself, and the Duke placed them to be sold with the well-known auctioneers, Messrs. Sharp & Co.

Circulars were printed describing the great works by the old masters, while the newspapers vied with each other in their editorial columns, as to which should deserve the longest advertisement, by the most fulsome praise of the ancient Spanish collection, and by the longest account of the person and ancestry of the noble Don Alfonso.

For a week the newspapers' praise of the pictures and of the Spanish grandee went merrily on. But

alas, the week ended it all. Don Alfonso would not advertise the sale extensively. In fact, he limited his agents to five dollars per diem for each of the leading newspapers. He had a great opinion of Don Alfonso, and very little idea of how public opinion was manufactured by advertisement.

In vain Messrs. Sharp & Co., knelt before him advocating an expenditure of hundreds of dollars per diem in advertising. The dried up little Spaniard was obdurate and thought they were trying to cheat him.

The result was inevitable. The enterprising editors soon discovered that no money could be made from Don Alfonso, and in a few days, adverse criticisms of the collection were published. Then it was said that none of the paintings were originals, which was probably true; and finally it was announced that His Highness Don Alfonso Velasquez, Duke of Alicante, had married his cook ten years before in his turreted castle in Spain, which probably was not true, but it effectually ruined the sale of the paintings. When the auction took place there was only a band of jokers present, to ridicule the ugly old Spaniard and his poor copies.

Messrs. Sharp & Co., held the pictures as security for a sum that the Spanish grandee had drawn for a month's fast life in New York. As he could not pay his debt, there was nothing for the auctioneers to do but to keep the paintings, and put them away

till the unfortunate sale was forgotten by the public.

Mrs. Hardenberg knew Sharp well, and she contrived to hire seven of the pictures for a year, as has been related.

A well-known picture is like a much talked-of man ; he is what his reputation is, which is always quite different from the real man himself.

So Mrs. Hardenberg had paintings that were Murillos and Titians. As Murillos and Titians they were old and genuine, of course—no one had time or knowledge to doubt it—and while people did not value old masters very highly, they were appropriate in the Hardenbergs' drawing-room, for it was thought that blue blood took naturally to old pictures.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JENNIE IS ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

A MAN drunk with the fumes of his prosperity in money-making is not uncommon. Groups of men you see gorged with success, to whom millions have come quickly, either from the sudden development of huge enterprises, or on the track that follows the failure of schemes that bring widespread disaster to the over hopeful, and wealth to those who prey on other men's misfortunes. For disaster is wealth to the bear, as surely as prosperity is wealth to the bull.

The bear sells stocks in times of prosperity at a hundred dollars a share, and hopes to buy them back in times of adversity at twenty-five dollars a share. On the other hand, the bull buys at twenty-five dollars a share in adversity and counts on selling at a hundred dollars in prosperity. If adversity frown, the bear is gorged and the bull goes starving. If Providence smile, and the crops are large, prosperity pastures the bull in clover and the bear lives on carrion.

The game requires a man who will say calmly to himself : " This time next year I shall either be living in a palace on Fifth Avenue, or my wife and I will keep cheap boarders in Jersey City."

There are thousands of these people in the whirlpool of speculation.

Occasionally a lucky one finds himself, he knows not exactly how, the sudden possessor of a hundred times the wealth his dreams have pictured. Then he walks forth a changed man, drunk with prosperity.

Horace tells a living truth when he says :

Prometheus when he moulded man,
Saw his foul mud dried brittle,
And while he o'er and o'er began,
He failed, in spite of clay and spittle.

At length a happy thought he hit,
From hearts of beasts that roved four-footed—
He slices cut ; chopped fine each bit,
To temper well his mud it suited.

And hence it is, that mankind all,
On this fair rounded planet dwelling,
Feel, when they in temptation fall,
The heart of beast within them swelling.

And as the predominant animal in every breast is called forth by a stomach full of undigested prosperity, the man with brain filled with the fumes of his sudden success in money-making, may be a tiger, a wolf or an ass.

Andersen and Bill Anspach were drunk with success that autumn. Seldom before had there been such profits from wild schemes in Wall Street.

The effects on the two men were widely different. Andersen grew more silent and secretive. He passed with head erect and eyes straight before

him from haunt to haunt, in Wall Street. Bill Anspach was filled with vulgar pride. He was loud and over-bearing and went about with a strut.

John Anspach laughed at his son, and told Wilhelmina that Bill was not made of as good stuff as they had supposed. "He cannot stand prosperity; he talks too much. I told him the other day that he would make people think our bank was speculating in stocks, if he did not stop bragging about the money he had made."

The poet is mistaken when he tells us, that all thoughts, all passions, all delights, feed the flame of love in man. A sudden accession of wealth and the contemplation of that accession is not favorable to love. The money passion at its height entirely overmasters the tender flame, as it did with Andersen and Bill.

Andersen forgot for weeks that such people as the Hardenbergs existed, often passing Maud and her mother in the street without recognizing them.

Bill Anspach was just as bad, Jennie did not see him for a month. He spent all his evenings at the club, and in the corridors of an up-town hotel, the nightly resort of speculators, where he was always the center of an admiring crowd of small fry.

He was, indeed, much talked about and worshipped as a rising financier. "What a good man he would be for Secretary of the Treasury," they all said, "or for any office in the gift of the people, worth buying."

But everything must have an end. In a little

while speculation declined and the stock market settled down to dullness, when Andersen and Bill came slowly back to their friends again.

There was a change at the Andersens. Fishbourne came no more, and Bill Anspach delighted his mother by being seen quite often in the afternoon driving with Jennie.

Poor Jennie, she passed Fishbourne one day, as she and Bill drove through Riverside Park. Bill bowed to Fishbourne with a triumphant air as much as to say, "She refused you, and she is mine," and in fact she was his, for Jennie had accepted him that very day.

What a change there was in the girl. How haughty and self-possessed she was with Bill. Had she told him the history of her birth? Nonsense, it was Bill, not Fishbourne. She had loved Fishbourne. She was making a bargain with Bill, and it corrupted her.

A woman making a bargain of marriage, has a business in hand that calls for a close mouth and good management.

"Let Bill Anspach find out the secret for himself some day. My father is the proper person to tell the story and make an explanation if it ever becomes necessary, and he certainly has money enough to make an entirely satisfactory one to Bill Anspach," Jennie said to herself.

There were no more thoughts of Miss Gillingham. The Virginia memories were blotted out.

Rich, beautiful, and engaged to be married to

Bill Anspach, Jennie Andersen was envied by every girl in town. Had people known the rest of her story, how they would have opened their eyes.

What joy there was in the Anspach household over the engagement. Such a shake Wilhelmina gave General Andersen's clammy hand, that his wrist was lame for a week.

Elsie, enraptured, hurried with Mortimor to the Albemarle, the first evening after the announcement of the engagement. "Oh, Jennie," she cried, kissing her, "I am so happy. My brother is such a splendid fellow; such a composed, aristocratic man, and so handsome, isn't he? What a splendid couple you will make. I always knew you two would make a match of it."

Bill Anspach did not condescend to ask General Andersen's consent to the engagement. No allusion was made to it by either of the men, who were constantly together down-town, while Bill went in and out of the Andersens' apartments in the hotel with easy familiarity.

The engagement was a great blow to Mrs. Hardenberg. It was true she always expected it, but still she had hoped against hope that Fishbourne would be successful.

Now her enemy Bill was in the Andersen stronghold, that she was besieging for Maud.

She and Maud had a talk over the situation of affairs one evening, after a silent visit of an hour from Andersen. Maud said she did not believe that Bill Anspach's engagement to Jennie would

make any difference in the General's friendship for them.

A day or two afterwards they were mortified to hear of a family dinner-party that had taken place at the Anspachs the night before. And Mortimor, their Mortimor, who told them of it, did not seem to think it strange that, although he and Elsie and the Andersens were there, Maud and his mother had not been invited. Alas, Mortimor had long since learned to think that his mother was no credit to him.

As Maud had predicted, General Andersen remained faithful to the Hardenbergs. Indeed, he came oftener than formerly. Maud had discovered that he liked a clay pipe. (Black Lucy had taught him this in the Virginia cabin.) No gentleman would smoke anything but Havana cigars at the Albemarle, so Maud had a pipe and tobacco always ready for him, and the intimacy continued.

The intimacy continued, but not without violent opposition from Wilhelmina. She always spoke of the Hardenbergs as the paupers of Fifty-sixth Street, and hearing from Elsie that Andersen smoked a pipe at the Hardenbergs in the evening, she held her little nose between finger and thumb whenever she met him, and asked whether he had come from the paupers of Fifty-sixth Street.

No wonder that Jennie disliked and opposed her father's intimacy with Maud, when Bill had taken

great trouble to show her that the Hardenbergs were in hot pursuit of the General's money.

But all this opposition had no effect. Andersen's vanity was gratified when he heard himself spoken of as the admirer of a young woman, and this was reason enough for him to continue his visits to Maud, if he had no other.

CHAPTER XXIX.

POKONO AND SWEETWATER.

THE life of the speculator is a never-ending series of golden vistas of temptation, down which he madly rushes in succession.

It was not long before Bill Anspach had a new and brilliant enterprise on foot, and he found no difficulty in interesting Andersen in it. The enterprise was the Pokono Mountain and Sweetwater Iron and Railroad Company.

Pokono Mountain was a hill in Missouri, said to be composed of nothing but Bessemer steel ore, with a few rocks on top to cover the treasures within, as the crust hides the riches of a deep dish apple pie. Pokono Mountain, however, was so far from a railroad, that its immense wealth had not been developed beyond the digging of a few watery holes. But there was the mountain said to be full of Bessemer ore, and there was the Sweetwater Railroad, laid out on paper, three hundred miles to the great Missouri Pacific line.

Bill Anspach and General Andersen bought the mountain. Then they organized a company, with an immense capital, to build the Sweetwater Railroad.

It required a heavy expenditure of money to get

the scheme going. The mountain cost a great sum, the railroad would cost many millions more. To induce people to subscribe their money in the purchase of bonds and stock, it was necessary to make a large outlay in cash, not only to begin the construction of the road, but also in the employment of newspapers and experts to write up the enterprise for the public.

The long newspaper articles and the glowing advertisements that were printed, gave Andersen and Bill a temporary notoriety that was solid fame in their estimation. It was predicted that the Pokono and Sweetwater Iron and Railroad Company, besides carrying the Bessemer steel of the mountain, would be overburdened with coal and agricultural products from the Sweetwater Valley, and would surpass the famous Lehigh coal and iron mines of Pennsylvania, in productivity. General Andersen and Bill Anspach were hailed as the Coal and Metal Kings of New York.

General Andersen, the President of the New Company, was nicknamed "Old Pokono" in Wall Street. "As rich as Old Pokono" became a common expression.

At first John Anspach, the Bank President, would not join the new enterprise. He said his day was over for new schemes. He was willing however to lend Bill and Andersen the Bank's money, secured by bonds of the Pokono Company, and he helped them in a thousand ways with his influence and advice.

But by-and-by, when the construction of the road began, when the subscriptions were pouring in, and Bill had a building occupied entirely by the great Pokono and Sweetwater Company, the personal importance acquired by being connected with such a great enterprise, was too strong a temptation for the old man to resist; he became Vice-president at the same great salary received by Andersen. Bill, as second Vice-president, also drew a comfortable allowance for his valuable services to the Company.

These were active times in the Pokono Company's offices. Capitalists, advertising agents, and brokers were coming and going all day long. It was almost as difficult for an ordinary individual to gain an interview with Andersen or Bill, as it was to see the President of the United States alone. They were hidden together in a big room in the innermost recesses of the Pokono building. No man could approach them, without first detailing the object of his visit on a card printed for the purpose, and then cooling his heels for half an hour in the ante-chamber till he was summoned.

John Anspach, in his bank, refused to talk of the affairs of Pokono, with any but the select few. But now and then, during the day, he might be seen popping in and out of the Company's offices, and everybody felt that he was the mainstay of the great enterprise.

Young Mortimor Hardenberg filled the important position of paying teller of the Anspach Bank.

He had developed into a tall, slim fellow, dressed in the height of the fashion, with a sharp eye and long fingers, that ran over a pile of bank bills or a column of figures, like lightning. He was prospering with Pokono. So was Grosvenor Hardenberg, his father. The public took it for granted that the father must have a finger in the pie with his son's relatives. When he joined John Anspach in the street on the way down-town, and walked with the banker, pocketing his insults without a quiver, people thought the two men were in deep consultation over the interests of Pokono ; and this gave Hardenberg a fresh start in public estimation.

General Andersen's friendship was of real, substantial value to the Hardenbergs. It was not to be expected, that the friendly feeling that brought the General to their house, would be proof against the wiles of the two ladies, when they tried to pump Wall-street secrets from him. Maud and her mother talked Pokono as much as they dared with him, and got many a hint from the little he said, that enabled Grosvenor Hardenberg to speculate successfully in the great Anspach enterprise of Pokono and Sweetwater.

There was a dinner-party at the Anspachs'. Strange to say, all the Hardenbergs were there.

The reason for this assemblage was Mrs. Anspach's sudden desire to have peace and good-will prevail throughout the entire family connection, and this desire arose solely from the delay in the marriage of her son Bill and Jennie Andersen.

For some reason, that Wilhelmina could not fathom, Jennie did not wish to be married at once. Bill told his mother that he had pressed her as hard on the subject as he could, but without giving any reason, Jennie always insisted that they had better wait. Nothing more than this could Wilhelmina extract from Bill.

"Oh, you are too full of Pokono and Sweetwater affairs to make love to a girl," Wilhelmina said, "I'll speak to Jennie myself."

And so on the first opportunity she did speak to Jennie and the reply was: "I'll be married when I think proper, Mrs. Anspach," with a haughty toss of the head.

Bill's mother was in despair. Could it be possible that the engagement would end in nothing? Not only was it possible, but very probable, she thought. John and she were married the week after, she had said "Yes"; and she always thought from this, that true love brooked no delay. Yet she could not think it possible that Jennie did not love such a splendid fellow as her Bill; and Bill seemed anxious enough to be married, whether he loved Jennie or not.

Wilhelmina vainly cast about in her mind for the cause of the delay. Could General Andersen or her enemies, the Hardenbergs, have anything to do with it? How could that be? For even if General Andersen were secretly opposed to the marriage, which she did not believe possible, still she felt sure that his wishes would have no more

weight with Jennie than a straw, if she desired to be married.

The dangerous situation of affairs made Wilhelmina suspicious of every one. She feared the influence of the Hardenbergs against her with General Andersen. Could she make them forget her insults? Of course she could ; it was to their interest to be on good terms with her, she thought. The dinner was Wilhelmina's first step toward the renewal of friendly relations with the Hardenbergs.

John Anspach had spent thousands of dollars that summer in remodeling his dining-room. The plan and ornamentation were by Mr. Sappington Dod, the great architect.

Dod had outdone himself for his patron. The room was seventy-five feet long and thirty in breadth, with a huge fire-place lined with delicate porcelain tiles. The panels of the walls were of oak, beautifully carved in the fashion of three hundred years ago. Above, was a frieze of old paintings representing scenes in Roman history, and in the center of the ceiling was set an immense fresco of Jupiter, hurling his thunderbolts. By special request of Wilhelmina, the god had been given the face of General Washington, taken from Houdon's cast of the Father of his Country.

The table was a great mahogany affair, with legs carved to represent open-mouthed porpoises.

Opposite the fire-place, the huge sideboard, glittering with gold, silver, and cut glass, towered

to the ceiling, like the mosque of Solyman the Magnificent.

John and Wilhelmina had spent on this room twice the sum, which at interest would have supported them comfortably in the first years of their married life.

Wilhelmina, with a smile meant to be gracious, but which was condescending, told Mrs. Hardenberg and Maud, as they came downstairs, that the dinner was given especially to show the new banquet hall to them.

"What makes the woman so polite?" the mother whispered to her daughter, "I cannot understand her sudden change."

"The oak room must remind her of her oak wash-tubs before she grew rich, and she feels herself honored to have us here," Maud sneered.

But, indeed, they were both mystified by the invitation of Wilhelmina. What could she be trying to do.

Elsie kissed her mother-in-law affectionately. It pleased the sweet, little woman to have Mortimor's relatives in her father's house.

Jennie was astonished to see the Hardenbergs. How angry she would have been had she known they were invited, because Wilhelmina feared that in some way they might delay Bill's marriage. When Wilhelmina seated General Andersen between Mrs. Hardenberg and Maud, Jennie looked daggers at Bill.

Before going farther in this history, it is well to

relate the reason why Jennie would not name her marriage day. She did not love Bill Anspach. Did she love any one else? Pride she thought had rescued her heart, seared and hardened after its trial with Fishbourne. He came no more to her, save in her dreams by day and by night. She expected to marry Bill Anspach when it suited her pleasure, but just now she found it agreeable to excite the envy of the world by keeping him dawdling at her heels.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LITTLE TEACHER.

WHEN General Andersen and his daughter reached their apartments in the Albemarle, that night, there was a familiar figure standing at the drawing-room window watching the lighted streets. It was Miss Gillingham. Jennie, with an exclamation of delight, caught the teacher in her arms. Andersen shook hands stiffly with her, and then busied himself turning on all the electric lights.

The little teacher could not hide her embarrassment in the presence of the beautiful, magnificently dressed woman, whom she had so often chided as a girl in the negro school. Andersen saw what was passing in her mind, and gratified vanity loosed his silent tongue.

"Well, Miss Gillingham," he said, "what can Miss Andersen and I do for you?"

The little teacher turned her face to him. In an instant all her embarrassment was gone. There he stood, the same miserable creature she had known, living half-starved with negroes in the log cabin in Virginia. What to her was the luck that had brought him gold in the grave-yard, and millions in Wall Street? What to her were his vain airs,

his English cut clothes, and flowing whiskers? His weak face, a little more lined by time, was still there, and whether clothed in purple and fine linen or threadbare in rags, he was the same Andersen still; the physical inferior of his former negro companions, the moral inferior of his white brethren.

What could he do for her, she thought, as she regarded him with her great, brown eyes.

"You can do nothing for me, Mr. Andersen," she answered, pressing her hand against her broad forehead. "I came to Philadelphia for a few days to attend the Teachers Convention, and," turning to Jennie, "I so longed to see your daughter once more, before the world parted us forever, that I came to New York for the first time in my life, expecting to return in an hour. I have been waiting here all the evening for her. I have taken a room, and will go away to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

The old dread of that penetrating face came back to Andersen, and he marched pompously away.

Jennie put her arms affectionately round Miss Gillingham and forced her to sit down, while supper was being brought.

"Why will you go back to-morrow?" she asked. "Stay a little while with us, New York is such an interesting place. I will not let you come here for the first time in your life, and go away without seeing the great city, and I shall be so glad to have you with me, Miss Gillingham. Indeed, you do not know how often I think of you; I am deeply sensible of my obligations to you. Why cannot you

live with us always?" she whispered, kissing her, while sincere tears filled her eyes.

The little teacher, sobbing, took Jennie's hand and kissed it. "Darling girl, I knew you had not forgotten me. How I have prayed for your welfare. What a break in my life your going was; you were my only hope. I never doubted that you loved me still, when your letters did not come. Now, that I have seen I was right, I shall go back to my work among the negroes, happier for the impulse that brought me here, to learn the truth from your lips, and see you for the last time; for Jennie, life has separated us. How can you know a teacher in a negro school?"

"I stay in New York with you, my darling, and live with you? You cannot mean it when you ask me. How could I be happy here, even if I had the money? My work, while I live, is to teach the negro. You see that I am no longer young," she said, smiling faintly and pressing her hand on her gray head.

She paused for a moment, and then a playful smile broke over her sad face as she said: "I never dreamed, Jennie, that I was bringing you up to be such a woman of fashion as I now see you. You know I was born a Quaker, and they do not approve of worldly living and showy dress."

The night wore on. The confused hum in the streets died away to silence, but still they sat, forgetful of the day that was to part them. Miss Gillingham listened with deep interest to Jen-

nie's description of Mr. William Anspach, her betrothed. His wealth, position and abilities were dwelt on with fervor. Then came the details of Jennie's life in New York, much of which the teacher could not appreciate ; it was another world to her. The tears started in her eyes as she saw the impassable gulf between them.

"Never mind, dear child," she said, as Jennie paused, "I can't help crying a little."

Miss Gillingham avoided saying much about her home. But when Jennie ceased to talk of herself, the questions about Virginia fell thick and fast. Where was old Auntie Emma ? Gone with the tide that swept the negroes West, no one knew where. Abraham Lincoln Jones, Jennie's playmate, had never been heard from. Poor old Mrs. Erskine died in the rickety Manor. Mr. Hood was now the leader of the negro followers of General Billy Mahone, in eastern Virginia.

Last of all, Jennie asked about Harry Erskine.

"He is a drummer for a firm in Baltimore," Miss Gillingham replied ; "he travels a great deal all over the country, they tell me. He has not been in Lunenberg since you went away. Have you never heard of him in New York ?" she asked, looking anxiously at Jennie.

"No," Jennie answered sharply.

"Harry Erskine's father told me that his son had seen Mr. Andersen in New York," the teacher said.

"My father never says a word to me about

any one he meets ; in fact he never talks at all," Jennie laughed.

"I want to put you on your guard against Erskine," Miss Gillingham replied impressively. "From what his father says, I am sure he has watched you and knows all about you. He must often come to New York and may do you an injury here. You know what a bad fellow he is."

They did not speak for a few minutes, Miss Gillingham was absorbed in thought. At length she looked up with an embarrassed manner, that quickly passed away. "Jennie," she whispered in a tender voice, "tell me that you have told Mr. William Anspach all about your birth."

Jennie's face flushed as she gave Miss Gillingham a glance of proud self-reliance. The glance was her only answer.

Then the bell of a neighboring church struck three and Miss Gillingham rose with a sigh. "It will soon be dawn," she said in a trembling voice.

Jennie went with her to the room she had engaged. "You must leave the hotel by ten o'clock. I will call you at nine, and take you down in the carriage after breakfast," Jennie said cheerfully, as she kissed the teacher.

When Jennie had gone, Miss Gillingham sat at the window for a few minutes, looking at the glare of the great city's lights in the narrow space of sky between the tall buildings. Then, without undressing, she lay down for an hour. At four o'clock she rose, packed her small bag, and descending the

stairs, paid the bill to the sleepy clerk, who asked no questions, as she passed out into the darkness.

The policeman under the corner gaslight stared suspiciously at the solitary woman inquiring the way to the Pennsylvania Railroad Ferry, who told him that she was going South on the six o'clock train. He looked at her bag, and warned her that she might be robbed walking alone in the city at that early hour.

"There are no cars running yet," he said.

"Then I must walk," the teacher replied, as she started on. But the policeman followed her and insisted on conducting her to the next officer whose beat lay in her path, and so she was handed on through the dark streets, from one policeman to another till she reached the depot and was gone.

At nine o'clock in the morning Jennie found the teacher's room empty and on the bureau lay a note.

"Good-by, dear child, I cannot bear a parting with you. When you read this I shall be far on my journey."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE RUIN OF POKONO.

ABOUT that time there swept over the United States an unaccountable lull in the material growth of the country. One of the periodic spells of trade depression, that regularly every few years takes possession of the inhabitants of the most hopeful land on the globe, had begun.

"What is the matter, we are going to ruin," every one cried.

"Bad legislation and the high tariff are bankrupting us," answered the cynic.

"My dear sir," replied a wise man, "if bad legislation and a bad tariff could bankrupt the United States, we should have been ruined long ago."

On this occasion every industry and enterprise stood still or retrograded.

The Pokono and Sweetwater Company was the last to suffer. The credit of the Anspachs and General Andersen kept it alive and prosperous, long after everything else had fallen into the slough of despond.

But this could not last, the enterprise was not half finished, and it had nothing to show in earnings, being supported entirely by new subscriptions from the public.

Bill Anspach worked like a beaver. He was everywhere day and night, preparing glowing descriptions of the condition of the Pokono property for the newspapers, encouraging timid subscribers, and visiting capitalists with tempting offers for new subscriptions.

Failing to catch the big fish, he angled for the little ones. He even dropped in on Fishbourne one day in his office, and asked him why he did not buy some Pokono and Sweetwater bonds as an investment. Fishbourne answered with a smile, that he had very little time to attend to his money matters, so busy was he in court ; but he had often thought of buying Pokono bonds and would look into the matter at once.

"Confound the lawyers," Bill thought, as he went down the steps. "They make money out of the community, and no one ever gets anything out of them in return. In court, the fellow says—the little office quill driver. I will be bound he has not been in court for months, not since he courted Jennie Andersen and lost his case."

That night Bill met Amory at the club. They sat down to dinner together. Old Abbot, the principal stockholder in Amory's newspaper, had a large amount of Pokono bonds that he had bought from Bill a long time before, at half the price paid for them by other people, with the understanding thrown in on Abbot's part, that he would help the sale of Pokono, by puffing the enterprise in the *Enquirer*. While Amory and Bill were eating their

dessert, Bill introduced the subject of the railroad :

"How is Pokono getting along in these hard times?" Amory asked. "I have often wondered whether the present financial troubles would interfere with such a sound enterprise as yours."

"We are prosperous," replied Bill. "And Amory, we can sell you some Pokono bonds, low. As you are an editor, I will put you down for a lot at the same price that old Abbot paid nine months ago."

"I did not know Mr. Abbot had any bonds," Amory replied with a laugh. "I am a literary fellow and have nothing to do with railroads."

The next morning down went the price of Pokono on the Stock Exchange. Old Abbot without a doubt, was offering his bonds for sale in the market, warned by his literary fellow, Amory, that Bill and Pokono were in distress for money.

The more industriously Bill Anspach worked to get subscriptions for Pokono, the darker affairs became. His father, care-worn and anxious, discouraged his activity ; while Andersen sat all day in the company's private offices, pooh-poohing the bad condition of financial affairs, which he said would change in a few days.

General Andersen often missed a week at the Hardenbergs now. After dinner he and Bill always spent long hours in consultation with John Anspach.

Grosvenor Hardenberg told his wife that Andersen staid away, because Pokono was having a hard time in Wall Street.

Old John Anspach and Andersen had spent as much of their own money as they were willing to spend on Pokono. They wanted subscribers,—they wanted other people's money to bear the risk for them. They were afraid to stem the Pokono tide without the Public's help. In vain Bill had urged that bold buying of the securities would keep up the price, and tide over the dangerous present. He did not tell them that he had bought boldly on his own private account when the trouble first came, and that his last dollar was exhausted. What a revelation the truth would have been to old John Anspach ! His sharp son Bill, with his last dollar gone.

At last Bill grew tired of conferences with cool old heads, that ended in nothing.

Affairs were in this situation, when one afternoon, as Mortimor Hardenberg was going home, he accidentally met Bill coming down the bank steps. The meeting was premeditated on Bill's part. He had been trying for a week to fall in with Mortimor accidentally on the way home.

The brothers-in-law entered a cab together, and before the first cross street was reached, Mortimor was talking excitedly to his calm companion about Pokono and Sweetwater.

"I heard what you said to your father and General Andersen to-day, Mr. Anspach," he said. "It is a shame that they will not keep up the price of the bonds, by buying them in the market. This trouble will not last long ; Pokono bonds are

declining in price for lack of friends to support them. Why, the two millions of bonds that the bank owns show a loss of \$500,000. I think General Andersen is more inclined to take your view of the matter than your father is."

"That is true," Bill replied, "but I have no doubt I shall win my father over in a few days. It is a great chance to make a fortune. We ought to buy up all the securities of our road at the present low price."

"Why don't you buy up Pokono yourself, alone, Mr. Anspach?" Mortimor asked in a confidential tone.

"It would not be prudent," replied Bill benignantly, thinking of the fortune he had already lost in that way. I have no doubt the old man will come round to my way of thinking in a day or two, and then we will make things hum. I will let you know how matters are going, Mortimor. It gives me pleasure to see you take such an interest in our enterprise."

Then Bill let himself down to Mortimor familiarly, with small chat about the bank, in a way that he had never done before. When they parted he told Mortimor he would like him to ride up with him every afternoon—an immense piece of condescension that sent Mortimor home with his nose in the air, to tell Elsie that her brother Bill was the ablest man in New York.

Mortimor rode up the next evening with Bill, who said that his father was coming round to

his views rapidly, and would shortly buy a lot of Pokonos.

Andersen is anxious to buy too, he added, and altogether the prospect of a sudden rise in the bonds is good. "You might buy some yourself, Mortimor, without any risk," Bill added reflectively.

"Now, I will tell you the truth," answered Mortimor. "Every dollar I have in the world is in Pokono on a margin with a broker, and he has been threatening to sell me out, and ruin me, for a week."

"Phew!" whistled Bill, "I did not know you ever speculated, Mortimor."

He did not speak for a few moments, and Mortimor, foolish fellow, fully expected an offer of a loan, with which he could pay his debts.

But Bill seemed too much absorbed in the fortunes of Pokono itself, to notice Mortimor's trouble.

"Mortimor," he continued, "you and I can do all that is necessary to sustain the price of Pokono bonds in the market. I will come to your house to-night and have a quiet talk with you about it—Stop, it would be better if we dined together at the club at seven o'clock. Now, mind you do not tell a word of what we have been talking about to Elsie."

Bill Anspach saw his opportunity. Mortimor Hardenberg was in a tight place, and he felt sure he could make a tool of him, as he had intended to do.

Mr. William Anspach, vice-president of Anspach's bank, the distinguished financier, had

determined to commit a crime, and it was necessary to have Mortimor for his accomplice.

Mortimor was first teller in the bank. Bill and he had charge of the private vault, containing General Andersen's and old John Anspach's securities. The son and son-in-law had different keys, both of which were necessary to unlock the vault. Bill's aim was to gain Mortimor's consent to take Andersen's and John Anspach's treasures in the private vault, to borrow money on, and then to use the money borrowed, in buying up Pokono bonds in Bill's own name. When the Pokono bonds advanced in price he would sell out, redeem the stolen securities and return them to the vault. No one would be the loser, he thought; Pokono and Sweetwater would triumph, and he would pocket a handsome fortune.

William Anspach deliberately commit the crime of theft?—Impossible! Had the strain of managing the great Pokono enterprise, and the rude shock of the loss of his money, temporarily unhinged his reasoning faculties, and destroyed his moral equipoise; or had he absolutely gone stark mad?

Neither of these misfortunes had befallen him. He was still the same cool Bill, weighing chances, and taking risks when he saw they were necessary to success.

The reasons why William Anspach, in the full possession of his senses, was willing to steal, were these. The crime, he thought, would uphold the

finances of the Pokono and Sweetwater enterprise, and would recover for him the money he had lost. He felt sure of the success of his plan based on the theft, and when the former had been successfully carried out, he knew the latter would remain forever concealed. For these reasons he held the theft to be a legitimate act for a master-hand like his to perform.

Bill was a law to himself. He had seen his father, as president of corporations, rob his stockholders, again and again, by well-known tricks, that were only condemned by the thin-skinned and the virtuous. The theft that he proposed to commit, was no greater wrong than the robberies his father had committed; the only difference being, that the law would punish his crime if discovered, while it did not reach his father's.

Why should a smart fellow like Bill Anspach be afraid to commit a secret crime, that, although condemned by law, was really no more wrong than the acts of his respected father, when he was sure that the results of his crime would greatly benefit the only persons who would object to it—namely, his father and General Andersen? Thus a thief reasoned.

Who would have imagined, when the brothers-in-law were seated in the elegant dining-room of the club that night, that there was a theft hatching in the mind of the dignified, patronizing Bill, the trusted financier, nodding easily to Fishbourne, who had stopped to ask Mortimor how Elsie was?

While they were dining, Bill's talk was of every-

thing but Pokono ; of horses, dogs, shooting, men about town, till Mortimor began to fear he would not hear anything that evening to help him out of his money troubles. Dinner over, Bill proposed a walk up Fifth Avenue.

As soon as they were in the street, he plunged at once into the subject.

"Mortimor, you and I have got to take care of Pokono in the market. My father and General Andersen are too old to look out for it. They yesterday gave me full authority to go ahead and do whatever I thought was necessary. You and I must do the business together."

"What are we to do?" asked Mortimor briskly.

"Borrow money on some of my father's and Andersen's securities now in the vault," replied Bill slowly, "and buy up Pokono stock and bonds. When the market advances we can sell out, make a fortune, and put my father's and the General's securities under lock and key again."

There was a dead silence for a minute, as the two men walked together. Mortimor breathed quickly with excitement. He was on the point of saying, "Mr. Anspach, neither you nor I have any right to take the securities out of your father's vault, without written authority from him and General Andersen." But the thought came to him, "This is Mr. Bill Anspach, vice-president of the bank. He says his father and Andersen have given him full authority to go ahead ; it is not my business to ask questions. If Vice-Presi-

dent Anspach is doing wrong, it is his own look-out. If I ask questions it may put a stop to his plan for advancing the price of Pokono bonds, and I shall not get back the money I have lost in them. Then, too, if I object, it will make an enemy of my brother-in-law and ruin my advancement in the bank."

"Well, Mortimor, what do you think of it?" Bill asked carelessly.

"I think you know best, Mr. Anspach," Mortimor replied timidly. "I believe it could be done easily and a large fortune made."

"Well, you have a level head, I see," said Bill. "Now, I want to tell you everything, for I have been thinking of this matter pretty hard lately. When we have carried through our speculation, my father will probably put me at the head of the bank, and then I will make you cashier. Furthermore, I intend to give you a quarter of all our profits in the speculation we are about to undertake. But remember, Mortimor, our success depends upon the quiet way in which we manage this. You must not breathe a word about it to my father or General Andersen, nor Elsie; no one must know that we are using my father's and Andersen's treasures from the vault. For although they have consented to my plan, they are supposed to know nothing of what we do."

Then the absurdity of Bill Anspach's story stared Mortimor in the face. It was impossible that John Anspach and General Andersen could have given him permission to take their treasures in this

way. Mortimor fully realized what he before suspected—Bill was lying. Did he stop and decline to go farther with the thief? Not he; he congratulated himself that he had held his tongue. The little fool thought to himself, "I am not responsible for acts done under the direction of Vice-President Bill. It will be all right in the end, and I shall get back the money I lost." And then he chuckled to himself, as he thought that he shared in the profits, and took none of the risk.

The next day at ten o'clock Bill came to Mortimor's desk, and together they went down the narrow stairs to the bank vault. There, each with his separate key, they opened the big receptacle of the private fortunes of John Anspach and General Andersen.

Ah! it was a sight to make a New Yorker weep with envy. Big piles of bonds and certificates of stock were arranged with nice regularity, and on a stool were the scissors and litter left by Bill the week before, when he and Mortimor had fulfilled their duty in cutting off the coupons from a pile of bonds.

"I think I will take these," said Bill, coolly packing a pile of \$500,000 of New York Central bonds in a bag, that stood in the corner. The robbery was begun.

Pokono bonds were selling at 40 per cent. The next day they began to advance on heavy purchases. John Anspach and General Andersen asked Bill to explain the cause of the advance.

"I have been working hard to convince people they ought to buy," he replied, "and they are beginning to believe it. Everybody is buying Pokono, and the price will go a great deal higher."

"I told you the trouble would not last," Andersen said to Anspach.

There was great joy in the bank, and in the Pokono offices over the rise in the bonds, when it continued day after day. Every one wore a mien of serene confidence. Bill went about with an air of abstraction, and told his friends that the Pokono enterprise was so nearly completed that the public was buying up the bonds.

A week rolled by. A week is often a lifetime in Wall Street, and on this occasion it was a lifetime for Bill Anspach. Bill found that the public would not take part with him in buying Pokono. His brokers accumulated a great pile of bonds for him, and another visit had to be paid by the conspirators to the vault, for the treasures to borrow more money with. So it continued from week to week.

There were twenty millions of Pokono bonds on the market and as Bill bought them up, the pile of good securities in General Andersen's and John Anspach's vault diminished.

Did Bill stop and think whither events were tending? He did not. It was impossible to stop; to stop was to break down. He worried a great deal and lay awake all night. But he was in for it, and Bill Anspach, as his father had said, had the deter-

mination of the devil. He kept on buying Pokono as long as his father's treasure lasted. A change might come in the temper of the market, and he said to himself, with a grim smile, that he might as well be hung for stealing a sheep as a lamb.

Mortimor, when he found that his brother-in-law was carrying affairs with such a high hand, became alarmed and sold his Pokono bonds. Then he tried to think that he had cut loose from the trouble and was safe. In which opinion he was as correct as the ostrich is, who buries his head in the sand and imagines that he is hidden.

The time at length came when the treasures in the vault were all gone. The conspirators could borrow no more money, and Pokono began to drop in price again.

There was nothing for Bill to do now but to sit down and wait. He could buy no more bonds without money, and there were no good securities left to borrow money with. Nobody was fool enough to loan money on such worthless trash as Pokono.

He and Mortimor had piled the declining Pokono securities day after day in the vault. The substitution of the new for the old was not a disadvantageous one in point of bulk. The Pokono bonds filled the vault, but the loss in value was enormous.

Still the decline continued ; the public would not buy. John Anspach was frightened. In consultation, he told Andersen, in the presence of Bill, that they had been right in not putting any more

money in Pokono and Sweetwater in such times as they were passing through. Little did he dream that all he had in the world, and a vast sum beyond it for which he was responsible, was invested and lost in the ruined enterprise.

Bill was, apparently, as cool as a cucumber. If Pokono failed, they were all ruined ; he realized it, but he slept better and tore his hair less in private, as ruin seemed more imminent. When Mortimor asked him disagreeable questions on the way up-town, he said ; “ Hold your tongue ; if you talk to any one, you are a ruined man. If you keep quiet, everything will come right in a little while.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

NOT A STRANGER.

GENERAL ANDERSEN was on his way down Fifth Avenue one evening, and there, in the full blaze of a jeweler's show window, blocking the way and staring him full in the face, stood Harry Erskine.

It was the first time Erskine had been in New York, since he met Andersen at the stock exchange. A glance of hatred shot out from his face as Andersen avoided him without a sign of recognition.

Erskine turned and followed the erect figure at a distance till he saw Andersen stalk down Fifty-sixth Street and enter the Hardenberg's. Then he crossed the street and sat down on the steps opposite.

"I wonder whether Andersen lives there with Jennie. I will see her this time, if I have to stay a month," he said to himself. There he sat and dreamed half an hour away, watching the house.

Just as he was getting up to go, Andersen came out. Erskine sat down again until he had gone. He did not care to follow him ; he wanted to see Jennie. "He must live in that house ; and Jennie is there," he thought. Then he wondered why he had never looked in the New York Directory for the Andersens' address.

"If they live there, I'll see Jennie this minute," he suddenly said. "It is a good time while the old man is out," and crossing the street rapidly, Erskine rang the bell with two hard pulls.

"Is Miss Jennie Andersen in?" he asked the servant.

The footman caught the word "Andersen," and replied that General Andersen had just gone out, but would return soon.

"I don't want Andersen," Erskine growled contemptuously, "I want to see Miss Jennie Andersen."

Mrs. Hardenberg, who was always on the alert during Andersen's visiting hours, heard the noise at the door and came downstairs, half fearing that something had gone wrong with the General.

"This man asked for General Andersen," the footman said. "I told him he would be back soon. Now, he says he wants to see Miss Jennie."

Erskine began to contradict again, but Mrs. Hardenberg interrupted him by saying :

"Miss Jennie Andersen lives with her father at the Albemarle Hotel. Who are you?"

"I am Mr. Erskine, of Virginia," replied Harry, and he was off.

He had not gone half a block, when he recognized Andersen in the darkness returning.

"I will go right up to the Albemarle Hotel and see Jennie while her father is away," he thought, as he darted into the druggist's on the corner and found the number in the Directory.

Erskine's efforts to see Jennie would have been in

vain, had he sent his card up to her at the Albe-marle, and waited to be summoned. But ignorant of the ways of the world, when the clerk dispatched a messenger with his name, he followed him up the wide staircase.

Nursing his impudence by glaring contemptuously at the frescoed ceiling and showy furniture, Erskine burst in on Jennie as she rose from beside Bill Anspach, with the card she had just received from the messenger, held wonderingly in her hand.

The Andersens' parlor was the most exclusive spot in the great hotel. Proprietor and servants all stood in great awe of it. When the messenger saw Miss Andersen's wondering eyes staring at something behind him, and turned, to find Erskine there, he raised his hand with a gesture of despair, frightened by the vision of his instant dismissal from service, for permitting such a breach of good manners by a visitor.

"How de do, Jennie," began Erskine, his voice rising towards the end of the sentence, under Bill Anspach's insolent stare.

"Mr. Erskine," Jennie answered, and remained standing. Bill turned to the window, and yawning, looked out at the lighted shop windows across the way.

Opposite Jennie Andersen was a large mirror. In it she beheld herself, as she stood there with the color in her beautiful face deepened to the shade of the red roses at her waist, her tall form drawn up, and her white hand with a diamond glistening

on it, holding Erskine's card. Close beside this lovely figure stood Erskine—a short man, with a bad, passionate face, in a thread-bare coat and foul linen. This was the fellow who put his arm round her waist in the kitchen in Virginia, when they were alone.

It was all over in an instant, before the servant could leave the room. Erskine made a step forward and lifted his hand to offer it. Jennie swept past him out of the door, without a word or look. Then the servant touched Erskine's arm, and motioned towards the entry. Bill Anspach did not even take the trouble to look round.

Erskine shook off the servant's touch, as he felt mechanically in his pocket for a pistol. Luckily there was not one there. How he passed through the door and down the stairs, he could not remember when he reached the street. That night, as he pulled down the scanty covering on his dirty bed in a Bowery hotel, he was cursing Jennie Andersen, and he fell asleep devising a plan to expose her disgraceful birth in New York.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

WHEN Harry Erskine awoke next morning, he was determined in his resolve to revenge himself. He had come to New York to have a lark for a week, but all plans of dissipation, were surrendered to the desire to work the disgrace and ruin of Jennie Andersen by exposing her birth. How could he tell the world his tale? He knew no one. If he went to the house top and proclaimed that Jennie Andersen was a negress, who would listen to him? The police would lock him up for a lunatic.

He sauntered along down-town. Down, down, he thought the big city had no end. At last he came to the Astor House, and looking across the way, there was the great sign of the *New York Advertiser*.

He thought of wonderful stories he had read in the newspapers about the private lives of people who were in domestic trouble, or who had committed crime. Why would not the *Advertiser* publish his tale of Jennie Andersen's early life? Acting on this idea, he crossed the wide street, walked into the office and asked for the editor.

"What editor? we have twenty. Go upstairs on the tenth floor if you want to find the Editorial Department," replied an office clerk with great stress on the word "department."

Erskine stumbled into the elevator, and getting out when it stopped, found himself in a long room filled with desks, at which dozens of men in their shirt-sleeves were smoking and writing.

He addressed the first person he came to, "I want the *Advertiser* to publish a story about General Andersen of New York, and his daughter, who is an octoroon from Virginia," he said.

"You don't mean General Andersen, the great banker?" replied the man.

"I do mean him," answered Erskine. And then he began to relate the history of poor Jennie's birth.

"Stop a second," interrupted his hearer, and going away for a moment he came back accompanied by an elderly man, with keen eyes behind gold spectacles, who took a seat without a word, and looking Erskine over searchingly, heard his story from beginning to end.

"Where are you stopping in the city?" asked the spectacled man.

Harry gave his address in the Bowery.

"Hum. Any friends here?"

"No," replied Harry.

"Hum," said the spectacled man again. "My friend, we never attack the unfortunate in our columns. Good-morning."

Erskine slunk away. He would not have felt so crestfallen had he heard what the chief editor said to his assistant.

"Mr. Ely, make a note of the locality and of all these names. We will send Mr. Thomas down to Virginia at once, to get the facts and write up this story. I am afraid to take information against such a man as General Andersen, from a fellow without any friends who stops at a Bowery hotel. But if there is anything in what he says, it will be very valuable. It will either make a great sensation for the paper, or we may use it as a threat in some emergency to control Amory of the *Enquirer*, for General Andersen and the *Enquirer's* largest stockholders are intimate friends."

A glass of beer and a sandwich at the Astor House renewed Erskine's courage. While he wiped his lips with the back of his hand he was saying to himself: "They would not publish my story because I have no friends. If I only were known to some one—" Then it occurred to him that he was known to some one—the lady he saw the night before in Fifty-sixth Street; she must have mentioned his visit to Andersen, he thought. But perhaps Andersen had denied all knowledge of him.—Yet, still the incident of his visit was a kind of identification, and why not try to start his story by telling it to the lady?

Now Erskine was on his way to the Hardenbergs. Passing a stationer's store, he bought

some cards, and inscribed his name on one with a flourish :

“HARRY ERSKINE,
“*Of Virginia.*”

Presenting this card, he asked the servant at the door whether he could see the lady he had seen the night before. “You mean Mrs. Hardenberg, I suppose,” replied the footman as he took the card, and closed the inner door, leaving Harry in the vestibule.

But Erskine did not have to wait long. The man was back again almost immediately with Mrs. Hardenberg.

“Walk into the drawing-room, sir,” she said, with her blandest manner. She felt sure the Virginian had something to tell her about the Andersens.

In the room there was an awkward pause ; Erskine was not abashed, but he did not know how to begin. Mrs. Hardenberg helped him along by saying. “You inquired for General Andersen and his daughter, last night ?”

“No, I asked for Miss Jennie,” answered Erskine.

“I remembered your name after you had gone and mentioned it to General Andersen, but he said he did not know you,” replied Mrs. Hardenberg in a soft, inquiring tone.

Now, Harry Erskine, in a burst of rage, was himself.

“He does not know me !” he cried, with clenched hands and distorted face. “He lies,

He is my cousin. He knew me well enough when he lived for years in a hovel with a black woman. Curse him ! He is my cousin. We never let him enter our house by the front door, when he came to work to keep himself from starving, with his black woman and Jennie, her child. He always ate in the kitchen with the black servants. Jennie worked there and ate there, too. My grandmother whipped her well, many a time.

"He does not know me, and Jennie does not know me, I suppose. I have walked with her many a day to the black school, where she was taught with all the other black children by Miss Gillingham, the white teacher.

"The Andersens don't know me ! They have eaten our cold victuals and blacked my boots, and been spat upon at our back door, and they would be living in this way in Virginia still, if the people who dug up Andersen's old grave-yard had not found gold for him."

"Do you mean to tell me," cried Mrs. Hardenberg, when she could break in on his passionate speech, "that Miss Jennie Andersen, who is engaged to marry my friend and relation Mr. William Anspach, is a black woman ?"

"Yes I do," replied Harry. "Her mother was a quadroon, born a slave in Virginia. We call such people black."

As Harry went on, flattered by the interest that Mrs. Hardenberg showed, his temper cooled. Not an incident of the Andersens' poor lives was omitted.

He gave a description of black Lucy, Jennie's mother, of the negro school and of Miss Gillingham. He finished with the story of the search for General Thomsen's sword and uniform, and the finding of the treasure in the old grave-yard.

The remarkable tale bore the stamp of truth. Even the finding of the gold, improbable as it seemed, did not shake Mrs. Hardenberg's belief. What a tale, the negro hovel, and then the grave-yard treasure!—truly luck had smiled on the Andersens more miraculously in Virginia, than in anything that had occurred to make them millionaires in New York.

When Erskine paused, Mrs. Hardenberg asked why he came again to inquire at her house about the Andersens, when she had told him the night before that they lived at the Albemarle Hotel.

"I did not come to ask about them, I came to see you," he answered. And then he told her how Jennie had turned her back on him in the drawing-room.

"I want to let you, and all New York know that Jennie Andersen is black," he cried passionately.

Mrs. Hardenberg lifted her hands and eyebrows towards the ceiling with an expression of horror.

"Well, Mr. Erskine, this is certainly a very extraordinary story," she said. "I am obliged to you for putting me on my guard against Miss Andersen. I have an engagement now. If you will come to me to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock I will

talk with you further. But let what you have told me be your secret and mine."

As Mrs. Hardenberg went slowly upstairs to dress, she was thinking how lucky it was that Maud had not been at home to hear Erskine's story. "She must never hear it, it will prejudice her against the General; there is really nothing against Andersen himself," she thought. "But to think of that girl Jennie, who is doing all she can to take the General away from us, one of the primroses of society—a black woman. I always thought she was a bad creature," she said to herself.

Mrs. Hardenberg met Harry Erskine at the appointed hour next day. Her mind was made up. It would be a great advantage to her plot to marry Maud to General Andersen, if she could destroy the influence of her enemies, the Anspachs, with the Andersens, by breaking the engagement between Jennie and Bill.

She would break the engagement by sending Erskine to Bill Anspach, with his tale of Jennie's miserable birth and life in Virginia.

Would the exposure of Jennie's birth sever the tie with Bill? Bill Anspach wed a negress!—he, the pink of the down-town swells, the heavy man of the clubs, admired by the women, and feared by the men! marry a woman born a black outcast! It was only necessary to breathe the tale to him to bring everything to an end.

Another thought came to Mrs. Hardenberg. Could Jennie's money save her? Not when there

were hundreds of other rich girls. New York was full of them. If Jennie were the only one, she would not be so sure of Bill.

But was the story of this man Erskine true ; and how could she prove it to be true without exposing her connection with the plot ? for no soul must ever know that her hand was behind Erskine.

"What proof have you, Mr. Erskine," she suddenly asked, "that there is no mistake about the identity of Miss Andersen ? Are you sure that she is the same person you knew in Virginia ?"

"The same person," replied Erskine impatiently. "Don't I know the girl ? Isn't Andersen my cousin ? Don't they know me ? Why, I can show you a picture of Jennie in the schoolroom at home with her colored mates beside her."

"Show it to me," answered Mrs. Hardenberg triumphantly.

"I'll send for it to Virginia to-night," Harry replied.

Three days afterwards he came back with a dirty, faded photograph of the interior of Miss Gillingham's negro school and there among the pupils Mrs. Hardenberg, with a shudder of gratification, recognized Jennie Andersen.

"Mr. Erskine," she said solemnly, "I think it is your duty to inform the gentleman who is engaged to marry Miss Andersen, what she is. Mr. William Anspach's sister is my daughter-in-law, and I will do anything I can to save him from disgrace. But remember, it must never be known that I aided

you, and there must be no publicity given to the story—no one but Mr. Anspach shall hear it.”

“If Anspach is the proud fellow I saw with Jennie Andersen at the hotel,” replied Harry, “it will give me great pleasure to cram the whole story down his throat, and then show him the picture.”

Mrs. Hardenberg drew close to Erskine; “Now, I want you to listen carefully and follow my directions. Tell me again, why do you want to make this exposure of Jennie Andersen?”

“For revenge,” hissed Erskine. “That girl and her father have treated me shamefully. Even when she was in Virginia she always thought herself above her place. I want to bring her down.”

“You can have your revenge and make some money, too,” Mrs. Hardenberg answered softly. “Swear never to reveal my name in the matter and to follow my directions, in exposing Jennie Andersen’s birth, and I will give you \$500.”

Five hundred dollars—pew!—Harry Erskine had never had a tenth of that sum at one time, in all his life. He looked at Mrs. Hardenberg as if he could not believe his senses.

There was the low hum of confidential conversation between them for half an hour, and when Erskine went away he carried a roll of bank notes in his pocket.

Five hundred dollars was a small amount for Mrs. Hardenberg just then. Had not Grosvenor Hardenberg made a great deal of money lately speculating on the bear side in Pokono bonds, led

thereto by his wife's advice, which advice was founded on the lugubrious stories of the financial straits of the Pokono and Sweetwater enterprise, that General Andersen told her and Maud in the evening?

The next morning Mrs. Hardenberg and Maud met Jennie Andersen shopping at Arnold's. Mrs. Hardenberg forced an unwilling kiss from her, and thought, as she did so, "You are black, my queen. When Bill Anspach knows it, you will never get a kiss from him."

Mrs. Hardenberg had thought what a pity it was, that she could not make public her discovery of Jennie's disgraceful birth, as a neat piece of revenge against Bill Anspach, for his trick in tossing her overboard in Tuxedo Lake. As it was, she was rendering him a benefit by privately informing him that Jennie was a negress, in time to prevent the marriage, and the secret must remain forever hidden from the world, for General Andersen's sake. To make Jennie's history public would ruin Mrs. Hardenberg with General Andersen and the Anspachs.

The hate and malice of the woman of the world, must be sacrificed to the plans of the scheming mother.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A BRUTE MEETS A THIEF.

BILL ANSPACH was alone in his private room down-town, at five o'clock in the afternoon. He went home late and alone every day now.

Mortimor was never with him. They held aloof from each other.

Everything had gone wrong. Pokono bonds had fallen lower and lower. There was the big vault full of trash, waste paper ; his father's and Andersen's treasures all gone, and nothing wanting but discovery, to bring on a panic and ruin them all.

It was all Bill's work, from the scheme of the railroad to the enormous theft in the vault. There was no soul to go to for help—not even Mortimor, who turned white with fear whenever he saw Bill.

But another trouble had come to Bill the night before—he and Jennie were to be married in two months.

A few days earlier his mother had given him one of her periodical lectures on the folly of his not being married at once, which she followed up with a note to Jennie on the same subject.

Wilhelmina had written many notes of this kind to Jennie, who always laughed at them. But why did she pause gravely with this one in her hand, and

admit to herself that it was time she should be married?—it was the interview with Harry Erskine at the Albemarle Hotel, and the recollection of Miss Gillingham's warning against him.

It would be difficult for Erskine to injure Jennie as a married woman. Who would believe him if he said that the queenly Mrs. Bill Anspach was a negress? But unmarried—a breath of suspicion would ruin her as Jennie Andersen.

When Bill came in the evening, Jennie put her arms round his neck and told him she had another letter from his mother. Before they parted the wedding-day was fixed for April 3.

As Bill sat alone in the back room down-town that afternoon, with head bowed in his hands, and reviewed all his troubles, his approaching marriage seemed the worst of them. He knew that if discovery of his enormous thefts came, the Andersens would be as completely ruined as the Anspachs. To marry Jennie under these circumstances was adding her losses to his—doubling his misfortunes in fact.

He viewed the matter entirely from his own stand-point. Jennie's share of the disgrace of his crime, when they were married, never entered his head. It only seemed to him such a ghastly thing to marry a girl, who all the world thought had plenty of money, knowing as he did that she had not a cent.

He did not bother himself much about his crime of theft, because he did not think it became a

crime until he was found out. Loss of his money was his only crime as yet. But his theft of Jennie's money was her crime, and he thought it a hideous piece of folly for him to marry such a criminal as she was.

But what was the use in fretting about it; he could not break his engagement. Such a step would bring on a quarrel between the houses of Anspach and Andersen; and an attempt by General Andersen to withdraw his money from the bank, meant discovery and ruin. Then the marriage was two months off, a generation for a man in Wall Street. By that time Pokono and Sweetwater might recover, and be on its legs again.

Bill started up, washed his hands, brushed his hair, and pushed against the screen door to go home. It would not yield at first. When he opened it, a man stood before him trying to get in. It was Harry Erskine.

"Good-evening, Mr. Anspach," he said; "you don't know me, I see. I met you some time ago at the Albemarle Hotel with Miss Andersen. My name is Erskine—Harry Erskine of Virginia."

"Well, what do you want?" answered Bill, trying to push past him, and get rid of the annoyance of a common fellow.

"I only want to have a moment's conversation with you, Mr. Anspach," Harry replied. "I want to tell you something you will thank me for."

Bill went back into the room with a gesture of impatience, followed by Erskine. There he re-

mained standing, eyeing Erskine suspiciously, who sat down.

"I know Miss Andersen quite well," began Erskine in a confidential tone, "and—"

"Well, what of that?" Bill broke in.

"Did she never mention my name to you?" Erskine asked, with a dark look.

"No," replied Bill complacently, who never had a refined lover's delicate feelings or fears about his sweetheart, and did not care whether this fellow had known Jennie Andersen intimately or not.

Then Erskine got up, and standing before Bill, said in a low tone: "Mr. Anspach, I came here to do you a great service, I came here to tell you that the woman you are engaged to marry is a black woman."

Bill looked at him a second without understanding him.

"A black woman, what do you mean?" he repeated slowly.

"I mean that Miss Andersen is what you people in the North call a colored person. General Andersen is her father. Her mother was an unmarried quadroon," replied Erskine.

Most men in Bill Anspach's situation would have proceeded in a great rage to eject the informer from the door as a blackmailer. Bill said "Ah" coolly, and sat down.

"Who sent you here with this foolish story," he asked, after a little reflection.

"I came of my own will," answered Erskine,

with a frank look to cover the lie. "Now, Mr. Anspach, you never saw me before but once, the evening I met you at General Andersen's, with Miss Jennie, and I don't expect you to believe the story of a stranger without evidence. I have brought a picture with me that will show you Miss Jennie Andersen—the lady you are to marry—as she was when she went to school in Virginia."

Erskine here produced the soiled photograph from his pocket, and, retaining it firmly in his grasp, he turned it to the light. There Bill saw a picturesque scene of the interior of a log school-house, with two bench rows of negro children reciting to the white teacher at her desk. The class sat in every imaginable position. There they were, big and little, straight-haired and woolly-headed, and in the center of the front bench, with her hand on the knee of her grinning neighbor—black Abraham Lincoln Jones—was a slim girl, apparently white, easily identified as Miss Jennie Andersen, the proud beauty of New York, the affianced wife of the distinguished financier, Bill Anspach.

Little did Miss Gillingham think when she collected a penny each from the negro scholars, and added a dollar herself, to pay a strolling photographer for his work, what a woeful weapon the picture would be against the happiness of the child she loved.

"Who sent you here with this picture?" asked Bill, as he gazed at the photograph.

"I told you just now that I came of my own accord," Erskine answered doggedly.

Bill looked at him contemptuously from head to foot without a word. Then he buttoned up his coat and moved towards the door as if to go.

"What are you going to do about it, Mr. Anspach?" Erskine asked anxiously.

"Nothing," replied Bill.

Erskine, with a fierce look, "Suppose the story should get in the newspapers, Mr. Anspach?"

"Now look here, my friend," replied Bill earnestly, coming back and sitting down, "there is nothing to be made from me; I will not pay you a dollar."

Erskine struck a position, throwing out his hands vigorously. "I assure you, sir, I do not want a cent."

"What do you want then?" asked Bill coldly.

"I want you to break off your engagement with Jennie Andersen. I expose her to you for revenge. She has treated me badly," cried Erskine passionately.

"Well, you need not get in such a passion about it," replied Bill. "If it is any satisfaction to you to hear it, I am perfectly willing to say that if you keep quiet about this matter, I will not marry the girl; but if you talk, my honor will compel me to prove that your story is a lie, and I will put you in jail for an attempt at blackmail."

"But your honor is not so strong as the proof of this picture," sneered Erskine.

"I don't think that is a picture of Miss Ander-

sen," answered Bill, pointing to the photograph in Erskine's hand ; "and I have a pretty strong pull in New York, my friend. If you get before a magistrate with me it will go hard with you, no matter what your photograph shows. Remember this, though. There are reasons why I don't want to marry the girl, reasons that have nothing to do with your story or your picture, and if you are a sensible man and hold your tongue your wishes will be gratified. Let me see the picture," he said, stretching out his hand carelessly.

Erskine took no notice of the request, except to put the photograph back in his overcoat pocket.

Bill got up to go. "Do we understand each other, then ? Are you to keep quiet ?"

"Yes, I am to keep quiet if you give up the girl," answered Erskine.

"Are you going back to Virginia ?" Bill asked.

"Not yet," replied Erskine, as he handed Bill a card with his name and address in the Bowery. "If you have anything to say, you will find me there." And they parted.

Bill drew a long breath. "I think I have bluffed him for the present," he thought. "I cannot break with the girl now. The next time the fellow comes I must pay him something. Mrs. Hardenberg is at the bottom of it, curse her."

Bill Anspach was a man of nerve, but on the way up-town he was all in a tremble. When he reached his room he locked the door, threw himself on the bed, and went on like a madman. No wonder ; if he

broke with Jennie there would be war between the families, Andersen would call for his funds, and this would expose the robbery. If he paid this fellow Erskine to keep quiet, and did not break his engagement with Jennie—but he could not bear even to think of this. Marry an octoroon and a beggar to boot, with the exposure of his crime hanging over him,—when disgrace and ruin could not be staved off long if Pocono did not recover ! Bill Anspach was in a terrible situation.

Harry Erskine went directly from his interview with Bill Anspach to see Mrs. Hardenberg. She heard his story with breathless attention. When he had finished she said : “ That is just what I expected, Mr. Erskine. Now, you must be patient and wait to see what he will do.”

“ I never saw such a man,” Erskine replied with a sneer. “ He was not a bit startled by what I told him.”

“ Well,” answered Mrs. Hardenberg, rising, “ you come back here in a few days and I shall know how matters are going on.”

Harry Erskine was not born of a money-making race ; his sole object when he first saw Mrs. Hardenberg was to gratify his hatred of the Andersens by exposing Jennie. Bad as he was, he had not then the worldly wisdom to think of turning his secret into money. But Mrs. Hardenberg’s \$500, and Bill Anspach’s assertion that he would not pay anything, opened the villain’s eyes to the possibilities of the situation. He saw he could have his

revenge and fill his pockets at the same time. As he rose to go he turned to Mrs. Hardenberg and said, "You say you are only trying to save your friend William Anspach. He does not seem anxious to be saved, and I don't understand how it is that you are so intimate with old Andersen all the time. But I will ask no questions. Next time I come, I must have some money for expenses."

"You shall have it," replied Mrs. Hardenberg, "if you do just as I tell you to do."

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN APPROACHING CATASTROPHE.

JOHN ANSPACH'S friend, the Hon. Thomas Huckleberry, was in town, just arrived from a voyage abroad on a mission for some of his Chicago friends, to negotiate the sale of a railroad in London.

Mrs. Hardenberg captured Huckleberry on Fifth Avenue, and had him to dine at her house with Andersen the following week. In the evening they went to the opera to hear Patti in "La Forza del Destino."

Mrs. Hardenberg from her box saw Amory and Fishbourne in the orchestra together.

Huckleberry, fresh from scheming with an English syndicate of railway traders, of which Lord Dunderdale was the head, was anxious to air his opinions of the democratic society of New York before the ladies. For had not the aristocratic Dunderdale taken him home over-night to his country seat at Twickenham, accounting for the absence of Lady Dunderdale by saying that she was traveling on the continent, when in fact the good woman was living with her father, an eminent Liverpool bottler of porter and ale, in consequence of Dunderdale's dissipated habits and bankruptcy.

At the end of the first act, Huckleberry glancing from Maud's pretty face over the array of heads in the orchestra, broke forth: "What a difference there is between the people one meets in society in New York and in London. In London, every gentleman is known, and has long had his position. Here you do not know anything about anybody. You are such a mixed lot with your four hundred first families. No one knows what consideration a man is entitled to; even your millionaires have no confidence in their position. Your friend must be rich, but he is always raw—the half cooked product of some railroad scheme or silver mine.

"In no part of the world is the social life of the upper classes held together by so frail a thread as in New York," Huckleberry went on, beginning to talk through his nose as he forgot himself; "they are like birds of passage that band themselves together in flocks for a little while in search of food and shelter, to separate in a few weeks forever. New York is the gate-way through which for a generation, millions of men have passed to the new world every few years, with nothing to lose and everything to gain. Here native born brother forgets brother as they affiliate with the mad crowd of new arrivals, and join in the race for wealth. Those who succeed and rise to the surface, know each other only because they are on the surface; they value their friends merely as having half a million,—one,—two—three millions, just as a milkman

grades his cows for their average yield of milk. He among you who loses his money is immediately forgotten.

“Do the families of these people know each other well? Rarely; there are few associations on which to found a friendship. The meeting at a formal dinner or reception, or at places of public amusement, are the only opportunities for social intercourse, and at such times New Yorkers are so busy vying with each other in vulgar display, that there is little chance for intimate acquaintance or friendship.”

Huckleberry only ceased when Patti burst forth in song. Mrs. Hardenberg and Maude listened with admiration to the disquisition on New York society. Andersen nodded, asleep. While Grosvenor Hardenberg had gone away to the bar-room.

Amory and Fishbourne, seated together in the orchestra, fell to talking at the end of the second act, about priests in Spain and lawyers in the United States, led thereto by the appearance of the Spanish Friar, Guardiano, on the stage. Fishbourne spoke of the Spanish priesthood, and said he could not understand how such a clergy exercised so great an influence over the people of Spain.

“It is the easiest thing to account for in the world,” answered Amory; “in Spain every one leads an aimless existence; there is no struggle to rise in this life, and people have a great deal of time to worry themselves about the next. It is the priest’s opportunity; he assumes the charge of

their souls for the next world about which they are all worried, and hence his influence."

"It is an analogous case," Amory continued with a smile, "to the influence of you lawyers in the United States. You are conceded no such importance by the vulgar mind anywhere else on the globe, as you are here ; and the reason is that in the United States every one is pushing and fighting, fair or foul, to beat his neighbor. It is a fight everywhere all round, and you lawyers are not only in demand for a fight, but you pretend sometimes to make yourselves useful in settling one. From constantly appealing to you for help, unthinking people learn to believe that lawyers know everything of the affairs of this world, just as a Spaniard learns to believe that the priest knows everything of a hereafter. But you and I know how mistaken the people are about lawyers, don't we, old fellow?" he said laughing.

Fishbourne looked grave. "Newspaper men live in glass houses, Amory. You must not throw stones," he replied.

Amory had observed the Hardenbergs, and noticed that Huckleberry and Andersen had gone away and left them alone—"Come, there are Miss Maud and Mrs. Hardenberg," he said to Fishbourne—"Let us go up and speak to them."

When the two men sat down in the box, the thought uppermost in the minds of all was the recent announcement of the wedding day of Jennie Andersen.

Amory was the first to speak of it.

"I hear that Miss Andersen is to be married very shortly, Mrs. Hardenberg," he began. "Your son, Mortimor, told me to-day that Mr. Anspach intended to give Mr. William Anspach a house in Fifty-second Street."

Amory could not resist the opportunity to see how Fishbourne would bear being spoken to about the lady who was supposed to have refused him, and turning to him he said:

"Fishbourne ought to know all about it; he has charge of Mr. Anspach's purchases of real estate."

"I can only say," answered Fishbourne with dignity, "that I have searched a title in Fifty-second Street for Mr. Anspach. Everybody knows of it; it is the talk of the town. Miss Maud will be the next to go, I suppose, and I trust she will make it my duty to search the title of a house for her, too."

When Mrs. Hardenberg reached home, she had made up her mind that when Erskine came to see her the next morning, according to appointment, she would send him to see Bill Anspach again. Fishbourne's acknowledgment that evening, of the purchase of a house by John Anspach for the betrothed couple, was not a surprise to her, but it roused her to action. It had been plain to her for some time that Bill had taken no measures to break off his engagement, and that Erskine's threat to Bill to expose poor Jennie's secret was unheeded. She gathered a great deal of what was going on in the Anspach household from Elsie and Mortimor,

through Maud. She saw but little of the Anspachs herself.

But Mrs. Hardenberg changed her plan during the night; she would send Erskine to see Mrs. Anspach, not Bill. This would bring matters to a climax without a doubt.

Had it ever occurred to Mrs. Hardenberg that she was running a great risk of exposure in plotting with Erskine? Yes, it had, but a woman who plays for a stake is always willing to run a great risk.

She reasoned as follows: She could say that she had acquired the secret of Jennie's birth honestly. In giving it to the Anspachs she was doing them a service, for which she might claim credit with them if she were discovered and quarreled with Andersen, which God forbid. On the other hand, when Jennie Andersen was disgraced with the Anspachs, and her engagement with Bill broken, she felt sure that Jennie's father, cut off from the Anspach influence, would soon fall into her net with Maud; and then she, the proud mother-in-law, could snap her fingers at any one; while Erskine satisfied with the disgrace of Jennie, and with a good round gift of money, would disappear in the wilds of Virginia.

Mrs. Hardenberg regretted that she had taught Erskine how money could be made from his secret. After the suspicions he had given utterance to, and his demand for another payment, she had visions of being blackmailed by him, and made to pay in the future for her plotting.

But what was done could not be undone ; she was in the thick of it, and must push ahead.

Erskine came. "Have you heard anything from Mr. William Anspach?" Mrs. Hardenberg asked.

"No," replied Erskine testily, and then he added, "why wont you give me a letter to one of the papers. They might publish the story for me."

"That would be a foolish thing to attempt," answered Mrs. Hardenberg, with a tremor in her voice, and a cold chill through her body, "it would never do, they would laugh at you ; General Andersen is a person of great influence."

"Oh, I see," answered Erskine with a sneer. "You want to save your friend the General. I don't care whom I hurt."

"If you offered a newspaper one hundred thousand dollars, they would not dare to publish such a story about people of the Andersens' influence," replied Mrs. Hardenberg forcibly.

"Why don't you see Mr. William Anspach's mother, and tell her," Mrs. Hardenberg said after a moment's silence.

"I have often thought of seeing some other member of the family. I have passed old Anspach's house in Fifty-seventh Street a great many times lately. Do you think his wife would be the best one to tell?" Erskine replied.

Mrs. Hardenberg laid her hand on his arm. "Tell Mrs. Anspach all you have told her son, show her the photograph of the negro school, and I am sure it will prevent the marriage. If you will

do this, and go back to Virginia immediately afterwards, I will give you another \$500."

At once they were engaged in earnest conversation. When Erskine left Mrs. Hardenberg it had been arranged between them that he was to go to see Mrs. Anspach the next afternoon. If he could not gain an interview with her in any other way, he was to send up the photograph with Jennie's name written on it. After the interview he was to report the result to Mrs. Hardenberg, and if it were favorable he agreed to go back to Virginia in the evening.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DOWN HILL.

JENNIE ANDERSEN was to be married. One of her first duties was to write a warm invitation to Miss Gillingham to come to the wedding.

Jennie knew she would not come. As she was writing, the teacher's last words at the Albemarle Hotel came back to her, "Tell me, dear child, that you have told Mr. William Anspach the story of your birth."

"What nonsense," Jennie thought.

Miss Gillingham's reply to the invitation ended by saying: "I cannot come to the wedding; it is impossible for many reasons. God bless you, dear girl."

Andersen heard the announcement of the wedding-day with his usual solemnity and silence. He paid but little attention to his daughter's busy occupation in getting her trousseau. The bills came in by hundreds, and he paid them with his checks without a remark.

Jennie told him that Mr. Anspach talked of giving a house to Bill for them to live in. She expected her father would protest against this, and would insist on buying a house for his daughter himself, but she was disappointed.

The fact was that Andersen's losses in Pokono and Sweetwater had been so great, that he felt

inclined to economize. He had never made the display of his wealth that John Anspach always made, and he did not feel compelled to make a show before the world at his daughter's wedding. Nay, he even did not do what was expected of him under the circumstances, for New York custom, where fortunes are great on both sides of a match, makes it the duty of a bride's father to provide a house.

Events had run down hill fast for Andersen and the Anspachs. Pokono and Sweetwater stock no longer had any value.

There was a panic in Wall Street, brought about by the troubles of Pokono. People were so frightened about their own affairs, that Bill Anspach's colorless face was not noticed; there were too many pale faces round him.

The panic was not the worst of it for Bill. Large sums of money that he had secretly borrowed, by pledging the securities stolen from his father's vault, were called for by the lenders. While John Anspach and General Andersen were talking to him of their losses in Pokono, Bill's tired head was busy plotting to put off the evil day, that would expose to them the loss of all he had stolen—the evil day that must show them the vault gutted of their treasures, and filled with piles of worthless trash—the evil day that must bring to light, not only his thefts, but also his latest crime—the notes on which he had forged his father's and Andersen's names, when all hopes of getting money by other means had failed him.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE FATAL PICTURE.

MRS. ANSPACH was eating her breakfast in bed at two o'clock in the afternoon. She and Jennie Andersen had been at a ball the night before.

When Wilhelmina had pushed the breakfast tray away from before her, and settled her head back on the pillow, she looked out over the floor and thought what a fool she had been to dance for three-quarters of an hour with dapper little Mr. Simon Heavenrich. Her limbs ached as if she had played football.

"I never shall learn how to make use of a maid," she said, changing the subject of her thoughts. "Just look how the careless hussy has left my dresses scattered all over the room."

She had just begun to doze, when her maid knocked and came in.

"They have let a man in the hall, madame, who asked for you. I tried to turn him away, and then he brought out this picture, which he says belongs to Miss Andersen and that you would like very much to see it. He would not go away and leave it, and as you were awake eating your breakfast, I brought it up."

"Pull the curtain aside, Marie," replied Mrs. Anspach. "What can it be?" And holding the picture up with the light streaming on it from the window, Wilhelmina instantly recognized Jennie Andersen among her curly-headed school-mates. The scene told its story in an instant. What American could look at it without knowing that every scholar on the bench, black or white, was in greater or lesser degree of negro blood? Mrs. Anspach started up with a scream.

"Marie, get my stockings and dress me; or, no, go downstairs and tell the man to wait. Stay with him and see that he does wait."

Wilhelmina dressed herself in haste. In ten minutes she was on the stairs. She descended softly, and appeared before Erskine, who was talking with the maid in the entry, as suddenly as if she had dropped from the clouds. He gave a start when he encountered her determined black eyes, and began to cringe.

"Come in here," Wilhelmina commanded, leading the way into the drawing-room and closing the door. "What do you mean by sending me up this photograph?"

"It is a photograph of Miss Jennie Andersen when she went to a negro school in Virginia, ma'am," replied Erskine humbly. "My name is Erskine. I was brought up with Miss Andersen in Virginia. I heard down there that she was to marry your son, and I thought you probably would pay me a thousand dollars for telling you that she was

black, in time to save your son from disgracing himself."

"Black, do you say she is black ; and is General Andersen white, and is he her father ?" asked Wilhelmina, with agitation.

"Yes, ma'am, she is black and Andersen is white ; he is her father," answered Erskine. "I knew Jennie Andersen's mother when I was a boy ; she died long ago. She was a quadroon, and of course she was not married to Jennie's father."

"Are you a quadroon ?" asked Mrs. Anspach bluntly.

"No, I am a gentleman," Erskine replied fiercely. "Go ask the young lady herself, if what I say about her is not true ; she will not dare to deny it. The Albemarle Hotel, where she lives, is not far. I will wait here and answer your questions after you have seen her."

"I will take you at your word," answered Wilhelmina excitedly. "Wait in the back room till I return," and clutching the picture tightly in her hand, she slammed the front door behind her.

On Fifth Avenue, Wilhelmina found a cab ; she gave the driver a five dollar bill, and forgot the change when she descended opposite the Albemarle Hotel. Breathless with haste she entered the Andersen's drawing-room.

A maid was putting Jennie's desk in order. "Miss Andersen has just gone out in the carriage," she said, with astonishment in her face at Mrs.

Anspach's agitated demeanor. "She will not return for an hour."

"I will wait," replied Wilhelmina. "No, I wont, I will come here again," and she hurried back home as she had come. When she entered the drawing-room, Harry Erskine had gone. She rang for the servants. No one had seen him go.

"It is all a lie," she thought, with a sigh of relief. "I am glad I did not see Jennie." Then she looked at the picture again. "It cannot be a lie, that girl is Jennie Andersen. But why did that man go away? I ought to have taken his name and address." Then she pondered a minute. "Perhaps it is only a plot of somebody to break up the match," she said.

Wilhelmina went to her room to dress herself. Her head was clear, and she was recovering her composure. She made up her mind that the proper thing to do was to send some one at once to Virginia, to investigate the history of the Andersens. There was plenty of time before the marriage was to take place. "If there is a plot of some enemy to break the match, and this man's story is untrue, Jennie Andersen would be indignant if I asked her about it, and she would surely break with Bill," she thought.

Did Wilhelmina blame herself for not having learned anything of the early history of the Andersens before the engagement was made? No, like every one else, she had taken them for just what they seemed to be worth to her at the moment, without

inquiry. Would she grieve over Jennie's disgrace should the story prove true? No, indeed, she was only thinking of her son Bill's social ruin, if he married an octoroon. If the story proved true, roasting alive at the stake was too good for Jennie Andersen, whether she was ignorant of her origin or not.

Wilhelmina's thoughts were interrupted by a knock. The maid came to tell her that Mr. Anspach had just come home, and wanted her in the drawing-room.

She descended in haste. Her husband's judgment would settle the question for her now.

In the back room on the lounge lay John Anspach. He sat up as she came in. The light from the window fell on his face; he was ghastly pale.

"Wife," he said, before she could speak, "I am a ruined man, a beggar! The bank has failed. Andersen is ruined."

"Where is Bill? He can help you," cried Wilhelmina, holding out her hands.

"My son Bill," Anspach answered mechanically, "your son Bill, sailed for Venezuela last night; they have no extradition treaty there"; and then he faltered, as he leaned his head against the mantel, "He did it all. He is a forger and a thief. He made Mortimor a thief, too."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE OLD LOVE.

WHEN Harry Erskine, looking out of the Anspachs' drawing-room window, saw Mrs. Anspach well on her way to see Jennie Andersen, he quietly opened the front door and slipped out.

He went at once to see Mrs. Hardenberg. Maud came in just as the footman was admitting him. She met her mother on the stairs and told her that the same horrid looking fellow who was there last week wanted to see her in the drawing-room. "What do you see such a person about?" she asked.

"My dear, it is one of my charities. You must not interrupt us," her mother replied.

"Well," said Mrs. Hardenberg to Erskine, as she closed the drawing-room door, "did you see Mrs. Anspach?"

Erskine told her all that had happened.

Mrs. Hardenberg had been lucky that day. Of late she had felt alarmed at the delay in her plot against poor Jennie, caused by the unexpected indifference of Bill Anspach to Erskine's story.

Erskine, too, gave her great uneasiness. She was frightened to death by his proposal that he should go to the newspapers with his tale. For,

although she felt sure that they would not dare to publish such a scandal about the daughter of Banker Andersen, Erskine's desire to make the attempt to publish it, showed how reckless he was with his secret. She saw that there was danger from him every day, every hour, that he remained in New York. She must be rid of him immediately after he had seen Mrs. Anspach.

With all these thoughts in her mind, Mrs. Hardenberg had been walking that afternoon down Fifth Avenue opposite the Albemarle Hotel, thinking that it was about the hour of Erskine's visit to Mrs. Anspach, when lo! right before her eyes, Mrs. Anspach jumped hastily out of a cab, with Erskine's photograph of the negro school clutched in her hand, and looking neither to the right nor left, hurried into the hotel elevator.

The sight sent a thrill of wicked joy through Mrs. Hardenberg—Wilhelmina had heard Erskine's story; she was on the way to see Jennie Andersen; there was the tell-tale picture in her hand—Mrs. Hardenberg recognized it.

Hurrying home, she had just composed herself, when Erskine arrived to tell her of his successful visit to Mrs. Anspach.

Then Mrs. Hardenberg was sure that all had gone well. Nothing remained to be done, but to get rid of Erskine, and let events take their course.

"This will settle the matter," she said to Erskine impressively when he had finished his story; "and

I want you to go right back to Virginia to-night. Here is your money."

They shook hands and parted. How glad Mrs. Hardenberg was that it was all over with Erskine.

Erskine went away feeling intensely gratified. His triumph over Jennie, the roll of bills in his pocket,—what more could he have hoped for?

Yes, there was more—to see Jennie herself and tell her he had told her secret to Bill Anspach's mother; and then what a triumph it would be, if he could add, that he had given the entire story of her birth and early life to the newspapers.

Of course, all this would be a violation of Erskine's agreement with Mrs. Hardenberg. What did he care for that, he had the money.

But he had tried the newspapers before, and they would not listen to him. Why should they listen to him now? He must give the newspapers up, he thought. Well, then at least he could see Jennie, and tell her he had betrayed her secret to her lover's mother.

As Erskine turned into Broadway, revolving the matter in his mind, he heard the newsboys crying "Extra! Panic in Wall Street! Failure of Anspach's Bank! Failure of General Andersen! Flight of William Anspach, the financier, a thief and forger!"

Erskine could not believe his senses. He bought a newspaper and read the story of the failures, brought about that afternoon by the discovery of the crimes of Bill Anspach, who was supposed to

have fled to South America in a vessel that sailed the night before.

"Well, the Andersens are ruined ; Jennie's lover is an outcast, and I've had no hand in it, curse my luck," he said ; "but I can have some satisfaction from what I know, yet. First, I will go to the newspapers and tell them my story about the Andersens. Of course, as the Andersens are down in the gutter now, the reporters will publish anything I choose to say about Jennie's black blood. Next, I will go to the Albemarle Hotel, and tell Jennie I have exposed her ; wont that be a good day's work ?" and Erskine took the elevated railroad to go to a newspaper office.

When Jennie got out of the carriage at the door of the Albemarle Hotel, an hour after Mrs. Anspach's attempt to see her with the fatal picture, a newsboy stood on the sidewalk crying, "Andersen's and Anspach's failure ! Flight of William Anspach !"

The names struck her ear. She listened, and then in a dream she bought the paper and read the account.

Could this be her betrothed husband ? the distinguished William Anspach, who was a thief and an outcast ? Could her father and his father be bankrupts ?

Telling the coachman to remain, weak with excitement she slowly mounted the low flight of stairs, and went directly to her father's room.

It was half-past three o'clock, the hour at which

Andersen always arrived from down-town, and there he lay with closed eyes, on the sofa taking his usual nap before dinner. Jennie touched him on the arm. As he turned his head to look at her, she held the newspaper out. "Can this be true, father, that William Anspach is a thief and a forger, and you a bankrupt?"

"William Anspach, the thief, has run away," replied Andersen deliberately, as he sat up, "but I don't acknowledge bankruptcy. He has robbed old Anspach and me, and forged our names. I don't acknowledge that I am broken. It is all newspaper talk. I will pull through all right," he added, with a sickly laugh.

"Father, it can't be true that the man I am to marry is a thief?" Jennie cried clasping her hands.

"Bill Anspach, of course he's a thief," he answered, as he lay down again.

"Wont you tell me all?" Jennie pleaded.

"There is nothing more," Andersen replied; "I am sleepy."

Mrs. Anspach must know it all, Jennie thought. I will go there. "Father," she whispered to him, "I am going to the Anspachs'."

"Curse the Anspachs!" he cried; "they've brought all my trouble on me."

Jennie hurried down to the pavement. As she was about to open the carriage door, some one touched her on the arm.

She turned, and there stood Harry Erskine.

She tried to enter the carriage, but he caught her cloak and held her.

"Jennie," he said, "I came here to say a word to you. Your father has gone all to pieces, and the man you hoped to marry is a thief, and has run away from you. But I am sorry it came out so soon. If the robbery had not been discovered till a day or two later, you would have seen that I was the cause of your disgrace; for I told your thief and his mother that you were black, and Anspach would not have married you anyhow, robbery or no robbery.

"But there is one satisfaction I am to have," he continued, "the public will read my story about you, when you lived in Virginia, to-morrow in the newspaper." As Erskine said this, he looked back at a good-looking young man who stood close behind him, and listened with a critical air to every word.

"This is Mr. What-is-your-name," Erskine went on, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder at his companion, "he is a reporter for the *Enquirer*, and I have given his paper all I know about you as a nigger in Virginia, Jennie. It will be published, with a full account of the Andersen and Anspach frauds, to-morrow. My story is so good that the *Enquirer* is afraid I may give it to some other paper, and so this Mr. What-is-your-name has been sent to keep me company, to see that I don't tell what I know to anybody else. Good-by, Jennie, I am quits with you now. You once

slapped my face, when I kissed you in the kitchen down South ! I don't remember that half as well as I do the day you turned your back on me upstairs there, in the hotel, when you were with that thief Anspach." Then Erskine turned on his heel and was gone.

Jennie clutched the carriage door to keep from falling. Her heart stopped beating. The coachman saw her distress, and jumping off the box, ran to assist her, but she motioned him back.

"Are you ailing, Miss Jennie?" he asked.

"Drive to Mrs. Anspach's," she answered as she gained the seat, not knowing what she said.

That day and every day, the prayer of the little teacher had ascended to Heaven through the Virginia pines for Jennie Andersen. Would the hand of God stay the wolves from the track of the wounded deer? Lover, fortune, reputation gone, in an hour, nothing left but treacherous beauty?

In the carriage Jennie's senses returned to her. The calmness and the strength of desperation came to her. She would go to the Anspachs, even with Erskine's words, "I have told your thief and his mother that you are black," still ringing in her ears; for where else could she learn the truth? what else could she do? The uncertainty of her fate was too horrible to bear, and wait. Could all that had happened in the last hour be real? Yes, there was her father, she remembered, stretched on the sofa, telling her that William Anspach was a thief,—oh merciful God! it was all true.

When the carriage reached the Anspachs, two well-dressed gentlemen stood on the steps. As Jennie rang the bell, one of them said: "Pardon me, but we have been ringing here for some time and cannot make ourselves heard. Can you give me any particulars of the awful calamity that has befallen the Anspachs?" Both gentlemen peered into her face to catch her answer.

"I cannot," Jennie replied, motioning to the coachman to go down to the basement entrance and ring.

"You can't get in there," the second gentleman said, "we have tried. You are Mr. Anspach's daughter, are you not? Where is your brother, Mr. William Anspach?"

The coachman gained recognition by rapping on the window, and the butler opened the front door, just wide enough to admit Jennie. As he did so, the two gentlemen each flourished a ten dollar bill before his face, and whispered something in his ear about an interview. They were reporters.

The butler, who was a little intoxicated, informed Jennie in the hall, that Mr. and Mrs. Anspach had fled, with Mortimor Hardenberg and their daughter Elsie, somewhere out of the city. No one was in the house but a law officer. "Mr. Anspach told me that they were ruined and never would come back," the man said, with a drunken tear.

"Where is Mr. William Anspach?" Jennie asked in a faint voice.

"Don't you know, Miss Andersen? they say he has gone to South America."

Jennie sat down in the drawing-room to collect her thoughts. What could she do? Erskine's betrayal of her secret would be published the next morning. Then all New York would point the finger of scorn at her.

Suddenly she recollected that the *Enquirer*, the newspaper that Harry Erskine said he had given the secret to, was Mr. Amory's paper. She would see Mr. Amory and ask him to suppress Erskine's story, she thought. Ah, she had not the courage. Mr. Amory was not her friend of late—but Mr. Fishbourne knew Mr. Amory, they were friends.

Yes, she would see Mr. Fishbourne at once and beg him to ask Mr. Amory to save her.

"Stop! what will Mr. Fishbourne say when he sees the girl he once loved coming to his office downtown, alone at dusk? Be quick! Be quick—there is no time to think of this. The story will go forth to-morrow. It is five o'clock, Mr. Fishbourne is often downtown till six." She remembered that he told her this long, long ago, when they were at Tuxedo together.

How the recollection of Tuxedo and Newport and Fishbourne's low, "I love you," came back to her! Oh, it was so long ago.

Along Fifth Avenue and in the club windows were many familiar faces. They all recognized the carriage with the blinds down, and stared at it. It was the carriage of bankrupt General Andersen.

Fishbourne was ready to go home. He was sitting in his private office, reading the last account of the Anspach and Andersen failure in the *Evening Post*. "Poor Jennie," he thought. He looked up and Jennie Andersen stood before him.

"Mr. Fishbourne," she said, before he could rise, "I have come to you for help, there is no one else to help me."

Fishbourne rose and gave her his hand. "Miss Andersen, anything I can do, I will do with pleasure. Your father's failure is a great shock to me."

"Not that, not that," Jennie answered. "Mr. Fishbourne," she cried, hiding her face in her hands, "you know all about my birth. A man has given the history of it to the *Enquirer* to publish to-morrow. You can save me. You can have the story suppressed, if you will ask it as a favor from your friend, Mr. Amory, the editor."

Fishbourne put on his overcoat in haste. Without acknowledging it to himself he was anxious to escape from Jennie's presence. Her distress wakened the old love in his breast. He could not trust himself before her.

"I will see Mr. Amory at once, Miss Andersen," he said with alacrity; "wait till I return."

On the way downstairs he dreaded his return.

As he hurried up Nassau Street toward Amory's office, Fishbourne's breast was filled with conflicting emotions. What a complication of motives there is in the heart of every man. First, like a true gentleman, Fishbourne pitied a woman in dire

distress, and stood ready to do anything that lay in his power to assist her. But, secondly, Jennie Andersen's presence and sorrows revealed his love for her. There it was still, a mad passion that stared him in the face, tempting him to fall on his knees, and beg her to fly with him, to marry him, to ruin him. And then over and above all, there was another feeling, that came to him and drove him on to Amory's office with quickened steps. The feeling was this ; it was of the utmost importance to Mr. Thomas Fishbourne the successful man of the world, to stop the publication of the facts concerning the disgraceful birth of the woman, who every one in society said, had refused to marry him.

So it happened that there were three persons, with respect to motives, hurrying up Nassau Street to beg Mr. Amory, the editor of the *Enquirer* to suppress a scandal concerning the birth of Miss Jennie Andersen, the well-known beauty of New York.

The first was Mr. Thomas Fishbourne, a noble fellow anxious to defend, with the last drop of his blood, an innocent and beautiful creature from the hounds that were pursuing her.

The second was Tom Fishbourne, a mad lover.

The third was Thomas Fishbourne, Esquire, a cool-headed man of the world, deeply engaged in looking out for his own interests in his profession and in society, and straining every nerve, on the present occasion, to prevent the publication in the

newspapers of a story, that he had offered his heart and hand to a well-known woman, who was the octrooon daughter of the bankrupt General Andersen.

The last mentioned of these three, Thomas Fishbourne, Esquire, was the controlling spirit of the group, and was pretty sure to decide any difference of opinion among the three, concerning the love of Miss Jennie Andersen.

Editor Amory sat at his desk with a pile of corrected copy beside him. When the messenger gave him Fishbourne's card, he rose hastily and went forward to meet his friend.

"Old boy, I am glad to see you, I want to talk with you about this awful piece of news to-day—the Anspach and Andersen failure. What a terrible thing it is, so unexpected, and that fellow Bill Anspach a forger, too—who can be trusted?"

"But I have more to speak of," he continued, "a confidential communication to make, that you must not breathe till to-morrow. It belongs to our paper and will be printed in the morning's issue. Jennie Andersen's mother was a Virginia quadroon and was not married to General Andersen. I have Miss Jennie's entire history from the lips of one of her white playmates in the South, who has known her from infancy."

As Amory ended, he looked at Fishbourne as a doctor surveys a patient to whom he has given an experimental dose of medicine. He was wondering how the conventional lawyer felt on learn-

ing that the woman he had tried to marry was a negress.

Fishbourne winced a little, but recovered himself quickly. "I know there is such a story, Amory ; I know it and Miss Andersen knows it. The poor girl, almost out of her mind with fright and despair, has just come to my office. I am here from her, to ask you in her name, to suppress the scandal in your paper. She knows that it has been given to you."

There was a pause. Amory did not reply. Fishbourne, with a surprised look, and a tremor in his voice, went on :

"I felt sure when I left my office, that if the proposed publication of the story came to your knowledge, you would suppress it without being asked, for the sake of your old friend, Miss Andersen, and of her father General Andersen."

Amory turned and looked out of the window. Fishbourne waited for him to speak. He spoke at length with deliberation.

"This is a matter of public news, of valuable public news ; it is the exclusive property of this paper. I would not be doing my duty to the paper and to the public if I suppressed it. Fishbourne, I must publish it."

"Do you mean to call an old scandal concerning Miss Andersen's early origin, public news," cried Fishbourne. "It is a low tale of private malice. The publication of it by you will disgrace an innocent girl, whom you have known for years.

"If I were an editor I would be too proud, too

much of a gentleman to print such a story about any woman ; and were I commanded to choose between ruining the reputation of an innocent girl, whom I had known for years, as you have known Miss Andersen, and abandoning my career as a journalist, I would leave the profession, without a moment's hesitation."

"Everything that happens is public news," Amory replied coldly, maintaining perfect control of his temper ; "and this news is all the more important coming, as it does, at the time of the great failure of General Andersen and the forgeries of Bill Anspach, to whom Miss Andersen is engaged to be married. No intelligent journalist is too proud, or too much of a gentleman, to publish anything that God Almighty permits to occur."

"Amory," Fishbourne answered in a trembling voice, "you would not dare to publish this story, you know you would not, if ruin had not come to this unfortunate girl's father, at whose table you have often sat, and who a week ago you called your friend. Miss Andersen is helpless, and you put a dagger in her heart, knowing there is no one to avenge her fall."

"Come, come," laughed Amory, "you are getting personal, my friend, I will be a little bit personal, too. We all know that this girl was a friend of yours. In fact, the world says she refused you. I do not wonder you are sensitive about the publication of the story of her life, under these circumstances,

"But don't take it too much to heart, it will all be forgotten in a day or two; and I will see that no mention is made of your name, as one of her many suitors before she accepted the forger, Mr. Bill Anspach."

Pale as a sheet, Fishbourne faced Amory. "Mr. Amory," he cried, "I am not begging for myself, I am pleading for this poor girl. You have often bragged to me that a true journalist in these democratic days, never makes any distinction between the friendless and the powerful. Yet now to my face, you tell me that you deliberately propose to ruin the life of this unfortunate girl with your story, while you suppress anything in it that may affect me disagreeably. I ask you, as a journalist, and as a man, is this consistent, is it just, is it Christian?"

"Now, Fishbourne, I cannot talk with you any more," Amory replied with an angry gesture; "you are not fitted to decide what is right in this matter. As I have told you, this piece of news is public news. The exclusive possession of it is worth a great deal of money and reputation to us. This girl is one of the best known beauties in New York. Some other paper would soon get the story on the heels of the great Anspach failure, if I did not publish it to-morrow."

"Why, we have had the fellow who gave us the information—a man named Erskine—watched all the afternoon, in the company of one of our reporters, to keep him from selling the important news

we bought, to some one else, and I have just sent him back to Virginia in charge of a special agent. It would surprise you, if I told you what I paid the scoundrel for his story.

"No, I cannot listen to you. I must do my duty, even if I shock your refined sensibilities. Good-night. You will see the story in full in our morning issue, and a great sensation it will make in New York."

Slowly Fishbourne returned to his office. How could he tell her? When he left her, he had not doubted he would be successful.

At length he stood before her. She read the answer in his face.

"Mr. Fishbourne, you have failed; God have mercy on me, I am without a friend."

"I am your friend," Fishbourne cried, seizing Jennie's hand, his voice choked with emotion.

Oh! that touch—the last hand that was to touch the poor girl, before she went forth disgraced and shunned, out of the sight, and knowledge, and thought, of the world she lived for, was the hand of the man she loved, the hand forever lost.

Oh, God, could that hand put her away! Joy! its grasp was there. She felt the throb of Fishbourne's blood. His eyes met hers with passionate tenderness. He would rescue her. He would kneel to her again. She would be his forever.

Ah, it was but for an instant—Fishbourne's hand relaxed. He was himself again, kind but self-

possessed—once a sturdy Fishbourne of Philadelphia, now a brisk New Yorker.

He had just looked over the brink of an awful precipice ; the precipice of his love for Jennie Andersen. The sight of the rocks of social and professional ruin at the bottom, waiting for him to cast himself down the abyss upon them, made him giddy, and with perfect self-command he retired from the dizzy edge and sought safe ground.

In silence they passed down the stairs.

“Good-by,” he whispered, as he closed the carriage door, “may God protect you.”

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I AM NOT BLACK."

THREE or four men were standing in the glare of the shop lights as Jennie entered the hotel. They all evidently recognized her as the daughter of the ruined Andersen, and gave her a prolonged stare.

Upstairs a porter was stationed at her father's locked door, to keep the newspaper men away, who were continually coming up and knocking for admission.

With some difficulty, Jennie prevailed upon her father to admit her. He had been in bed, covered up with all his clothes on, his old habit.

"Well, what have you heard?" he asked.

With bitter tears the poor girl told him all.

"What could you expect?" he said sharply. "Of course, Erskine sold what he knew about you to the paper for a good sum. They will make a fine story out of it against you to-morrow morning. You were a fool to expect them to give up publishing it."

Oh, what a sharp pain was that. Her father thought the story was against her, not against him. He was white, she was black. Yes, when the truth was known, the world would scorn her for it, not

him. Hers was the disgrace and the sorrow. His was only the sin. She was the tainted daughter, he was the taint free father.

General Andersen lay down again and Jennie sat beside him. In a few minutes he looked up and called her as if she were afar off.

"Jennie, I think you had better go back to Miss Gillingham right away to-night. The hotel people want their rooms. They sent up the bill this afternoon. I am a month behindhand in the rent, and when I told them I would pay when affairs grew better in Wall Street, they said we must give up these apartments to-morrow."

"Where would you go if I went to Virginia, father?" she asked in a faint voice.

"I'll go upstairs in a small room till matters are all right," he replied petulantly.

Jennie was quiet for a minute. Back to Virginia, back to Virginia—she saw the old cabin again, and her coarse life with black Sophie, and then the school and Miss Gillingham.

"Miss Gillingham loved her," she thought.

Then with a shudder came a vision of the exposure in to-morrow's *Enquirer*: "Miss Andersen is a black woman." This decided her. "Yes, I will go to Virginia, to-night, father," she said. "You will promise to follow me if all does not turn out well, wont you, father?" she added piteously.

Andersen made no answer as he lay with closed eyes. At last he looked up. "Ring for a carriage, we have just an hour," he said.

Jennie called the maid and gave her instructions to pack her wardrobe the next day. General Andersen said he would store the trunks in New York.

"Are you going away because your father has failed, Miss Jennie?" the maid asked impertinently.

Jennie paid the woman her due out of her own purse.

Father and daughter were silent on their way to the Pennsylvania depot.

As soon as Jennie had settled herself in the sleeping car, Andersen departed.

"They can tell all the stories they like about Virginia, now that she is gone," he said to himself.

"I am not black."

CHAPTER XL.

WHAT WAS THE END OF IT ALL?

IT was just four o'clock the next afternoon when Jennie stepped from the car at Lunenberg.

A night's sleep, followed by a quiet day in the slow train, had rested her, and brought the bright color to her cheeks. An unexpected feeling of contentment, and even happiness, stole over her. She no longer dreaded Virginia. She was going to see Miss Gillingham, who loved her, and this was going home, for who else was there in the wide world who loved her?

Jennie was the only passenger to arrive by the train. The crowd of negroes of both sexes who were idling on the platform at the depot all exclaimed in chorus! "There's Miss Jennie Andersen. There she is! Aint she handsome!"

"Why, Miss Jennie," cried the postmaster and station-agent, an old Confederate soldier, who had lost a leg, "have you come to see us? How glad Miss Gillingham will be! She comes for the mail every morning. She could not have known you were coming or she would have spoken of it. Miss Gillingham is very fond of you, Miss Jennie. When I give her a letter from you she can't wait, but goes right off in the corner over there to read

it. I am afraid you don't write often. I see a great many more of her letters to you, than I do of yours to her."

"Where is Miss Gillingham's cottage, Captain Simpson?" Jennie asked.

"Of course, you don't know, Miss Jennie, you have never been here since it was built. It is on the old road about a quarter of a mile this side of the deserted Manor, where poor Mrs. Erskine died. I will drive you over there; it is a good two miles from here and a very lonely road. Just wait ten minutes till I close the ticket office and get my horse and wagon."

"No, I thank you, Captain," replied Jennie, "I know every step of the way, I would rather walk."

"You wont find Miss Gillingham at home yet, Miss Jennie," the captain said. "She does not leave the school till five o'clock, and then she has a walk of three miles."

"I will wait for her in the house, Captain, I want to surprise her," Jennie answered, walking briskly away.

As she passed the store two old black women ran out. "How de do, Miss Jennie," they shouted, "glad to see you once more, don't you remember me? I am Rachel, and this is old Jane. I suppose you have come to visit Miss Gillingham. She'll be joyful."

"Of course, I remember you," Jennie replied, shaking hands with them both.

Jennie passed on down the road, the two old

women watching her. Rachel turned and said to Jane : " She's splendid, she doesn't look mean like her father or that fellow Harry Erskine."

" Erskine is bad," replied Jane. " He never come here any more from the North."

" He came this very morning, Harry Erskine did, I saw him get off the train," answered Rachel solemnly.

" Only two miles to walk and it will be nearly two hours before Miss Gillingham reaches home," Jennie thought as she walked slowly away.

How tall and thick the pines were, that darkened the road and covered the old fields, once tilled by the slave, with a dense forest.

The trees had grown since Jennie saw them last. They seemed to her like children, who had come to maturity in her absence. As she went along she recognized them one after one ; till she stopped at last to gaze at the great twisted branch, under which they found poor little Sister Sallie by the roadside, the day that Abraham Lincoln Jones, and Harry Erskine fought their battle.

There was no path along the road, and few footprints. The track was wide and even, but the sun did not reach it long enough to dry the shallow puddles, and Jennie went from side to side picking her leisurely way, to avoid them.

Not a soul did she meet, not a footfall, not a sound did she hear—no distant lowing cattle, no bleating sheep, no singing birds ; the dark pines shut out all life.

The gloomy quiet accorded with her thoughts. She liked it as she lingered along. She had parted from the world forever. "It must be so. It must be so," she kept saying to herself. "My father ruined and I disgraced, what could I be in New York, even if William Anspach's crimes had not added to my misfortunes, but a mark for the insolence of the women, and the insults of the men. Oh, how eagerly they must have read the story about me in the newspapers to-day !

"Yes, it must be so. I will tell Miss Gillingham when I lay my head on her shoulder this evening, that I have come to teach in the school with her, and stay forever."

Jennie looked up as she said this, brushing the tears from her cheeks. A lovely scene lay before her. The road had left the dark forest, with a sudden turn to the right down a steep hill, and there, at her feet, was the beautiful valley of the James. For miles and miles the silver river ran, with fields and green woods along its banks. Far below her, the bright sun shone on the slates of the old Manor, that she knew so well.

The blue sky overhead was full of light and hope.

"Why should I be sad," she thought, as she stopped and gazed at the valley. "What would I have been but an ignorant black girl without dear Miss Gillingham ; and now I am to spend my life in such a beautiful scene as this, with her."

She sat down on a stone and hummed a song.

"I will wait here and surprise Miss Gillingham on her way home," she said to herself with a smile.

Just then she heard a footfall in the road below. Some one was coming up the hill towards her.

A sharp curve in the road hid the stranger, although the sound was close at hand.

Jennie rose and started to walk on down the hill. A step or two, and the approaching stranger came into view, not ten yards away—a man with his head down and his hands swinging from side to side, toiling rapidly up the hill. Jennie recognized him instantly. It was Harry Erskine.

Sudden terror prompted her to turn and run, but the man lifted his head and their eyes met in instant recognition.

"Jennie Andersen!" Erskine cried in frank astonishment, "you are here?"

His voice recalled Jennie to herself. She no longer feared him, and looking straight down the hill, she walked with compressed lips to the upper side of the road, and passed him. On she went with rapid steps, her heart beginning to flutter as the distance increased.

Then she heard him running behind her. An instant more and his hand was on her shoulder.

She sprang from his touch as if it were the sting of a viper, and turning round confronted him.

"Harry Erskine, what can you want with me?"

"I want to take a good look at you," answered Erskine, "and see how you look down in Vir-

ginia among common folk. You never would let me touch the hem of your dress in New York, Jennie."

"Will you not cease to persecute me here, as you did in the North?" Jennie cried in a pleading voice. "I have sought a refuge to hide myself. I did not know you were here. I would have gone to the uttermost ends of the earth to avoid you."

"Jennie," sneered Erskine, "I shall always claim your acquaintance wherever you are. We have known each other too long for me to give you up. You remember the time you slapped my face in the kitchen for trying to kiss you? Remember it now," he said, throwing his arm quickly round her neck and pressing his lips to her cheek.

The attack was so sudden that Jennie was in his power for an instant, but only for an instant. Throwing her arms violently against his breast, she pushed him from her, and as he reeled back she struck him with her gloved hand full in the face.

Oh, the knife! The cruel knife, that gleamed in Erskine's right hand! "Take that!" he cried, as the blade buried itself in her white neck, "take that!" and as she retreated with upraised arms and fell, he followed her and kneeling beside her stabbed her again and again.

Away! Harry Erskine, away!—a vessel sails from Norfolk for Australia to-night. It is five miles through the woods to Beverly on the Norfolk road. Freight train and ship shall bear you ten

thousand miles, to die a violent death in a foreign land.

The sound of his hurried steps, as he breaks through the pines, has died away. He is gone forever.

Now an hour has passed. There she lies. How quiet she is. The clouds overhead are aglow and down in the valley the sun is setting behind the old Manor. A soft wind blows up the hill. How quiet she is. Poor child, she had thought she would wait here for the coming of the little teacher.

Listen ! from some distant cabin, a wild chant floats up the hillside. It is a negro hymn. What an unearthly sound it has. Now it has ceased.

Hush ! there is a noise in the bushes, some one is coming. A red fox, whisking his long tail behind him, trots out of the woods and starts across the road. Midway he stops, throws up his head and sniffs the air. He has scented something. Slowly he makes a wide circle. Now he stops, he has caught sight of an object, and sniffs the air carefully again. Now he advances timidly. He puts his cold nose to her hand. She is dead. Listen to the sharp clack of his tongue, as he laps the blood from the gash in her white neck.

Suddenly he stops to listen with pointed ears ; then he throws up his head and disappears in the bushes. Some one is coming down the road, and the distant footfalls are plainly audible.

It is Miss Gillingham, dressed in a plain brown suit, with a bundle of children's slates in her hand.

She does not like the dark woods, she has been hurrying, and her face is flushed with the quick pace.

As she comes out on the brow of the hill, she stops to look at the sinking sun and the peaceful scene, just as poor Jennie did. While she lingers, her eye wanders from the valley along the edge of the road below her, and catches the white flowers in the dead girl's bonnet, stirred by the gentle breeze.

Does Miss Gillingham start? No, it is only something a little unusual that she has seen at the side of the road. Unconsciously she thinks she will look at it as she goes by.

As she stands there, a brilliant scarlet tanager flies across the path in front of her, and lighting on the top of a tall tree, whistles an evening song.

It is the first of these birds the little teacher has seen this spring, and she gazes at its scarlet plumage and forgets the white flowers in poor Jennie's hat.

Now she thinks it will be dark soon ; she must hurry home ; and drawing her shawl round her, she starts quickly away and walks down the hill, past Jennie lying beneath the pines by the roadside, dead in the night's embrace.

THE END.

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